

78 d 15

THE
CHRISTIAD:

AN HEROIC POEM;

IN SIX BOOKS.

WRITTEN BY

MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA,

And Translated into ENGLISH VERSE,

BY

EDWARD GRANAN, M. A.

Immortal VIDA! on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critics ivy grew:
CREMONA now shall boast thy name,
As next in place to MANTUA, next in Fame!

POPE.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR,
And Sold by R. BALDWIN, in Paternoster Row.

M DCC LXXI:

THE
CHRISTIAN

AN HEROIC FORM

IN SIX BOOKS

WRITTEN BY

MARCUS HERONTIUS VIDA

And Translated into English Verse

BY

EDWARD GRANVILLE, M.A.



Presented to the Bodleian Library
by the Rev. J. H. Sturt
in 1871

Price

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR,

And Sold by R. E. & W. G. in Pall Mall

in 1871

T H E
L I F E
O F
MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA.

I Think it more eligible to usher in to the Public this performance by prefixing to it the Author's Life, than endeavour either to palliate its inaccuracies, or to display its merit; fully persuaded, that the one can no more be mended by an obstinate defence, than the other can be totally extinguished by ill-natured censure.

Marcus Hieronymus Vida was born at Cremona, in the year 1470. He was the son of Gelelmus Vida, and Leona Osfafala, both Italians of

the neighbourhood of St. Leonard; and each was of illustrious extraction, Bonvesinus Vida being Consul of Cremona, in 1166. But, at the time of our Author's birth, little of opulent splendor remained in the family, but its inherent virtue was still the same, unaltered and unblemished. To transmit it to their child, his parents sent him early in life, near home, to the school of the celebrated Nicolaus Lascarus, where his progress in the Classics, Philosophy, and Oratory, much exceeded what might be expected from his years, though not from his genius, which was found to be uncommonly bright and piercing.

Thus instructed at Cremona and Mantua, he went to Padua, where, and at Bologna, he applied himself to Divinity and Poetry; the first, his occupation; the second, his amusement. His skill in Divinity procur'd for him, when young, a Prebendary's stall among the Regulars of St. Mark's of Mantua, a Community of royal foundation; and, being soon after invited to Rome to enjoy the same dignity in the church of St. John of Lateran, he took his last leave of his parents.

When Vida went to Rome, Leo the Tenth filled the Pontifical Chair. To him it is that the finer arts owe their revival, as having extricated them from the Gothic darkness which for many ages had

had obscured their beauties: For which reason his character drawn by Mr. Pope is minutely just, and poetically elegant:

But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient genius o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her sister Arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung,
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.

While Leo had in view the finding out of a Poet, whose judgment could dispose in order, and fire animate the actions of Christ, Lescaris, a King's Legate, presented him with Vida's Scacchio or Game of Chess; which he no sooner had begun to read, but his looks were expressive of the satisfaction he should have in perusing the poem. Come at length to the fictitious battle, he cried out. This, this is the man, the only one I know of sufficient abilities to undertake, and happily to execute the life and deeds of Christ! Vida being immediately sent for to court, his Holiness desired, he would compose a poem to be call'd the CHRISTIAD; and at the same time conferred on him the priory of St. Sylvester in Tusculum, that now, at his ease, he might pursue the work with proper assiduity and spirit.

Retired to live on his benefice, he first frames the plan of the *Christiad*, then works upon it, enjoying from Leo's munificence that independence which fosters and cherishes the vigour of every muse. Yet even here he was not a mere recluse; for he so temper'd the solitary with the social life, that he dissipated the supineness that generally steals on the former, and avoided the distraction that attends on the latter.

His house was therefore open to men of taste and elegance, where they were received with a plain generosity, which freed him from paying dull compliments, and his guests from that reservedness which formal ceremony is usually productive of.

When Vida had finish'd the first Book, he laid it before the Pontiff for his perusal; who, on returning the copy, to express his approbation, and compliment the Author, spoke the following distich:

‘Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii;
‘Hic scio quid majus nascitur *Æneide*.’

Ye Bards of Greece and Rome resign your bays;
Something now loftier grows than Maro's lays.

But

But what place is secure from uneasiness? If Rubens, in his perspective view of Arcadia, placed, in a corner of the delicious scene, a tomb inscribed with this motto, *ET IN ARCADIA, EVEN IN ARCADIA*; surely Vida could not expect an uninterrupted series of happiness in his Tusculum. During his residence here, he lost both his parents, almost at the same time; and, to complete his affliction, his own support and the life of his muse would have died away by the death of Leo, which happened soon after, had not Clement VII, in the space of two years (after the death of Adrian VI.) ascended the Papal Throne.

Clement, being fellow-student with our author, and not ignorant of his genius, insisted that he should finish the *Christiad*, which he had undertaken at the instance of his uncle Leo. And here I hope the Reader will indulge me for observing, that there is not one power in Europe the learned world is more indebted to, than the House of Medicis; which appears from the encouragement given to the *Belles-lettres* by Leo the Xth, Clement the VIIth, and Catharine of Medicis, Queen of France, all of the same House; to the last of whom we owe the famous Gallery of painting in the palace of Luxembourg in Paris. When the *Christiad* was finish'd, Clement patronized it, and rewarded the Author with the Bishopric of Alba, in the

Marquifate of Monferrat, then vacant by the death of Antonius Molus.

Paul III. intended further to promote him to the fee of Cremona, as fucceffor to the Cardinal Accolita deceased; but his death prevented Vida's being installed there. His election, however, to Cremona by the Chapter of that cathedral is ftill extant in their register, where, after the ufual preamble, are thefe words:—"They have none fitter than the Rev. M. H. Vida; one fo excellent in all kinds of virtues and true piety, as to deferve much greater honours."—

This work, though intended for the moft noble purpofes, the promoting of Chriftianity; and embellifhed with the charms of poetry, to court and fix the attention, has not efaped the pen of Scaliger, who fays the lines have often the tautology of Ovid, the bombaft of Lucan, and fometimes the words, but never the majefty of Virgil: But this is a cenfure on words, not on things; and therefore not worth a refutation. But there is a ferious objection made by P. Frizon, and adopted by Mr. Bayle, which is, that the fpeeches of Jofeph and John the Evangelift, which take up the third and fourth Books, are too long. The force of this objection will foon vanifh, if we confider, that every tranfaction, related in either fpeech, was new to the
cars

ears of Pilate ; and consequently what may appear tedious to a previous knowledge is generally short to the raptured sense of novelty. Again ; unless we make Pilate such a Judge as Shakespeare's, " who would hang the prisoner, before he'd eat " his mutton cold ;" we must suppose him to have had a competent knowledge of all the particulars necessary for the due discharge of his office, and therefore to have disregarded the law maxim, that '*nunquam longa est cunctatio, quando de vitâ hominis agitur ;*' as indeed, on the contrary, the deliberation in some cases can never be too long, when a man's life is in question.

Besides the *Christiad*, Vida's other genuine works are divine Hymns, his *Art of Poetry*, the *Silk-worm*, the *Poem on Chêss*, three *Eclogues*, and some *Poems* on various subjects. These in his life time were honoured with a place in the *Academy of Bologna*, and translated into various languages. To him are also ascribed a *Treatise* on regulating a *Common-wealth*, and others on *Religious subjects*.

Should we pass in review Vida's sentimental life, the prospect will appear as amiable as his poetical is picturesque. We observe in him the tender heart join'd with the courage of the soldier ; the clearest reason, submissive to Revelation ; the
wit

wit of the Scholar blended with the devotion of the Hermit : We see him humble in an opulent estate ; parsimonious to himself, munificent to others ; courted by the Great, attending the poor and infirm ; in short, the citizen and the christian happily united in his person.

The tenderness of his heart is obvious in the elegy he inscribed to the memory of his parents ; where filial piety weeps in mournfully-pleasing numbers.—When the war raged between the Emperor Charles V. and Francis I, the French troops so vigorously besieged Alba, that when the Imperialists saw the enemy gain the trenches and some enter the town, they instantly left the ramparts defenceless, and sought safety in the most fortified parts. Vida, laying aside the Mitre, and taking on him the General, rallied the citizens, and, marching at the their head, attacked, defeated, and put to flight enemy ; and thus saved the town from the impending plunder and carnage of the sword.

Add to this signal instance of his courage his humility, which made him as amiable to mankind, as his courage respectable. This appears by the postscript to his *Christiad*, where he assures the reader, that, if any line or thought should be found in the work contrary to the dogms of faith,
or

or the sanction of the ancient Fathers, it should be deemed as inserted inadvertently. This learned humility is so peculiar to Vida, that few have endeavoured to become his rivals in the practice of this virtue: The chief rival of any note was Mons. Fénélon, Archbishop of Cambray, and author of *Telemaachus*; who, when his treatise on Quietism was censured, mounted the pulpit, condemn'd it publicly, and caused it to be burned before the door of his cathedral.

As he imitated Virgil in the majesty of his sentiments, so he followed him in the modesty of his expressions; for not one word is found in all his works that can offend the chastest ear: And what the present Lord Lyttleton truly said of our celebrated poet Mr. Thompson may with equal justice be applied to Vida:

Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, when dying, he could wish to blot.

He was sent to the Council of Trent with an authority little inferior to that of the Pope's Legates; where, after having discharged the duties committed to him, he retired to his Diocese, whence he could not be withdrawn by the splendor of a Court, or the pressing invitations of the Great; being employed in public works of utility, by erecting, repairing, or beautifying

fyng Religious edifices; or consoling the uneasy, and relieving the poor, many of whom he daily fed at his own house, and was careful to have them serv'd before he sat down himself to meat. Thus happy in the consciousness of making others so, and labouring for above thirty-five years in the several duties of a good and pious Prelate, until his death, which happened the 27th of September, 1566, after he had lived ninety-six years; his body was, with solemnity, amidst the cries, lamentations, and tears of the poor, buried in the cathedral of Alba, and soon after the citizens of Cremona erected a monument in the greatest church of their city, with the following inscription, the translation of which I shall give in the words of the Rev. Mr. Pullein:

To Marcus Hieronymus Vida, Bishop of Alba,

A man well known to the world,

The City of Cremona, decreeing, at the Public expence,

A Sepulchre to its much deserving Citizen,

Performs its last duties.

Who, being endowed by nature

With every great and worthy accomplishment,

Seemed also to deserve immortality from her,

Were it not ordained

That all men must die;

Nevertheless, he still lives among us,

And

And will live to latest Posterity
 In the perpetual remembrance
 Of his most good and tender offices;
 Who, having fulfilled all the duties which he owed
 To the flock he was intrusted with,
 Left us at a time rather fit for himself
 Than others ;
 Eminent for piety, charity, faith and constancy,
 Void of offence, dear to all ;
 Who not only so sincerely and devoutly served God,
 But also so celebrated him in song,
 As to gain a place ever to enjoy him
 In Heaven,
 And to the advantage of all mankind
 A fame unperishable
 On earth.
 Died Sept. 27. Anno. Dom. 1566.

He was tall of stature ; his countenance open and elevated, and the air of his aspect grave, with a mixture of sweetness, that produced at once both love and veneration. There are some Medals extant with his image and name on one side, and on the reverse Pegasus with this inscription :—Quos amârunt Dii—the Favourites of the Gods. In other Medals the reverse has this motto—Non stemma sed virtus—not titles but virtue. His picture has a place in
 many

many public repositories of learning, and among others in the Duke of Tuscany's Library; his writings have been admired by men of the finest taste, and even commended by some of the severest critics, being, of all the moderns, the most resembling Virgil's, in elegance, harmony, and simplicity.

I than others;
 Eminent for piety, chastity, faith and constancy,
 Void of offence, dear to all;
 Who not only to sincerely and devoutly served God,
 But also to celebrated him in song,
 As to gain a place ever to enjoy him
 In Heaven,
 And to the advantage of all mankind
 A fame imperishable
 On earth, have won
 Died Sept. 27. Aged. Dom. 1766.

THE
 It was that of nature; his countenance open and
 elevated, and the air of his aspect grave, with a mix-
 ture of sweetness, that produced at once both love
 and veneration. There are some Medals extant with
 his image and name on one side, and on the reverse
 the inscription:—Quos amant omnes—
 The Reveries of the Gods. In other Medals the
 reverse has this motto:—Non Recusat sed vitus—
 not refuse but virtue. This picture has a place in
 many

THE
A R G U M E N T
OF THE
F I R S T B O O K
OF
V I D A's C H R I S T I A D.

After the proposition and invocation, the poet, to furnish himself with episodes arising from the subject, introduces CHRIST, his Hero, on the verge of life, repairing to Jerusalem, where he is to suffer death. As he pursues his journey, he is received by Zaccheus, at whose house a messenger arrives, and announces the mortal sickness of Lazarus. While CHRIST was going to Bethania, to restore him to life, SATAN calls a council to frustrate the great designs of the SAVIOUR. Having left Bethania, he stops at Simon the leper's house, whither Magdalen comes uninvited, repents of her sins, and is forgiven. As he approaches Jerusalem, he is met and conducted to the city by a band of youths and virgins, hailing him with choral songs, the people strewing the way with their garments and flowers. The poet then gives a description of the pool of Bethesda, where the LORD restores to Jairus the use of his limbs; also a description of Solomon's temple, whence the buyers and sellers are expelled. Next he explains the mysterious figures sculptured on the temple-walls. These exhibit the work of the creation—the transgression of Adam—the general deluge—Abraham with uplifted sword to slay his son—Joseph sold for a slave. Moses's passage through the Red Sea.—

B

Lastly,

A R G U M E N T.

Lastly, Christ, leaving the temple, saves Susanna from being stoned to death. He thence proceeds to mount Tabor. His prayer there, and transfiguration.

THE



T H E
C H R I S T I A D.

B O O K the F I R S T.

O THOU, whose Godhead fills skies, earth, and seas ;
SPIRIT BENIGN ! inspire my voice to praise
The twice-born KING ; who from his Father's dome,
Gliding into the Virgin's pregnant womb,
In mortal form, inhal'd this vital air, 5
And shed his blood to save his human care
From the drear prison of eternal night,
And waft the pious shades to fields of light.
Earth scarce sustain'd, convulsive with a groan,
Her God in pangs, for vices not his own. 10
In ether's height, Sol veil'd in clouds his shame ;
And nature lower'd, suffus'd with livid gleam.
THOU ! once her guide, the Muse shall pleas'd survey
The blue immense, and quaff eternal day ;
Unfold God's counsel, and the cause relate, 15
In strains immortal, of so dire a fate.

Now CHRIST beheld the destin'd moments flow,
When death should end, at once, his life and woe.
Full of his fate, Phenicia's bounds he flies,
And seeks the plains, where Salem's turrets rise. 20
A band of youths and fires around him throng
To view his deeds, which fame records in song:
Where-e'er he goes, new crowds his presence draws
To share his travels, and obey his laws:
The towns their thousands pour to fill his train, 25
And numbers wound the desert's silent reign.
So from Mount Vesulus, with pines imbrown'd,
In rills the Po creeps o'er the teeming ground;
Wide spread his streams, as he victorious glides,
And Naids pour their urns to feed his tides. 30
Each bound foam'd o'er, his torrents roaring stray
In various beds, and burst into the sea.

Now from the throng his chosen Twelve he calls,
The true assertors of his deeds and toils
To a dark grove, where with a pensive look, 35
Beneath a cedar, thus in sighs he spoke.
'Tis done, my friends; lo! time shall shortly bring
The day, that bears my fate on sable wing.
Glad with my sight no longer earth shall be,
But the blest Manes trim their bow'rs for me: 40
With joy to hated Solyma I go
To meet my death in all its pomp of woe;
So oft foretold: view how the Flamens flame
To cast away that life, they cannot blame.
I dying shall each ancient crime deface; 45
Such are thy gifts, first Sire, of human race!

Of all its sweets you drain'd the fruitful prize,
Mine are the woes, that from the fraud arise.
Yet free from slaughter shall I mount the skies
E'er fable night the third day's lustre flies. 50
For you, who blush not still to hear my lore,
Of cruel pain the fates reserve a store :
Yet dare these ills ; and bold with me conspire
To scorn, for heav'nly day, this life's desire.
No mansion here, to you no seat is giv'n ; 55
Your home, your country are the fanes of Heav'n :
That realm with stars, to light your passage, glows ;
Where dwell calm peace, and labour's fond repose:
Thither contend, tho' narrow be the road,
And fix with joy your permanent abode. 60
He said ; th' attendants with his words confus'd,
Cast down the clouded eye, and pensive mus'd.
Then Peter, impotent to hide his care,
Thus rev'rend to the God address'd his pray'r.
Offspring of God, can Heav'n thy Godhead move 65
To rush on danger, and death's anguish prove.
Since HIM, who whirls the stars, you call your Sire,
Nature obedient moves to your desire ;
From harm secure, perform your own decree,
Nor, sick of day, of life profusive be : 70
Pity thyself ; let us thy pity tell,
And from thy mind those dread resolves expell,
Nor spurn, unkind, your helpless train, who wait
Guides of your way, and partners of your fate.

Thus he ; with warmth the Hero thus replies ; 75
Too blind to blush ! too heedless of the skies !

Has earth then charms to seize your groveling breast,
And from her cares have you not learn'd to rest?
Did e'er such maxims from my labours pour?
Far other counsels wants the present hour; 80
Far other agents, pure from vile desire,
When press the mandates of the mighty Sire.
Let but the soul imbibe one heav'nly ray,
Then shall this world unheeded roll away.
Labour shall groan, without a sense of pain, 85
And human thoughts shall cease the mind to stain.
The groupe of ills (ills flie on ev'ry side)
Tho' sad, yet bear, and spurn with honest pride.
The galling tongue, dark slander's pois'nous breath,
Disgrace, false crimes, and tortures big with death. 90
Mysterious ills! what joys attend your frowns;
Unfading glory, and immortal crowns.
Thus having said; he gains the mountain's height;
The sad companions on their Monarch wait,
Resolv'd with him to feel fate's partial blows, 95
Touch'd with his bloom and soft'n'd with his woes.
Now come to palm-crown'd Jericho's fair seat,
Zaccheus gives the dome, and spreads the feast,
Who once to please his wicked thirst of gold,
The mazes trod, that miser's plans unfold. 100
But when his breast confess'd the present pow'r,
And grace descended in a heav'nly show'r,
In different tides, quick rolls the fraudulent store;
The suff'ers one, and one relieves the poor.
In woe a Herald sudden here appears 105
And his sad message wounds the list'ning ears;
Not

Not far hence, Laz'rus held Bethania's plains,
Wealth swell'd his gates, and regal blood his veins :
The Syrian realms once heard his Sire's lore,
And conquer'd cities bent beneath his power. 110
His welcome portals courted ev'ry guest,
And poorly typ'd their Master's lib'ral breast.
Hither the Lord disdain'd not oft to come,
And share th' indulgence of the festive dome ;
Here oft the clouds, that veil'd Him, fled away, 115
And pour'd his Godhead flaming on the day.
But when he heard the burthen of the plaint,
That Laz'rus seiz'd with sickness, pale and faint,
Respir'd with painful throbs his gasping breath,
And feebly struggl'd on the verge of death ; 120
The gushing grief rolls streaming down his cheeks,
And to his sad companions thus he speaks :
Since death, e'er now, has snatch'd our friend away,
Let's haste our course to call him back to day.
If now, as oft, the Sire supreme will hear, 125
And prove his pow'r by nodding to my pray'r.
He added not ; but to Bethania tends,
Environ'd by his train of faithful friends ;
Behind, in long proceffion, crowds proceed
To view the God perform the wond'rous deed. 130

Mean while the monster, whose tyrannic sway
The dark and wide stretch'd coasts of hell obey,
With eyes transpiercing fate's mysterious gloom,
Sees the day rip'ning in time's pregnant womb,
Prostrate in ruin, when his drear realm shall be 135
Himself a captive, and his manes free.

A crowd of plans his anxious mind o'erwhelm,
T' avert destruction low'ring on his realm.
He burns with rage, that to his ardent eye,
Unseen, came down this native of the sky, 140
Whose death spontaneous should at once deface
The crimes and vengeance due to human race;
Of various counsels Deicide seems best;
This he revolves and fosters in his breast.
Without delay, his Chiefs and train he calls, 145
A horrid Council! to his palace-walls:
And lo! the trump emits the piercing sounds,
Which the huge dome thro' all its cells rebounds.
Loud roars each cavern from its gloomy feat,
And earth vibrates beneath its pond'rous weight. 150
Instant the gate with various spectres swarms,
To day adverse, and strange with monst'rous forms;
Their breasts express the man, their wastes forsake,
And writhe with spiry folds into a snake:
Gorgons and sphynxes breathe an horrid air; 155
Some stalk a centaur, some a hydra stare;
These rise chimeras, spouting livid fires,
And Scylla's barking image those inspires.
Fiends clad in harpies swell the dreadful train
And realise the shapes, that mortals feign. 160
Above the rest, the form of tawring size,
And flaming front of hell's grim tyrant rise:
With hundred hands th' ambient air he cleaves,
And his throat pours a hundred burning waves.
From all their mouths, and eyes, and nostrils stream 165
Dark gales of fume, and sheets of sickly flame.

Around

Around their heads snakes bend into a wreath,
And dimpling down their necks in hisses breathe ;
Each wields a trident, each a firebrand shakes,
That urge the guilty ghosts to burning lakes. 170
From earth's green margin spectres hither swarm
Who with oblivion shade fair Virtue's form ;
In ev'ry clime, thro' which they vagrant stray,
And dazzle men with sin's fictitious ray.
To these succeed the wing'd infernal race, 175
Riding in clouds and ever changing place ;
Who tempests rule, and ruder blasts inform,
And low'ring mount the horrors of the storm.
All come with souls elate, in counsel strong,
And the roofs eccho to th' infernal throng. 180
Till in the mid the King majestic rose,
And while he speaks, his hand with thunder glows.

Tartarean Chiefs, whose births from ether spring,
Sad victims, now, to Heav'n's inclement King ;
Who (proudly weak, thro' lust to reign alone, 185
To bear each Equal, rival of his throne)
Against us roll'd his thunder big with fate,
And hurl'd us flaming from our native seat.
Should fame deny our conflicts to renew, 190
The woes that wait us, shall present to view
What wars we kindled in th' ethereal plain ;
What fury labour'd in each adverse train,
But now the Victor boasts the stars his prize,
And arrogates the sceptre of the skies. 195
How dire his vengeance our disasters tell ;
Once brightness wrapt us, now the gloom of hell ;
Our

Our lot's to share, with human ghosts these scenes,
In crimes once like us, now alike in pains.
Earth intervenes between our hope and Heav'n 200
And in reward; our thrones to men are giv'n.
But here end not our woes; again, he frames,
Raging with war, his deep concerted schemes;
To drive us hence in stratagemis he low'rs,
And hell's the envy of the blissful bow'rs: 205
For this design, a youth forsakes the skies
(His Son or Angel in a youth's disguise)
Prepares, relying on celestial aid,
To pour destruction on these realms of shade;
Withdraw our subject-spirits from our lore, 210
And leave us with the impotence of pow'r.
Perhaps (unless we bold frustrate the means)
Ourselves shall feel the slav'ry of his chains,
Be led in triumph to the blest abodes,
The glory He, and we the scorn of Gods.
Think not this caution flows from fancy's fear; 215
Experience has confirm'd the truth you hear:
To say he's mortal, is to view his frame;
To say he's woundless, hear each baffled scheme:
I have intrepid oft oppos'd his way,
And oft decreed him to my wiles a prey; 220
Approach'd him various in each shape and air,
That hatred can belye or malice wear.
But armless he, my keenest arms defies,
And without using strength, my strength outvies;
For by his utt'ring of the Prophets strain, 225
Arms blunt, deceits unmask, and words are vain.
But

But to my counsel now attention pay ;
 To Salem's ancient tow'rs he bends his way.
 Tho' odious there to all their hoary Sires,
 And to the Priests, who zealous for their choirs, 230
 Their mystic forms, and their paternal laws,
 Resolve to slay him in religion's cause.
 For thro' the towns new myst'ries he reveals,
 Prescribes new rites divine, and old repeals.
 Now with occasion let your aid conspire 235
 On him to pour the Rabbi's deadly ire ;
 And lest truth should a gen'rous sense impart,
 Their anger calm and humanize the heart ;
 Soft in their minds infuse a pois'nous hate,
 And to ferment it, lyes as truth relate. 240
 Then blow it into rage by slanderous breath,
 And never let it die, but with his death.
 But could we gain by fraud or smooth applause ;
 One of his chosen twelve to 'spouse our cause, }
 Then conquest's ours, and chilling fear withdraws. } 245

Scarce had he finish'd, when the wicked band, 249
 Impatient to perform the dire command,
 Impetuous pour diverse thro' all the gates,
 And earth the murmur feels thro' her retreats.
 Now pois'd in air, they cut the darksome space, 250
 And earth's expanse with snaky pinions graze.
 In greater myriads not the flower-fed bees,
 (When Auster rain not, nor fierce Boreas freeze)
 In fields of ether war indignant wage,
 Of rival Kings to vindicate the rage. 256
 Sad is the place, on which these demons low'r !
 How great the havock ! havock their sole power !

Near

Near to Bethania come, God's offspring ends
 His pious march, attended by his friends ;
 There virgin Martha, Magdalena there, 260
 (From Magdel's ancient town they nam'd the Fair)
 With hair disorder'd, and with streaming eyes,
 Performing at the tomb their obsequies,
 He view'd : Whom when the mornful virgins saw,
 They leave their friends, and from the rites with-
 draw : 265

First pay the homage to his presence due,
 Then pour their grief while tears their cheeks bedew.
 In tender words, and looks o'ercastr'd with gloom ;
 Are you then come to view our brother's tomb ?
 Who to his aid oft call'd You, noble guest, 270
 While with death's chilling cold he lay oppress'd.
 Nor is there room to doubt, had you been here,
 He would have now inhal'd the vital air ;
 But since your pray'rs are realiz'd in heav'n,
 To hope, that he shall live again, is giv'n. 175

While thus they pray'd, grief melts the standers-by
 And from their breasts results one gen'ral sigh.

The Chief forbids the crowd the youth deplore, }
 Intent to free him and to life restore, }
 Tho' rolls the fourth sun, since he was no more. }
 The town soon echoes with the wond'rous fame ; 281
 And sends her thousands to behold the same,
 The mountains, eager to detail his skill,
 Pour down their people and the valley fill.

The

The tomb approach'd, the youths there form a
ring 285

Where stands in silent pray'r the Heav'n-born King,
With hands stretch'd forth, and with erected eyes
Invokes his Father to his enterprize.

The crowd in silence and surprise, attend

The op'ning of the wonder and the end. 290

Twice from his face the shifting tincture flies ;
Nodsshake his head, and twice burst forth the sighs.

But lo ! the tomb shakes with a quick'ning throe

The sight forbids the gazers' blood to flow,

On all their senses pours a dewy fear, 295

And from the Hero draws this vocal pray'r.

Tho' ever present, O Imperial Sire !

To give relief and second my desire ;

Still thanks most warm are for this favour due,

Which paints thy virtue to the people's view. 300

But haste ye servant throng, the tombstone heave,

Tear from the corps the drap'ry of the grave.

Without delay wide opes the yawning tomb,

And blots the stiffn'ing crowd with horrid gloom.

With looks shot down the vault, they trembling eye

The faded corps in foul dishonour lye, 306 }

And heave with life's insinuating sigh.

Thrice, Lazarus come forth, the Hero cries,

When from the tomb he stalks and breathes the skies.

The circling train, with chilling horror wan, 310

With inexhausted looks devour the man ;

Inhale with greedy ears his rising breath

Which to them wafts the series of his death.

How

How the rack'd soul in sad and plaintive cries,
 Her consort body with reluctance flies : 315
 What furies, in dread shapes, display'd their pow'r,
 And threatening rose upon his dying hour :
 With pain the spirits of eternal day
 Chas'd the foul demons from their present prey.
 To this, the cluster of rewards succeeds, 320
 That terminate the blifs of virtuous deeds.
 The pains, the guilty feel, conclude the theme,
 Their wretched fate and hell's eternal flame.

The wonder finish'd, by request o'ercome
 The God repairs to Simons' neighb'ring dome, 325
 Whose limbs distain'd with leprosy's disease
 The God refin'd, and bade the fury cease.
 While at the board, with grateful viands prest,
 Amid the Nobles, sat the welcome guest ;
 Unbidden, lo ! a maid invades the room, 330
 Fam'd for her mien, and texture of the loom :
 Her purple robe swell'd, rustling in each fold,
 With silver cloy'd, and interwoven gold ;
 Pond'rous with gems, the luxury of her vest
 (Her shoulders pride) a golden clasp compest. 335
 A cawl her tresses held in ringlets wreath'd,
 Sleak with the comb, and liquid amber bath'd.
 O'er which with studded jewels blaz'd her Tire,
 And a large ruby set her front on fire.
 Big pearls and diamonds strung on fusile gold, 340
 Around her neck their blended lustre roll'd.
 So earth (her bosom bright with vernal show'rs)
 Unlocks her gems and decks herself with flow'rs.

An

An orphan left by both her parents' death,
 This maid became sole heiress of their wealth. 345
 Religion to her tender age beam'd fair,
 And blushing honour was her virgin care.
 But by degrees youth revels in her veins
 And Venus furious in her senses reigns,
 Who in her bosom lights unlawful fire, 350
 And the broad blaze consumes each pure desire.
 Now lost to all, that grace a virgin's name,
 Religion, coyness, and a Vestal fame,
 In pride of womanhood, she joys to roam,
 A vulgar object, from her private dome. 355
 Shines first at banquets, and theatric scenes
 And giddy bears not admonition's reins.
 So some tall ship, without a pilot's guide,
 When the big waves upon the tempest ride,
 Subject to billows and the storm's domain, 360
 A vagrant course pursues along the main.
 Of her large store of ancient wealth now vain,
 She meditates, among the youthful train,
 To soothe him into love, whose manly form,
 Above the rest, shall glow with ev'ry charm. 365
 And now she hears, that one of beauteous frame
 Hither arriv'd, and stil'd a God by fame.
 Her joy, impatient of a long delay,
 To view the same she bends her rapid way.
 But when his mien exhal'd its breathing grace, 370
 And she inhal'd the lustre of his face ;
 When her breast caught his eyes' love-feeding
 beams,
 Her former passion sudden she disclaims,
 And feels her heart refine with chaster flames.

And

And now seven firebrands, horrid to behold ! 375
 Rush from her lips benighted in a cloud ;
 Dark as the sparkles, that in gasps aspire
 From dying taper, and in fume expire.
 Lo ! flies, exclaims the God, the foulest Fiend,
 Who prey'd upon her heart and warpt her mind.
 Maria then (such was the damsel's name) 381
 New in desire, nor now in thought the same,
 Who hither came, in conscious beauty bold,
 Her bosom blazing with embroider'd gold ;
 Tears off the glories, that her head surround, 385
 And her bright bracelet twinkles on the ground ;
 Her tunic spurns, that casts a golden gleam,
 Rack'd with the sense of guilt and flush'd with
 shame.

Prone as the dog, beneath his master's board,
 For pity, prostrate she invokes the Lord : 390
 Clings to his knees, his feet with tears bedews,
 And dries with robes, assum'd for other views.
 Now from an alabaster urn she brings
 The blended fragrance of Arabia's springs.
 The blushing Casia, Nardus' od'rous ears, 395
 Amomum sweet, and frankincense's tears.
 Fast on his feet the od'rous streams she pours,
 And the air grows pregnant with the balmy show'rs,
 Pleas'd he receives the homage of the Fair,
 Her faults absolves, and points to heav'n her care. 400

Mean while in mournful groupes the patients
 come,
 From neighb'ring cities, and surround the dome,
 The

The Blind for sight, the Lame for motion cry,
The Dumb for speech, the Deaf for hearing sigh.
Hither the insane for relief are brought, 405
Unconscious of their state, as void of thought ;
But God distress'd with each peculiar pain,
Reliev'd and sent them back, a healthful train.
He seeks, departing hence, Jerusalem,
The mighty fabrick of thy sons, O Shem, 410
Planter of vines ! when earth superior stood
To the broad surface of the general flood,
And the check'd ocean in his channel flow'd. }
With victor-arms the Jebusites then came,
And call'd the captive city by their name. 415
Here Juda's race with regal blood elate,
Subdu'd the neighb'ring vales, and fix'd their seat.
Here rear'd great Solomon, with foreign toil,
From of everted shrines the copious spoil,
An awful temple, of stupendous size, 420
Its airy summit mingling with the skies :
All other fanes their ornaments resign,
To dress this temple out for rites divine.
Here, brazen cisterns, daz'ling to behold,
Here tables shone, compos'd of massy gold : 425
Here fleecy robes drank deep the purple dye ;
And the stiff vestments glitter'd on the eye :
Altars arose devote to sanguine rites,
And pendent lamps diffus'd their awful lights.
Here tripods, censers, bowls blaze on the skies, 430
And all the great parade of sacrifice.

Jehovah's statutes sculptur'd deep on stone;
 And shin'd in wood religiously here shone:
 Before the king, and in the people's view,
 The priest, within the fane, the victim slew. 435
 In this sole place, the holy pow'r is found,
 With ritual gore, to stain the blushing ground:
 For Israel's race, by custom hither led,
 Thrice in the year the victim-homage bled.
 The Lord oft to this temple bent his way, 440
 To share the rites, and adoration pay.

When the Messiah near Jerusalem drew,
 The tow'rs and columns rushing on the view,
 The train of thousands, who his labours share,
 Boughs in their hands of palm and olive bear. 445
 The foot precede, behind him move the horse,
 And in the mid, the Hero takes his course,
 No prancing steed, in pride of trappings drest,
 Nor foaming with keen life the Hero prest:
 But to the poor his darling want to shew, 450
 An ass, beneath him, moves his dull feet slow.
 (This deed once strung the Prophet's sacred lyre,
 And from the theme he caught celestial fire)
 Bare was his head; his robe (the work of love,
 Which for his youth his tender mother wove) 455
 Flow'd to his ancles, in a various fold;
 Tho' worn, yet new, nor by duration old:
 A pair of sandals on his feet he laced,
 And in this humble pomp the city traced.
 Before the gate in long arrangement stand 460
 A choir of youths and maids, a beauteous band.

Twin'd

Twin'd in the virgins' locks the roses breathe ;
And with shorn crowns the youths their temples
wreath.

Large boughs of living palm their hands employ
And their glad hymns flow sparkling with their
joy. 465

All vie, with holy emulation warm,
Who most may view the God's delightful form.
Within the walls, the people form a ring,
And ardent press to hail the Saviour—king.
Spears grace their hands, their olives flash their
dyes, 470
And their applauses rattle 'long the skies.

Rous'd with the cries that thro' the city stray
Quick rose the sages, who the nation sway.
The cause unknown, and struck with deep surprize,
To see large clouds of dust obscure the skies, 475
Of this uproar demand the sudden cause,
Wholeads the crowd, and whence this vast applause ?
But those, who thro' his fame the Godhead spy,
Augment his train, and swell the rapt'rous cry.
The streets, he visits, they with purple strew, 480
And on the pavement Indian carpets glow.
Some roads are kindled with profusive flow'rs,
And the broad surface swells with crimson show'rs.

Not far he pass'd, when lo ! another train
Salute his entry in a gladsome strain : 485
Pleas'd he receives the raptures of their hearts,
And full of wonder from the crowd departs.

A vale subsides among umbrageous hills,
 Where spreads a pool fed with perpetual rills :
 The city dames for water hither came 490
 The cattle here drown'd deep their thirsty flame }
 And sickly flocks rose healthful from the stream.
 Hence after times, as fame divulges, gave
 The name Bethesda to the healing wave.
 At certain seasons of the circling year, 495
 The morbid patients to its banks repair ;
 For oft the pool in tumult seem'd to rise,
 And spout its azure current to the skies.
 The moving principle long latent lay,
 Which youths and virgins usher'd into day : 500
 They sung, a cherub, blazing on the face,
 His pure robe streaming in the airy space,
 On wings incumbent ting'd with golden dyes,
 Shot from the summit of the starry skies,
 And staining his ethereal route with blaze, 505
 His hands compress'd to rage the placid waves.
 So the bright star, hung in the front of heav'n,
 To mariners or camps a signal giv'n,
 Darts from its seat, and flashing wild its fires,
 The subject world with panick fear inspires. 510
 And now the sickly groupe the pool surround,
 Eager to catch from heav'n the bathing sound :
 Each views the liquid plain with ardent eye,
 And of the breeze, each drinks the softest sigh :
 Panting to plunge the first into the flood 515
 When in the air the waters trembling stood.
 Tho' woo'd by all, to him alone, health came,
 Who first div'd for it, in the troubled stream.

A band

A band of youths, thus in a lawn's smooth space,
Collect their vigour for the rapid race; 520
Their souls already start, their hearts thick beat,
And for the tedious sign they throbbing wait.
Hope crowns them all, and with delusive eyes,
Each for himself regards the unwon prize.

Among the sick, young Jetrus helpless lay, 525
Whose sinews shrunk, whose members dy'd away:
Of ancient wealth he flourish'd with a store;
But trusting much in Med'cine's saving pow'r,
He tried each virtue of the faithless art,
To string his nerves, and motion swift impart, 530
But feeble for the task, art flies and leaves
Pale-hagard want associate with disease.
Thus forty years beheld his limbs to fade,
Himself a prey to want and void of aid,
Whom when the God had ey'd in such distress, 535
With tender looks he pours this soft address.

Ah say, unhappy! why this long delay
Upon the margin? while the streams convey
Their balmy moisture, and their healing pow'r
To all the ills, that in their channels low'r, 540
Hence home they visit, mindless of their pains,
Strength in their limbs, and spirits in their veins.

Weak Jetrus thus; and while he strove to speak,
His bursting sorrow trickled down his cheek.
I tarnish not the pool's salubrious fame 545
But while I wait the motion of its stream,

Others more active, than inactive I,
Into the roaring waters headlong flie :
For none, to bathe me, his assistance lends,
Want seldom feels the benefit of friends. 550

To his complaint the God vouchsaf'd an ear ;
And said, arise, and to thy home repair,
Nor think these waters have the pow'r alone,
To brace the nerves and to suppress the groan.
Scarce had he spoke, when lo ! before the throng, 555
Erect stands Jetrus, in his movement strong ;
Throws on his back his couch, without delay,
And with quick strides he stalks the rapid way.
The shepherd thus, who in the forest toils,
To cull of broken boughs the scatter'd spoils ; 560
Casts in the pile, unconscious of the prize,
A snake, in leaves involv'd, and numb'd with ice.
Wak'd with the flames, that crackling round him
spread,
Quick starts the snake and lifts erect his head :
Darts his red eyes, and rows in spires along 565
The dome, vibrating fast his forky tongue.

Another view presents the temple's gate,
Beneath whose ample arch the servants wait
To sell oblations for the brazen shrine
To those, who labour under vows divine ; 570
Here bleat the flock, whose fleece the day improves,
Here lowe the oxen, and here cooe the doves.
When the God saw the traffick in the fane,
And heard rude noise the sacred place prophane,
Inspir'd

Inspir'd with holy rage, the Hero glows, 575
And with reproaches deals about his blows:
The whip's percussions on their backs resound,
And drive the rabble off the holy ground,
So Boreas from his Arctick cavern flies,
Rushing in furious blasts along the skies, 580
Expels the low'ring clouds th'etherial plain,
And roaring arrogates the Ether's reign.
These walls are hallow'd (thus the Hero cries)
And to JEHOVAH's honour sacred rise,
Which you with mercenary traffick stain, 585
And cast the God an exile from his Fane.
Tho' blood your altars bathes, and life expires,
A sacrifice once granted to your fires;
Such rites the supreme BEING please no more,
And sheep now pour in vain their ritual gore. 590
Henceforth forbear his purer sight to stain
With entrails warm of birds and cattle slain:
And now a spotless sacrifice prepare;
And taught new rites of faith, the old forbear.
Dare to be virtuous, in libation show'r 595
Your spotless thoughts and pray the supreme Pow'r;
Your mystick modes let these hereafter be,
These be the offerings to the Deity.

This said, he at the altar suppliant bows,
And pays his Sire in silent pray'r his vows. 600

And now the priests with deep resentment rise,
Grief in their hearts, and anger in their eyes;

Nor was their furious rage a recent guest,
Nor was their hate a stranger to the breast:
Stor'd in their minds, the ancient cause of ire 605
Lay deeply grav'd, and set their souls on fire.
Yet still they fear'd their cruelty to wage,
For loth to rouse the mob's vindictive rage.
Instant they leave the temple's inmost seats,
Content to vent their wrath in murmuring threats.

610

The wolves at night thus to the fold repair,
But shepherds watchful o'er their fleecy care,
With vocal dogs their bloody progress stay,
And chase them headlong from the bleating prey.
Sudden they part, tho' wild with famine's sting, 615
And the wide forests with their roaring ring.

But while the God before the altar bends,
And to his SIRE his soul in pray'r ascends,
About the temple rove his social band,
Struck with its grandeur and the builders hand. 620
Scoop'd from huge rocks a hundred columns spread
Their frames, high as their parent-mountains head.
Of equal number, and of equal size,
Columns of solid brass resplendent rise.
In the large beams they view the cedars strength, 625
And the arch'd cielings everlasting length.
The brazen doors on creaking hinges sound,
And the squar'd marble smoothes the painted ground.
Here into pillars sheets of gold are roll'd
And tables spread their plains in burnish'd gold. 630
Bright

Bright chariots in the temple votive rise,
Distinct with iv'ry and with ebon dyes.
While on these objects the disciples gaze;
The Hero paid his tributary praise;
And coming forward silent and unseen, 635
Thus spoke abrupt with a dejected mien.
Already Solyma the vengeance due
To all thy deeds, hangs frowning to the view.
This pile so large, this temple so divine,
Shall rush, ere long, to fragments like the pine 640
(Whose roots the wind tearing from parent ground)
A victim tumbles to the tempest's sound.
The blood of Prophets, envoys of the Lord,
Which purpled once your sacrilegious sword,
Or ting'd your rocks, their bodies thrown from
high, 645
Against you point the thunder of the sky.
Yet still to save you from impending pain,
How oft I anxious strove, but strove in vain,
To clasp your children in my fond embrace,
As the hen, anxious for her feather'd race, 650
The little rovers to her bosom brings,
Panting the mother in her voice and wings.
Your state, already nodding, soon shall feel
The civil fury, and the hostile steel.
From dome to dome vindictive flames shall bound,
655
And human blood run crimson on your ground.
In vain to heav'n ascend repeated vows,
To prop your kingdom, which already bows.
Jehovah

Jehovah hastes the period of your reign,
And in a foreign clime erects his fane. 660

This said, the sculptur'd figures he displays;
A true and mighty roll of ancient days.
Where the Creation shifts her varied face,
With all the annals of the human race.
No human image swells this mystick scene 665
Nor paint belies Jehovah's awful mien:
But lines mysterious labour'd nice on stone,
Sketch the bold draught to bards themselves unknown.

The Sire of Heav'n here bursting from a cloud,
Seems the drear realms of darkness to behold. 670
And whilst before him lies the chaos-state,
The world's creation seems to meditate.
Now from the bursting brightness seems to roll,
The spacious concave of the starry pole;
The earth's brown orb, the ocean's azure tide, 675
And floods of light, that thro' the ether glide.
Whence Sol shall draw effulgence from his rays,
And Heav'n her stars shall kindle with the blaze.

The winged myriads of the heav'nly space,
The first day's labour of the Supreme grace, 680
With plausive wings, and with melodious sound,
In swarms their parent and their guide surround.
Yet still with earth was mix'd heav'n's burning gleam,
And stagnant on her slept the briny stream.
For ev'ry matter lay confus'dly hurl'd, 685
Which gave, arraing'd, existence to the world.

With-

Without delay, the orb of heav'n he frames,
And on it sprinkles drops of starry flames;
Now all things flow assume their proper face,
And Heav'n in vigour firm retains its place. 690

Earth in the mid, and delug'd now no more,
The heaving waters form a winding shore,
On shallows tortur'd into fury rise,
And spout their azure current to the skies.
As yet the sea no shrowded vessel bore, 695
Nor in the waters bent appeared the oar,
But Zephyrs, sporting innocently gay,
Dimpl'd the shining surface of the sea.
And now the mountains rise in beechen pride,
And vales in long extended plains subside. 700
Instant the ground with seeming virtue heaves
Her lap with flow'rs to fill, the tree with leaves.
Now fields adorn their broad expanse with green,
Now trees embrace, to form a sylvan scene.
Oaks wave their branches o'er a length of glade
To join the olive, and the cypress shade. 706

To light this infant world, two globes of flame
Full in the concave arch of ether gleam;
To guard the world, they, leagued, alternate rise,
To drop their melting lustre from the skies; 710
The Sun by day Olympus' round surveys,
And Earth glows lucid with his native rays.
The Moon with guardian care the night adorns
Streaming a silver paleness from her horns.

Ether

Ether at night on his black forehead wears 715
A blaze of stars, revolving in the spheres.

The scaly herds in wanton gambols play,
Brush with their fins and swim along the sea.
The birds their bodies poize in ethers plain,
And with indignant bills a war sustain. 720

Not distant hence, another prospect yields
Whole herds of cattle cov'ring all the fields;
With pasture cloy'd the woolly flocks are seen
Playful to skip along the fruitful green.
Fierce beasts seem here to lurk in caverns deep, 725
And tortois'd snakes along the ground to creep.
The Sire of Heav'n stands in a cloud confess'd,
And in glad accents, thus his will express'd.
"With genial love increase and multiply,
"And give from age to age a progeny." 730

Fresh from the earth at length man naked stands
To whom the God seems utt'ring his commands;
Gives him to spread o'er earth his wide domain;
And life immortal, social to his reign,
Had been his lot, had he obey'd the God, 735
Observ'd his mandates and rever'd his nod.

Her lies a garden glitt'ring on the eyes,
With branching trees and flowers of various dyes:
An azure dragon keeps his vigils nigh
To guard the fruitage blushing on the sky. 740
A branch-

A branching fountain in the center sheds
Its silver currents in four various beds :
And streaming widely o'er the subject plain,
Fosters the herbage, and calls forth the grain.

Here rolls the serpent on the storied wall, 745
The fraudulent worker of the first man's fall,
Who heedless of the mandate and decree,
Spoils of its apples the forbidden tree.
The youth scarce to his lips the fraud had giv'n,
But aw'd with all the majesty of Heav'n, 750
Sheds fast, to lave his crime, repentant waves
And strives to wrap him and his shame in leaves.
But o'er him, rising in a fleecy cloud
The Almighty seems to speak, as thunder, loud,
Kindling with threats that may the vengeance speed,
Reponsive to the horror of the deed, 755
Which once he bore, and all his race must bear,
Who shall by birth inhale this vital air.

Mean time, his consort, who with vain desire,
First broke the mandate of the supreme Sire, 760
Seems here the thickest of the shrubs to gain,
And hide her folly in their shades in vain.
The victor serpent, flush'd with fraud, appears,
On flaming spires his wreathing body rears ;
Thrice round the tree his length depends in rings, 765
And to applaud his conquest, claps his wings.
Of his success regards with scorn the tool,
And laughs her easy faith to ridicule.

Not

Not far remote, extend the realms of night,
 With darkness chequer'd and a livid light. 770
 Where shades of righteous men their freedom wait,
 Debar'd, for one man's crime, their happy state.
 Here Sages stand with hoary rev'rence crown'd,
 Here bands of bards with sacred fillets bound:
 With hands expanded and effus'd in pray'r. 775
 They seem to court the God at length to spare
 The human kind, obnoxious to the rod
 (For Adam's fault) of an offended God.
 Superior by the shoulders Abraham spreads,
 The wrath to bar, his garment o'er their heads. 780

Here stops the God; and says in broken sighs,
 Behold the scene, whence all my labours rise;
 Yet still to free them from this gloomy state
 I, self-devoted, all their tortures wait
 Live o'er the scenes, which follow, mark'd by few, 785
 That paint my future death to fancy's view.

In figur'd surges here the waters rise,
 And earth beneath the foaming burden lies.
 The ark secure, rides o'er the liquid space,
 Charg'd with the reliques of the deluged race. 790
 If any mountain's height superior stood,
 Emerging from the ocean's gen'ral flood,
 The bursting clouds indignant roll their ire,
 And blast the summit with a flashing fire.

In act to slay his Son, the Father stands 795
(Unhappy made by hearing Heav'n's commands)
And now his strength collected in his arm,
He waves the steel in Isaac's blood to warm.
When lo! An angel wing'd from ether's round,
Recalls the mandate, and prevents the wound. 800
A white-fleeced ram near for a victim's fed
And plac'd for Isaac, on the altar bled.

Stung with their brother's dream the brothers
stand:
Who's sold a slave, and seeks a foreign land.
To the sad fire, the youth's dire death they feign, 805
Torn by wild beasts, and barbarously slain:
He views the filial vest besmear'd with blood,
And his eyes bathe it with a briny flood.

Here shines the Hero, famous for his laws,
Aided by Heav'n, and aiding Heav'n's great cause, 810
While he restores from Pharoah's spacious reign
To promis'd realms, his long exiled train.
The bite of serpents and their pois'nous breath
Strew his pale wand'ers on the verge of death.
But quick he bids a brazen serpent rear 815
Its spiry volumes in the middle air;
At it directs the sickly groupe to gaze,
As fure and whole restorative of ease.

A bird in figure lays her entrails bare
And with her life she feeds her new hatch'd care. 820
All

All fond of blood their mother's breast surround,
And with contending bills probe deep the wound.

Thus having traced the wonders of the scene :
The Hero full of thought departs the fane :
But scarce had touch'd the Temple's spacious stairs
825

When tumult in loud clamor wounds his ears :
Amid the crowd, behold Susanna's led,
The youthful bride of old Manasses's bed.
Pale are her features, beamless are her eyes,
And down her back her hair disorder'd lies. 830

Averse, indignant, in her bloom of charms,
Her father plung'd her in the old man's arms.
But now the staining of the nuptial state
Dooms her unhappy to a public fate.

And here the vulgar, here the youths prepare 835
To whirl the stones against the guilty fair.

But when the priest saw Christ the portals grace
Instant he bids the execution cease ;

The trembling matron from the crowd withdraws,
And veils his base design in smooth applause. 840

This dame (says he) has broke the marriage knot
And faithless to her bed was basely caught :

For such a crime, it is by law decreed,
By missive stones, yet how severe ! to bleed.

We, Soft interpreter of bards ! presume 845
To ask your counsel of this matron's doom.

He spoke, and with delusive hope is fed,
That by his force of speech the Hero's led
Into

Into a snare, where all evasion's vain,
Each passage block'd, and flight a fruitless pain. 850
For should his tender nature spare the dame,
And wave the death, due to her lawless flame,
He'd soon upon himself the rabble draw,
And suffer as the scorner of their law:
Yet should he, for the crime, pronounce her fate, 855
He'd then incur the vulgar's barb'rous hate.
Himself the priest, for such suggestions, hails,
And his breast swells with conquest's flattering gales.
Thus while in sleep the Hind with splendid share,
In ridges seems the cultur'd glebe to rear, 860
Huge heaps of gold discover'd in the clay,
Vain throbs of gladness to his heart convey,
But sudden flits the vision of the dream,
And of the golden store soon dyes the flame:
Awak'd, he rails at fortune and the spoil, 865
Compell'd to stick to poverty and toil.
But God shall for himself strike out a way,
(A God no human wit can lead astray)
At once from death the wretched wife to draw,
And keep alive the spirit of the law. 870
Fix'd on the ground awhile, he rais'd his eyes,
And to the crowd prepar'd for slaughter cries;
'Tis true, the statutes which your fires decreed,
Consign to death this woman's sordid deed.
Whoever then a sinless life has led,
Let him first whirl the stone, and strike her dead.
And can one boast among this num'rous train,
By wounding her, a life without a stain?

D

While

While thus he spoke, his looks, severely strong,
Oblique he glances thro' the waving throng, 880
In act to write; who should presume to claim,
In the dame's massacre, his spotless fame?
"A mind unshock'd by actions basely done,
"A life crown'd with the palm by virtue won."
Before the crowd the fair stands chill'd with fright,
885

Her eyes suffus'd with death's approaching night:
Prostrate she sinks beneath her load of care,
Nerveless her knees, no less dissolv'd in fear,
Than is the doe, which o'er a length of ground
Pursu'd and breathing the voracious sound 890
Of panting dogs, sees her strength smoak in air,
And her limbs captive in the trait'rous snare;
Hem'd round with foes, no hope of freedom nigh,
All other views forsake her but to die.

His tender speech among the vulgar glides, 895
And all their rage of murder soon subsides:
Each in his mind revolves his actions past,
There views a groupe of ills, and stands aghast.
Among so great a train no man steps forth
By rectitude of life to prove his worth; 900
But each, as conscious of some moral stain,
By stealth lets fall his stone and leaves the fane.
And now the porch unchock'd with riot-cries,
Off her bound hands the God the cord unties,
Dismisses her with words, that veil her shame. 905
Depart, let virtue cleanse thy tarnish'd fame!

Then

Then his Disciples thus addressing, said,
This race, how hard ! how obstinately bred !
Undar'd leave nothing, judge in each debate,
And always wrong, grow bolder by defeat. 910
Ev'n me, who violate their festive days,
To give them health, and chase away disease ;
Tender to those, who weep their sinful stains,
Their guilt to pardon, and avert their pains :
Ev'n me, who give to spread the genial feast, 915
And the soft gushing of the vine to taste,
Setting aside the lotion of the stream,
And gorge on meats for which they blot your fame :
Ev'n me they seek by artful fraud to slay,
And rouse all Rome to chase me as her prey ; 920
Glad, should I own it lawless, that their tribes
The money tax should pay, which Rome prescribes.
Nor can my deeds above the reach of art,
The least conviction to their breasts impart ;
Blind to the force, by which my acts aspire, 925
They dare oppose the counsels of my Sire,
Their rites I break not, nor their laws repeal ;
For maxims, more sublime, beneath the veil
Of their dark ceremonies, latent lye,
Than what are offered to the naked eye. 930
Why is Swine's flesh (an instance to rehearse)
Amid their various food, forbid a place ?
For minds, refin'd with thoughts supremely good,
Can catch contagion from no mortal food :
The mind's distemper is her base desire, 935
Yet as the bristly kind delight in mire,

As in this beast an innate lewdness roves,
 She lives a type of Venus' obscene loves.
 Beside, by gentler discipline to draw
 Their stubborn minds, to hear celestial law; 940
 To fix, whom no religion long could hold,
 By bloody ceremonies, in one fold;
 The supreme BEING bad the tribes prepare
 To call, for death, some of their bleating care;
 The guiltless heifer on their shrine to wound, 945
 And purple, with her harmless blood, the ground.
 These rites, to them, if not suffus'd with gloom,
 Shone types of the religion then to come.

This said, already the declivous skies
 O'ercaft with shade, the trait'rous town he flies. 950
 And willing now, before his instant fate,
 To pray his Sire, and secret vows repeat.
 Unnoticed leaves his friends in Tabor's plains,
 And the mount crown'd with lofty cedars gains.
 None of the train he order'd to attend, 955
 But Peter, James and John, a faithful friend,
 Who meditating stand, and to the skies
 Extend their supine hands and piercing eyes.
 And now the Son, in flam'd with heav'nly fire,
 In extasy addresses thus his Sire. 960

O father? see, tho' innocent I dye,
 And meet the pangs of fate without one sigh:
 Since such your will, and such is your decree.
 And since mankind is ever dear to me:

Yet,

Yet, these, who left their friends and native soil, 965
The follow'rs of my fortune and my toil,
Indulge propitious; and avert the harm,
Aim'd at their virtue by a lurking arm.
I dread not human hate, nor do they fear;
For impious men shall wound them ev'ry where, 970
Nor shall my anger or surprize run high,
To see them tortur'd, or to see them dye;
To see you, father, to compleat their woe,
In dust to spurn them, and commence their foe.
No; let your light'ning, if it is your will, 975
Flash fierce around them, or your thunder kill,
If such the toils, that men to heav'n elate
And bring back nature, to her pristine state;
At least deny not to my pray'r this grace,
Let not of hell's domains the cruel race, 780
(Whose hate to human mortals never dyes)
Destroy my social pupils with surprize;
Seduce them from their lore with wicked arts,
And pour the love of earth into their hearts;
Nor in the praise of vice let their tongues roll, 985
And strive to blot my Image from the soul.
Soon, too soon, shall these insidious foes
(In whose, unsated breasts revenge still glows)
Revolve deceits, o'er baleful projects low'r,
And wear strange forms to spread abroad their pow'r;
To seize the harmless, whom they cannot blame,
And with polluted breath their breasts inflame.
But frustrate, SIRE, their meditated care,
May their curs'd schemes evaporate in air,
And bid them conquer'd, to betray forbear. 995 }

And when my mortal days shall set in death,
 Give some to rise to teach the sons of earth,
 In the firm path of righteousness to move,
 And glow transported with religion's love.
 Will not paternal fondness lend an ear 1000
 Propitious to his Son's most ardent pray'r?

Your Sire's true Image, and pow'r of his skies,
 Your fears remove (the heav'nly King replies)
 The frauds shall ne'er annoy your chosen train,
 Which hell now meditates thro' its domain. 1005
 Let Satan grim a hundred forms assume,
 Spread wide his snares, and cover thick with gloom;
 My presence shall the treachery disclose,
 The frauds detect, and dissipate the foes.
 Yet one shall fall a prey, thro' whose dark soul 1010
 Base plots, already, in disorder roll:
 Now he, unhappy, weary of the pain,
 (The sad reward attendant on your train)
 Repents, indignant, of the toils he bore
 Sooth'd with the sweets, which life had given before.

1015

But prior to the world 'twas our decree,
 This wretch should fill an Apostolic see.
 Not mindless of the bards, who sung his fall,
 A warning great to those, you deign to call.
 The rest, the snares shall flie by culture free, 1020
 And hold life lightly for the love of thee.
 Death shall not fright them with his dreadful mien,
 But find them tranquil when he rules the scene:

Watchful

Watchful of life, and proud of death's embrace,
From their heart's gore shall rise a num'rous race :

1025

Yet after the long passion of their fates,
Triumphant they shall fill heav'ns vacant seats.
Proceed then glorious, and compleat, my Son,
The mighty labour, which you have begun.
From your religion, see, what crowds shall spring ;

1030

Unshaken how their breasts espouse their King ?
Ev'n those, who now reluctantly obey,
Of speech unpolish'd, shall without delay
Inhale the breathing of the spirit-guest,
And feel conceptions new distend the breast ; 1035
In all the pomp of language dress your law,
And into virtue raptur'd nations awe.

This race extinct, another shall arise,
And spread your name bright kindling to the skies ;
Your standard fix on the remotest sand, 1040
Where the waves check the further growth of land.
To you shall victor kings, in humble pray'r,
Their arms and crowns subject, and altars rear,
Majestick Rome, whose womb with empires heaves,
Who rules, along th' Appenine Tibur's waves, 1045
Vast crowds, the fairest of the cities, see,
Her fasces gives and the world's reins to thee :
There with her temple's shall religion stand,
And censers blazing in the Pontiff's hand :
There, shall a Priest to Kings his law ordain, 1050
And teach the world to praise you in a strain.

D 4

Yet

Yet should, by lapse of time, the human race,
 Their morals with the stain of crimes disgrace,
 Should they, by chance, degenerate from their Sires,
 And studious tread the walk which vice inspires;
 I will by toils and sad affection try 1055
 To make them fond of virtue, which they flie,
 By ills reform'd all mortals mount the sky. }
 Oft shall the city ravag'd by the foe,
 Her superb structures in wide ruin strew,
 The more oppress'd she feels the hostile dread,
 The loftier shall she raise her tow'ry head;
 Her walls shall rise, into destruction hurl'd,
 Nor shall she cease till mistress of the world.
 Our GODHEAD there shall dwell, such is our grace;
 He said, and lock'd him in a fond embrace. 1065

But on a sudden mingling glories rise,
 The thunder rolls and light'nings wrap the skies,
 The Sire omnipotent expands a cloud,
 Bedrop'd with lustre dazzling to behold.
 All space glows bright: now Christ, rapt in a wind,
 1070
 On high is borne, and in the cloud enshrin'd.
 The God, the true resemblance of his Sire,
 Like the pure essence of ethereal fire,
 Bursts through his visage; while his frame exhales
 A fragrant sweetness on the balmy gales. 1075
 Nor less effulg'd his beauty on the sight,
 (The Ether bathing with unusual light)
 Than when the matin sun, bright font of day,
 The heav'ns o'erflows with his irriguous ray,

The

The seas reflect his Image in the waves, 1080
And with his gold, groves tinge their saffron leaves.
His wond'ring friends the Hero radiant ey'd,
Two bards attending, one on either side ;
The one, on flaming chariot rais'd sublime,
Gliding along the heav'ns aerial clime. 1085

The other, leader of an exil'd band,
Once led the Jewish slaves from Egypt's land.
To civilize the tribes prescrib'd a law,
And fram'd new rites, to worship God with awe.
The heav'ns seem now to spread their portals wide, 1090

And pour their glory in a radiant tide :
Then from a cloud on fire with golden stains ;
His Son within his arms Jehovah strains ;
And sailing on the Zephir's scented wings,
A liquid voice this sacred measure sings ; 1095

“ Behold my son, behold my joy supreme,
“ Hear him ye nations and revere his name !”
The voice here ceased : in heav'n the winged throng
Unite their gladness in a choral song.

At length the Hero drops his heav'nly air, 1100
Moves to his friend, sepulchr'd deep in fear,
Wakes them dissolv'd in wonder of the scene,
And lives among them in his mortal mien.

End of the First Book.

ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

Alarm'd at the honours paid to Christ, and inspir'd by Demons with malice against him, the Priests and Leaders of the city repair by night to the Temple, to deliberate how to oppose and destroy the Lord. Mean time Satan assuming the garb and mien of Joras, endeavours to withdraw Judas from Christ's party, and betray him to his foes. Nicodemus, one of the Fathers of the Council, harangues in favour of Christ, for which he is banished. Then Caiphas rises and animates the people against the Redeemer.—The tribes are enumerated, who come to Jerusalem at this time, to attend and participate of the PASCHAL Feast. Christ also comes with the same intent, and after having perform'd the rites of the season, he institutes the Lord's supper, washes his Disciple's feet, and foretells the treason of Judas, and the denial of Peter. Retiring to mount Olivet, he is bath'd in a bloody sweat; and here Judas betrays him, and delivers him to a ruffian-band, who conduct him to Caiphas, in whose house Peter denies his Master. In the morning he is brought to Pilate, who confines him as a prisoner in his palace, to save him from the insults of the rabble.

T H E

T H E
C H R I S T I A D.

B O O K II.

BUT blind with fear, and anxious for the state,
 The Sages and the Flamens sleepless waste
 The live-long night; their heart-corroding care
 Forbids their eyes the balm of rest to share.
 For on their minds, in lasting colours shone 5
 The Hero's entry in the joyful town:
 The festive honours, paid by youthful choirs;
 The growing rev'rence, which his name acquires;
 The climes, which fame o'er shadows with her wings.
 And where the wonders of his actions sings. 10
 What can they do? each hour, more clear the lays
 Unfold, once sung by bards in ancient days:
 "A King, shou'd come, who boasts in heav'n his
 birth,
 "And dwells a man, among the sons of earth;"
 At whose approach, the Temple's sacred wall, 15
 And proud Judea's regal state shou'd fall;
 Her altars broke, the Temple shou'd deplore,
 Her rites extinct, and off'rings brought no more.
 With such thoughts gloomy, and with fear o'ercome,
 Each lurks, obscurely sad, in his clos'd dome. 20
The

The Bees, thus wont to range the fields in show'rs,
And sip the country, kindled wide with flow'rs ;
When winter's rage, Ether's offus'd plains
With mists distends, and wat'ry Orion reigns :
A tedious leasure pass, deep plung'd in hives, 25
Hum their concern and sluggish waste their lives.

The time when sleep bedews the limbs with rest,
And soft oblivion lulls the tortur'd breast :
Ghastly to view, black forms from hell's deep shade
Emerge, and in dread troops the town invade. 30
Some the high tow'rs with sooty wings imbrown ;
And some the temple's airy summit crown :
Whole troops thro' streets and domes their presence
wing,
And from the roofs in cluster'd Myriads cling.
In Spring, the Birds thus, o'er a length of sea, 35
To fair Italia bend their airy way ;
Perch on some island, which repose first brings,
Fill the wide shore, and rest their weary wings.
Secret, they drop a poison in the breast,
Then breath a vip'rous spirit in the guest :
Hence hate engenders, furies headlong roll, 40
And to all vices, mold the fashion'd soul.
Some stalk abroad, belied in human form,
With various fame all the raging town alarm,
The houses fill, and of a direful kind,
Bid dreams start up, and haunt the drowsy mind : 45
Some to the mansions of the nobles go,
And summon all their force to hurt the foe ;

Spread

Spread true and false reports with fraudulent skill
And their stun'd minds with drear ideas fill : 50
That Christ stands threat'ning on the holy place,
And that in fire the shrines and temples blaze.
Others in priestly robes the fathers call,
To meet in council in the temple's wall ;
While the fell tyrant of th' infernal state,
Discloses broad the brazen sounding gate.
Tho' scatter'd in the town, each leader's dome,
Yet they, thro' night's obscure, spontaneous roam,
From various parts pursue their gloomy way,
And to the Temple rush without delay. 60
Shou'd sleepless fame, thus, in the night arise,
And sing the city enter'd by surprize,
Within the walls the foe their armies pour,
Burn down the houses, and invade the tow'r ;
Soon swells the mob ; the road with tumult glows ; 65
Nor know the throng, from what the tumult rose :
Terrifick furies from their eye-balls gleam,
And from the domes the tapers faintly beam.
Rage leads the rout ; while torches pour a ray,
To shew the ghastly horrors of dismay : 70
Still secret rolls the springs whence flows the fray,
Their minds to rage, their breasts to hate a prey.

Mean while, twelve sprites are order'd to essay,
To draw Christ's twelve disciples from his sway ;
But these, (forewarn'd, by his prescient care, 75
Of the false project, and destroying snare :)

Their

Their minds maintain, by error's scheme unaw'd,
And their breasts bar'd to all the wiles of fraud ;
The foes assume an hundred shapes in vain,
O'er the disciples' captive minds to reign. 80
Yet one devoted to the bonds, they wave,
Iscaiot Judas sinks into their slave.
This pest and scandal of the chosen band,
Once rang'd with them, to act the God's command ;
His fortune left, his friends, and native soil, 85
To share his exile, and his travelling toil ;
Ready from ev'ry vein his blood to draw,
To promulgate the supreme Sovereign's law.
But soon grown weary of his holy care,
His enterprize seem'd hard, his toil severe, 90
And raging, that no fruits his toil attend,
In silence wastes whole days, to put an end
To the submission, which the statutes charge,
And then indulge his pristine life at large ;
Impatient of fatigue, and loth to bear 95
The joyless lot of poverty severe,
To drop his province, he low'rs now in schemes,
Now flight delights, now other projects frames.
Thus wreck'd with cares, and tott'ring now in
thought,
Him the black leader of the cohort fought, 100
With no less joy ; than when the lion spies,
(His jaws with hunger dry, and wild his eyes)
Not far a deer, along the mountains side,
Seeking the pasture, where the vales subside.

Now

Now clad in Gallilean Joras' air, 105
(By blood was Joras to false Judas dear)
He thus accosts him as he sleepless lay ;
Ah ! say, unhappy, why you nightly stray
The mountains drear, why in loud tempests chill
And waste your manhood at a master's will, 110
Who (how great's the frenzy, which your mind ex-
cites)
Dares boldly to frustrate our holy rites :
Whom none attend, but outcasts of the land,
A female mob, and semiviral band.
Our nobles with concordant anger rise, 115
Devoting him to death a sacrifice :
He, soon, for all his holy rage shall pay,
And all his boasted courage fume away ;
Then his feign'd glory of rewards shall fade,
And his thick clouds of cunning drop no aid : 220
While his fine arts expiring round him lye.
Rise then, and from th' impending carnage flie.

This said, his borrow'd figure melts in air,
Transfixing Judas' breast with rage and fear :
Hence in his mind infernal thoughts preside, 125
And his pulse beats convulsive with its tide ;
Now he revolves, the labours which he bore,
And of his dangers past the frightful store ;
With sin's polluted love now frantick glows,
Fix'd to betray the Sov'reign to his foes.
Ah Wretch ! deaf to the Godhead's moving gale,
His presence nor your eyes nor ears inhale !

Yet

Yet view yourself, how chang'd, beset with woe;
 How high, your eminence ! your fall, how low !
 What error in vile schemes your mind employs; 135
 And feel your heart, corrupt with worldly joys.
 The lot you forfeit, future men shall prize,
 When thousand sec'lar suns shall gild the skies.
 The wish, you cherish, and the hope, you feed;
 The joy, which sparkles, of your future deed, 140
 Into disorder soon shall hurl your mind,
 And fleeting vanish like a gust of wind.
 While time permits, then, cast these pests away,
 Which deep corroding on your vitals prey.

And now the Priests and Fathers of the state, 145
 Retir'd to the Temple's inmost seat :
 When Caiphas prime priest (around whose head
 Their mystic rites the sacred fillets spread)
 Ascends the throne in blazing colours drest :
 According to their rank, sat down the rest. 150
 Unbodied ghosts, impervious to the eye,
 On ardent wings around the Senate fly,
 Breathe horrid fury through the panting soul,
 And in confusion bid the passion's roll.
 Some voices were, that Christ should suffer death, 155
 Either by publick force, or fraudulent stealth :
 Others for sanction call'd, the youth to slay,
 Whom lately Christ had rais'd, to visit day,
 From the dark grave ; of which the great renown
 Soon for him cull'd the rev'rence of the town. 160
 Yet still they fear'd the mob should Christ sustain,
 Won by his merit, or his gentle mien.

Hence

Here Nicodemus took his ancient place,
Not the last noble of the noble race:
Who solely free from the infernal pest 165
Which gnaw'd infectious ev'ry other breast;
Yet loth alone the Senate to oppose,
Tho' better maxims in his bosom rose;
Still once like them, contemning Heav'n's decree,
He strove on Christ to vent his enmity: 170
But when he found his works a God declare,
Like one, call'd forth from night to breathe the air,
His vows in secret to the Godhead pays,
Fearful by public homage to displease.
But now Christ's blood and life are in debate, 175
And ev'ry speech is pregnant with his fate;
Deep pain'd to hear the innocent condemn'd,
He drop'd the mask, and spoke the public friend.
Fathers, the cause of the debate, this night,
Lies not obscure, for want of proper light: 180
To serve my country then, I will disclose
The real truth, should torments 'round me close:
You must all see, his actions greater rise
Than a mere man's, supported by the skies:
That, by his deeds, he proves himself to be, 185
(If truth can win us) God's own progeny;
The very God, by bards in former days,
(Big with the Godhead, which inspir'd their lays)
So oft foretold, who should for man expire,
And reconcile him to his mighty Sire. 190
So far, we, guided by the Prophets, say;
Malice can't find a weakness in this plea.

On numbers, whose dull eyes suffus'd with night,
 He spread the lucid sparks of visual light :
 On some, whose ears were from their birth-day bound,

195
 He gave to drink, and pour'd the charms of sound ;
 The nerveless limbs, o'erspread with livid stains,
 The bodies, languid with relentless pains ;
 To these, he gave the lustiness of strength ;
 To those, the smiles of unexpected health. 200

Three has he rais'd (the wonders fame has spread)
 To breathe the skies, once number'd with the dead :
 The late rais'd Laz'rus was the people's theme,
 And thro' the city, still vibrates his name ;
 Weak then the mind is, and obscure the heart, 205
 That would such virtue try to draw from art :
 Such wonders flow not from mechanic laws ;
 Behold a God ! a God alone's the cause.
 As oft as he pronounc'd an heav'nly strain,
 So oft with cunning fraught our words prov'd vain :

210
 Combin'd, he should in death our fury feel,
 Our stones we pointed, and we edged our steel ;
 Wrapt in a cloud, he sudden mounts the sky,
 And hosts of guardian spirits round him fly :
 So shines the God ; who can his vows refuse ? 215
 Tho' met for ill, let's rise for public use ;
 Approach whom Heav'n had sent, to save by Grace,
 Our faults confess, and suppliant sue for peace.

While thus he speaks, and warm rehears'd the same,
 He adds a fresher violence to their flame, 220
 Strikes

Strikes out intenser furies in the soul,
 And tides of anger thro' their senses roll.
 At length the rage, which inward boiling lay,
 Obscuring reason's intellectual ray,
 Suffusing on the mind a heavy cloud, 225
 Against him bursts, in exclamations loud.
 Thus in a brazen tube a ball glows red,
 And burns the fiercer, as with sulphur fed;
 Confin'd too much, it rolls on ev'ry side,
 And finds no flight but through a flaming tide: 230
 At last the sulphur melts into a flame,
 And the wing'd ball flies in a smoaky steam
 With such a crack, as if heav'n's axis broke;
 The domes and turrets tumble at its stroke;
 Its flight the ball with death and carnage strows, 235
 And opes an ample passage through the foes.
 So on him they with furious anger frown,
 Expell'd their temple, and exil'd the town.

Then Caiphas, while rage was mute confin'd,
 Arose, and spoke the dictates of his mind: 240
 By artful wiles allur'd, no doubt (he said)
 This Nicodemus to the foe has fled;
 Who often suffer'd in his country's cause,
 And dar'd maintain the sanction of her laws:
 Who late in all the pomp of language rose, 245
 To stop the rapid progress of our foes.
 But such's the magic of the hostile tongue,
 That, they, who hear, are by the sound undone:

Shall we believe him come from heav'n's high choir
To save, who impious boasts our God his Sire : 250
Who in the havock of our law delights,
And toils to fix a new parade of rites :
Whose advent, he asserts, shall fatal be
To this great Temple, which, by God's decree,
Our ancestors had built, with so much toil, 255
And decorated with barbarian spoil ?
What's the religion which nov'lty can frame ?
Can morals pure from such religion stream ?
Still he, lest any crime should lye untried,
The guilty joins, and deals his pardons wide : 260
To their base doors his steps impure conveys,
And scorns our antient rite of festal days.
As he deserves, the vile seducer treat,
Haste, spread your snares, and drag him to his fate.
Extinguish, citizens, his growing fire, 265
Lest flames victorious to your domes aspire,
Wind round your columns in a lambent train,
And o'er the airy summit blazing reign;
Else shall he gain the city with his arts, 270
And with sedition warp the people's hearts :
Else soon the country round shall be the prize,
Of his false wonders, and prodigious lies :
Religion else, which many ages sway'd,
Shall into nothing, with her altars, fade : 275
I fear that Rome, the insult to repay,
The priv'lege we enjoy, shall take away ;
By her dejected, soon compell'd to roam
Far from our country and our native home.

Let

Let ONE die then for all, and expiate
The sins of many, and secure from fate : 280
Such be the gen'ral voice, and thus shall we
The homage pay due to his Deity.

This said, the Fathers own'd the penal choice,
And each approv'd it with a furious voice.
But on the means while roll'd the deep debate, 285
In secret to allure him to his fate :
Amaz'd, they see, before them Judas stand
Withdrawn unnotic'd from the chosen band :
Aw'd they receive him looking fiercely great,
And 'mid their Nobles offer him a seat ; 290
Ardent demand of his approach the cause,
And then to hear, in throbbing silence pause.

Then Judas, throwing round his glaring eyes,
Fathers, I know, you dread the rage (thus cries)
Of our Galilean, who spurns your laws, 295
And is of your sage council now the cause :
But, tell the price, and I'll assume the pain,
(Which now employs your tortur'd thoughts in vain)
To give him to your rage an easy prey,
Before the setting of this new-born day. 300

Twice fifteen silver coins, with joyful speed,
They count, a huge reward for such a deed !
Gladly attend his egress from the fane ;
He seeks the mountain, and rejoins the train.

Kept sacred in the town, and on the plains, 305
A solemn feast about this season reigns :
Sev'n suns their holy joy and leisure see,
According to Religion's old decree :
Sev'n suns behold their festive tables spread,
(But yet forbid the use of leaven'd bread) 310
With the sheep's offspring, and with hasty cakes,
And all the herbal pomp of rural feasts.
This day, with joy memorial, they relate,
Their ancient Sires had left th'Egyptian state ;
Had pass'd secure, thro' the sea's blushing tide, 315
Enrich'd with many spoils, and Heav'n their guide.
To view the regal town, vast numbers rise
From ev'ry part, and share the sacrifice :
Nor in confusion they the highway trod,
But each tribe march'd beneath their Leader's nod. 320
Tho' 'mong the Isra'lites, their blood's the same,
The same their laws, and from one stock they came,
The nation still into twelve tribes divide,
And spread o'er Palestine their numbers wide :
A nation in the cause of freedom bold, 325
Their towns in numbers strong, and rich in gold :
But at this time, their country soil expell'd,
Were distant far, and Caspia's mountains held.
Amid the tribes scarce one with freedom reigns ;
For tho' the Benjamites possess their plains ; 330
Tho' the great offspring of fam'd Judah's race,
In wealth and arms support the highest place ;
Still both, subdued by Rome's victorious bands,
Enlarge her empire by their conquer'd lands ;
Their

Their arms and sceptre render as her prize ; 335
Their laws preserving and their sacrifice :
Now weeps the land, where lofty turrets rose ;
And peopled cities dreadful to their foes,
Are now in ashes laid by hostile rage,
Or nodding by the mould'ring hand of age. 340
Jehovah thus against them flash'd his ire,
Nor saw, without revenge, his Son expire.
But shall I see the land inglorious lye,
Without a song, to soothe their misery ;
Behold the nation and her name forgot, 345
Unknown to after ages ev'n in thought ?
The verse is due, as Christ his infant-cries
Amid them rais'd, and walk'd beneath their skies.

Wherefore ye Myriads of the crystal round,
Who o'er th'Olympic azure lightly bound ; 350
Who often gliding thro' the fields of air,
Our country visit, and our tables share ;
Descend propitious, and vouchsafe to guide
My steps, that wander o'er the country wide :
Let's bring to light the ancient names that fade 355
Beneath the horrors of oblivion's shade ;
Bid fame preserve alive their wither'd bow'rs,
Their towns demolish'd, and their nodding tow'rs.
Then soaring with you on a rapid wing,
This earth I'll leave, and scenes immortal sing : 360
With you thro' pathless ether shall I fly,
And tread the lucid pavement of the sky.
Thron'd in my chariot, I shall pour a song,
To chase the clouds, and charm the starry throng ;

Thro' walks untrod by mortals, largely breathe, 365
 And pluck'd from Ether's brow, bear back a wreath.
 But first, before this glorious height we gain,
 Let's tell the numbers thronging to the fane.

Before this time, such throngs ne'er used to wait,
 On these great rites, nor crowd the temple's gate ;
 370

Nor sacrifice alone such numbers drew,
 But a fond impulse urg'd them Christ to view.
 Great Judah's offspring first the temple grace,
 For ancient monarchs an illustrious race !
 This tribe, above the rest, superior stood, 375
 In arms and men, as ruler of the wood ;
 The lion fierce his fellow-beasts exceeds
 In energy of strength and valiant deeds.
 Crowds pour from Saba, and from Gaza's shore,
 Engada's left with her vindemial store. 380
 The towns Andulis, Lyde, Raphan low,
 Selis, Jamnia, where fierce tempests blow ;
 Hippa, Ascalon, with Azotus' tow'rs,
 Acharon, Sachon, and where Joppa low'rs
 With waves tempestuous rolling to her bay, 385
 And with her rocks rough-rising o'er the sea ;
 Are all deserted by their num'rous train,
 Marching in holy squadrons to the fane.

Next with Damascus' sons glows warm the way,
 Where (so fame reports) of prolific clay, 390
 The

The first man form'd, and in existence new,
With frame erect, the vernal Zephyrs drew.
Sad sits Emaus, deserted by her crowds ;
And silence blank the front of Nepse clouds ;
Anthedon bord'ring on th'Egyptian reign, 395
And Bethlem, Christ's birth-place, attend their train.
Galgala with Bessura sadly low'rs,
And Marathon stands sad with Erme's tow'rs.
As mute in all her houses Sigor's grown,
As the unhappy woman chang'd to stone ; 400
Who, turning back to view Gomorrah glow,
Stands stiff in salt, a monument of woe,
The neighb'ring villas send away their band,
Where burns Asphaltus o'er a length of land ;
Spouts tow'ring to the skies a lambent flame, 405
And the air charges with a sulphureous steam.
Here corn once smil'd and roses early born,
Now sleeps the pool, and ragged grows the thorn :
This fatal change by monstrous love was wrought,
For by the angels' youth and beauty caught, 410
The natives thought by force to make them stay,
And to devote them to their lust a prey ;
Slaves they might be, had they not wing'd their flight,
And with their plumage gain'd the fields of light :
But in loud thunder flam'd the supreme SIRE, 415
And delug'd all their plains in floods of fire :
With ashes squalid, barren lye their seats,
Fruitless their lawns, and pathless their retreats.
The trees here crown'd with flow'ry blossoms reign,
By swains desir'd, and by the virgin train ; 420
But

But when the south pours out its floods of air,
And the ripe buds in fruitage disappear ;
Apples with shaggy rinds the branches store,
The swains desire, and virgins long no more :
Yet found and solid swell they on the eye, 425
But touch'd burst useless, and in ashes lye :
Ev'n the ripe sheaves swept o'er by blasting gales,
Drop on their stalks and the whole harvest fails.

The tribe, who follow, Simeon's lineage boast,
And dwell in Saro, and Moloda's coast ; 430
Enjoy the crops which Sicelegis yields,
And the fat moisture of Sipabota's fields.
All whom the brow of Afanes confines,
And Atharis' ascent bedew'd with wines :
Whom Remmon feeds, and Ain's cultur'd hills ; 435
Where fair Idume with its towns distills
Her frankincense, and where the plains around
Breathe the sweet gales, that skim Arabia's ground.
The race of Isachar with ardour loud,
The temple enter, and the altar crowd ; 440
Content with meals spread thin by nature's hand,
And with the circle of their narrow land.
Next come, whom the Hermonian mountains feed,
Of bees the nurs'ry, and the neighing steed :
And who the sloping side of Tabor tread, 445
And breathe where Carmel points his rocky head.
Here in a fiery chariot thron'd on high,
The Prophet rose, and reach'd the purer sky.
Now Sensena void of her children stands,
And on the road Hennad pours forth her bands ; 450
While

While noble Affra all her sons unlocks,
Once thirsty cities, built sublime on rocks ;
Senus with Rebotes their train resign,
And Remetes inspers'd with fruit and wine.

The tribe of Dan slow move the town along, 455
And sadly seek the temple with the throng;
Thus when stern Winter sharpens Autumn's breeze,
And threats to shake the verdure of the trees,
The snake begins his flight to meditate,
And glide with silent lapse to his retreat. 460
No hiss betrays him, while he soft retires,
Nor o'er the rocks erects his tail in spires.
They seem in pain, sad with the Prophets song,
That one should monstrous rise among their throng,
Who should the character of Christ profane, 465
And mark with crimes and blood his impious reign :
This terror of mankind shall then arrive,
When man shall be to ev'ry crime alive ;
When shortly after, the last fire shall prey,
On nature's frame, and melt it quite away. 470
But God's true offspring, to confirm his reign,
Shall rise vindictive with an heav'nly train,
Toss the vain boaster in a whirlwind round,
And plunge him deep into the yawning ground.

To these succeed a troop in graces young, 475
From the illustrious blood of Asher sprung :
Each taught by custom, a wheat'n chaplet wears,
And on their temples nod the bearded ears.

These

These Balagus and Horma strew with grain,
And Aphega's high domes those entertain ; 480
A part Robœa sends and Ama's fields,
Nor Aziba in swarms, nor Laban yields.

Next come with gifts Zabulon's festive host,
Who dwell beside fair Pontus' sea-girt coast ;
These set the shore on fire with myrtle light, 485
And sheets of flame stream on the face of night.
A part proceed from Jephtha's rural seat,
And crowds from Jedaba's high structures haste.
Then Cana came, which wond'ring saw the stream,
It's nature change, and with wine's blushes flame. 490

Their natal Naz'reth some with joy recite,
And lofty Sembros handed some to light :
Naim her thousands pours, where once from death
The youth arose, and breath'd a vital breath :
Dotha with Natole in numbers strong, 495
And high Cathetia mourn their wand'ring throng.

But who can tell Naphthali's num'rous tribe,
Their crowds of cities and their tow'rs describe ?
Which on the rugged hills of cedar rise,
Or holy Lebanon tip'd with the skies : 500
Who in great Naphthali and Nason dwell,
Bless'd with the love of truth and speaking well.
Who live upon the banks of Jordan's course,
His streams fresh bubbling from a double source.
All Galilee of fight insatiate comes, 505
And all Samaria guardless leaves her domes :

Jehovah's

Jehovah's offspring often here delay'd,
And oft his Godhead by his works display'd ;
Affeda with Caperna found their fame,
And the old town which Greeks Sebaste name: 510
Crowds Bethel leave, and Bessa's sublime tow'rs,
And where Genesara her waters pours.

The race of Levi mix with ev'ry band,
Nor are confin'd to any tract of land,
But by the Legislator giv'n to stray, 515
Among the people, and their victims slay,
To load their altars with the bloody spoil,
And call down plenty on their cultur'd foil.

Manasses not content with the domain,
Which o'er the river's bank enjoy his train, 520
Reigns wide, where Nepheca expanded lyes,
And Berfa ringing with the hunter's cries ;
For him spreads Tenachos her lowing fields,
To him her savage beasts fierce Dora yields:
The town of Magedos her bands resigns, 525
And all the sparkling treasures of her mines :
Jebela for him imbrowns his front with woods,
And for him Taphua rolls her silver floods ;
Where lasting spring her balmy dew distills,
And meadows live refresh'd with gurgling rills. 530
Then they, who dwell beyond clear Jordan's flood,
Their veins vibrating with Manasses blood,
Succeed ; the toilsome dressers of the plain,
The lib'ral sowers of the fruitful grain,

God's

God's offspring also the parade increase, 535
 Conjoin'd with hoary Reuben's num'rous race.
 (Reuben once famous for the warrior's rage,
 And of his father's sons the first in age)
 As once, they wish'd their country were the same,
 Beyond the river's far translucent stream, 540
 (Fields once, by men of monstrous stature, trod,
 And trembling under their tyrannic nod)
 So now their tribes combin'd in one appear,
 The same their entry, and the same their pray'r.
 To them belong, who dress Argobia's land, 545
 And they, who dwell beside Besania's strand :
 Or whom, thy shade, O Galadine, imbrovns,
 Or live in Ogg's twice thirty conquer'd towns ;
 Or whom Galatia in her towns contains
 Jabis, Sebama, built on level plains : 550
 Balme, Romatha, Selca, and Nabe,
 Esdren with half demolish'd Cariathe ;
 These names unknown are now supplied with new,
 Tho' on fame's plumage, once they distant flew.
 His train Arimene sends with cedars crown'd, 555
 Their brows with leaves, with arms their shoulders
 found,
 Whom Gaulis, Rabath, Bosoris contain :
 Who till with oxen rich Balthaltis plain,
 On whom high Arnon pours his waters down,
 And whom Abilla's meads with herbage crown. 560
 Nor shall you mow unsung green Elcale's turf,
 Aferot, Efebon with huge rocks rough,

Nor

Nor you, who make Esonia's fields your care,
And Cade's wilds, shall want of fame your share.
Whom Phasga's bounds inclose, approach the hand,
565
With all the town spread thin, o'er Hermus' land.
Abaris comes next, from whose lofty side
The shepherds Jordan saw his streams divide,
On either bank; in air erect his wave,
And a dry channel for the Isr'lites leave, 570
When to the promis'd land they bent their course,
Calling his headlong tide back to its source.

Last come the Benjamites who studious toil
The neighb'ring villas fruitful in their soil,
Where fair Jerusalem, Queen of the land, 575
Jarephila and Luza's turrets stand:
And Bethany, who saw her King, in death
Four days comprest, inhale his vital breath:
Samar and Sarcla, the number swell,
And who in Gabaoth crown'd with mastic dwell,

580

To the wild rage of savage beasts a prey,
For which her youth advance in rough array,
Dress'd in the shaggy wolves' victorious spoils,
Torn by the hounds or captives in the toils:
Her lusty sons rise with the pearly dawn, 585
Break thro' the wood, or pour along the lawn;
And when the evening veils the heav'ns blue space,
They ease their shoulders and divide the chase,

And

And scatter'd gladful o'er their native fields,
Revel in feasts, on what their labour yields : 590
They join the tribe who breathe in Maspha's town,
And Hemen's rocky hills which threat'ning frown ;
Whom Recen and Berathis tow'rs contain,
And Shyla's holy with her humble fane.
Nor Avin, Amasa refuse their throng, 595
Nor Sela, nor expanded Helephon.
Crowds flow from Rhama pierced with Rachel's
cries,
Myriads from Jericho and Gabeon rise,
Whose natives saw, 'tis sung, the sun stand still,
(Submissive to their Leader's mighty will) 600
And ling'ring long, forgetful of his way,
Slow from their hemisphere withdraw the day.
Among this band, superior to the rest,
A youth appears in crimson beauty drest,
From venerable Saul he draws his name, 605
And with the sage's blood his veins rich stream :
In language potent and in action bold,
Him hoary bards unanimous foretold.
But while bewilder'd in dark error's maze,
Against the truth what furies shall he raise ! 610
But when the God shall glide into his breast,
Repel the darkness and remain his guest,
Then shall the youth with an illumin'd mind,
Ardent diffuse his lectures on mankind,
Waft through the world religion on his breath, 615
And deeply tinge her beauty with his death.

The

The town now full of Israel's twice six tribes,
To pay the homage which the time prescribes,
And consecrate the days with festive praise,
To his disciples Christ thus gently says. 620
Soon will the light begin to streak the East,
When ev'ry house shall brighten with a feast :
Among you who shall to the town first tend,
In search of some rich one, the poor man's friend ;
Who may, before my fate, with us delight 625
To share the banquet, and the annual rite ?
Nor long your search : you'll see a boy return
From the clear fountain with a brimful urn ;
Observe his motions, keep him still in view,
And to the house he tends, his steps pursue : 630
Ask, in my name, the master to afford
A chapel sacred to the festive board.
A spacious hall, on fire with liquid gold,
And hung with tapestry, he'll soon unfold ;
There on the tables spread the sacred meat, 635
There my companions' and my presence wait.

He said ; Peter and John the word obey,
And to the city bend without delay ;
Along the city they uncertain roam ;
But quickly spy a boy returning home, 640
With a full urn from a neighb'ring source :
Soon after him, they bend their hast'ning course,
Thro' various windings, close his footsteps trace,
And with him enter to his mansion-place.

F

Hither,

Hither, illustrious for his ancient race, 645
And for his seven sons of manly grace,
Simon repair'd, join'd by his filial train,
When for the town he left the verdant plain.
Beyond the honours, which the city yields,
His joy was still to breathe his native fields; 650
To lye at large beneath his wood-land shades;
To see the waters purling thro' his meads;
To view his farm productive as his vows,
Dress'd by the labour of an hundred ploughs.
Tho' old, he pour'd the verse, and touch'd the
string, 655
Beside a river or a flow'ry spring;
And vers'd in all blue Ether's various ways,
Into hereafter rapt, he told in lays
The signs, which might the husbandman inform
Of heat approaching, or the chilling storm: 660
Provide against the blazing Sun's designs,
And all the labours, which the Moon divines.
He gain'd the town, religious in parade,
To pass the days by custom solemn made:
And while the rites, the servants' care require, 665
He wakes the inspiration of the lyre:
The cords beneath his fingers softly thrill,
Or swell harmonious to his ivory quill,
And in bold sounds responsive to the wires
He sings the actions of his glorious Sires: 670
But chiefly from the origin he draws
Of all these banquets and their rites the cause;
And

But as his numbers gently glide along
Peter arrives and interrupts the song :
We have a King, says he, called Christ by name, 675
To none inferior in a pious fame,
Who bade us come, and ask an humble seat,
Sacred to rites and decent for a feast.

When Simon heard, new joys dilate his breast,
And all his doors flie open to his guest. 680
Without delay, he orders to illume,
With wood Arabian, ev'ry ample room ;
Then in the mid, he shews a vaulted hall,
Where pictur'd tapestry informs the wall ;
Where the floor blushes with luxurious dyes, 685
And ivory beds on silver bed-steads rise ;
Of gold each dish is fram'd, and ev'ry vase ;
And thro' the mansion gold and silver blaze.
Then thus he spoke ; let him our mansion share :
Before this time his name has reach'd our ear, 690
Yet tho' his virtue on fame's plumage flies,
His voice ne'er bless'd my ears, nor mien my eyes :
But here his coming and his presence wait,
I'll order some to guide him to this seat :
And I could wish, he'd fix his dwelling here, 695
And all th'indulgence of this palace share ;
Then might I boast the honour to my race,
And they point out with joy the sacred place.
But let the verse, by your approach untold,
The just applauses of our Sires unfold, 700.

While earth with night's soft dew-drops humid lies,
And darkness sheds her sable from the skies.

He said ; his voice accordant to the strings,
From the soft concert rapture melting brings ;
Thro' all his strains such vivid colours bloom, 705
As paint can boast, or texture of the loom.
For lo ! his numbers lead from Pharaoh's reign
Thro' various realms the banish'd Hebrew-train :
Wave high in air the wandering Leader's wand,
Obedient to whose touch the billows stand ; 710
Their rigid waters roll on either side,
And in the midst the tribes attend their guide ;
From moisture free his daring footsteps tread,
And without failing pass thro' Ocean's bed,
Behind them Egypt sends her sons in swarms, 715
Elate in chariots and illumed with arms :
The further shore obtained, they view the foe,
And seek the woods, that on the margin grow.
Again their Hero waves his wand around,
And with its holy point light wounds the ground :
720

Sudden the waters lose their rigid force,
Dissolve and swallow up the trodden course.
The foe, surrounded with the rapid tide,
Sees swift destruction on each billow ride ;
Before the sight, the bodies of men drown'd 725
Float for a while, then seek the sea's profound.
Horses with arms, chariots in eddies tost,
In circles reel and sink for ever lost.

The

The supreme Being next becomes his theme,
The great Creator of the world's huge frame: 730
Who touched with pity, for the hungry bands,
Wandering distress'd along a waste of sands,
From the deep concave of his azure tow'rs,
A heav'nly banquet to the wretched pours.
Like feather'd snow the food seems in his song 735
To lapse from Heav'n to earth amid the throng,
Which spread at large along the level fields,
Enjoy the Manna, which Heav'n bounteous yields.
Again, the Hero sends to Heav'n his eyes,
And to a rock's huge height his wand applies: 740
The rock relents, as conscious of the blow,
And floods of water from its bosom flow;
Struck with the novel font, each thirsty tribe,
Scoop the fresh waves, and breathless draughts im-
bibe.

To Him, the Lyrist next his numbers pours, 745
Who first had rear'd Jerus'lem's spiry tow'rs;
Paid the first offerings of the cultur'd feed,
And bade the new invented vine to bleed;
Who rais'd the pomp of altars in the glade,
Built of fresh turf beneath a wild ash-shade. 750

While all drank deep the musick of the lyre
Tho' conscious of the Hebrews' mortal ire,
Still Christ the mountain's airy brow descends,
And to the city's hateful portals tends:
And now the sun shot down the azure plain, 755
When he had gain'd the palace with his train;

Where all things sparkle with a regal taste,
 And the board glows odorous with the feast.
 Amid the guests, with well dissembled face,
 Breathing feign'd love, Judas assumes his place. 760
 And now the Hero takes into his hand
 The purest bread and breaks it 'mong his band.
 The wine then blending with the recent stream,
 He consecrates it to the Pow'r supreme.
 And as he dealt the holy cakes, he said, 765
 My Body's real Image is this bread :
 Then cried, distributing the purple flood,
 This cup's the real Image of my Blood,
 Which to my Sire I'll pour a victim slain,
 To wash away mankind's infectious stain : 770
 When you shall drain this cup or taste this meat,
 The series of my death commemorate.
 Such honours to my torments shall be paid,
 And their sad memory shall never fade.

He ceas'd to utter more : and from that day, 775
 Mankind, submissive to the mandate, pay
 The holy homage : and instead of beasts,
 By ancients slain for sacrificial feasts,
 On altars consecrate, with rites divine,
 The bread mysterious and the sacred wine. 780
 By the priest's words the God descends the skies
 And veil'd beneath th'Eucharistic form lies :
 God's body hence is offer'd with his gore,
 And men the victim religiously adore.

Hunger

Hunger appeas'd, the Hero lays aside 785
 His ample robe, and studious to provide
 The implements of lotion, he first displays
 The towels white; next, fills a caldron's space
 With floods of water which vehement aspire
 Above the margin by the subject fire; 790
 Then scoops the frigid streams, which soon assuage
 The turgid eddies of the boiling rage.
 Peter, with his companions in amaze,
 Exhorts the Hero from the deed to cease:
 But he, desirous to his train to shew 795
 The glory of submission, bending low,
 Washes their feet, and with the towels dries;
 Then pours this sad address in heavy sighs.

The night, which I foretold, now mantles earth,
 And the day hastes to summon me to death. 800
 I'll leave you, friends, and in my death fulfill
 The rigid orders of my Father's will:
 There's mid you one, believe what I relate,
 Who, fraudulent, shall betray me to my fate:
 The traitor's breast the furies now inflame, 805
 And his mind labours with the murd'rous scheme.
 Can love like mine, be crown'd with such base spoils?
 Is treason the reward of all my toils?—
 But let the wretch this fatal truth imbibe,
 He shall not long enjoy his bloody bribe; 810
 Soon shall he wish he ne'er had drank the day,
 Or with his foot-steps mark'd life's flow'ry way.
 For you, who would my low example try,
 In due submission with each other vie;

And while obedience o'er your minds preside, 815
 Look down superior on the pomp of pride,
 Nor shall the crew of hell desist this hour
 A trembling panic in your breasts to pour;
 The courage, vow'd so often, dare to shew;
 Now bid your ardor flash against your foe : 820
 With watchful care provide against their pest;
 One night at least forbid your eye-lids rest.

Amaz'd the Hero's prophecy to hear,
 One genial sigh betrays their common fear;
 And while, the wretch to know, they feel distress,
 825
 Devoutly Peter offers this address.

Thou, brightest splendor of the blue serene;
 Can human breasts such baseness entertain?
 But, where's the man, who dares the crime essay?
 For, tho' old age has clad my head with grey, 830
 With manly vigour still my blood is warm,
 With lusty sinews still is brac'd my arm,
 To take the vengeance to the treason due;
 He said; and from the sheath his weapon drew.

Tho' with sure signs, the traitor was reveal'd;
 835
 The Hero still their minds with deep night seal'd,
 Nor would divulge him till his acts betray:
 But thus replied to Peter's suppliant plea.
 This night supreme, I shall alone remain,
 Relinquish'd; shun'd by all my faithless train. 840

Ev'n you, who now in pomp of language rise,
Your verbose courage swelling to the skies ;
Beneath this roof provoking storms to blow,
And safely rushing on the distant foe :
When you shall see me 'mid the hostile train, 845
Inglorious shackl'd with the servile chain ;
Then shall you lurk beneath a lying tongue,
And with a trembling flight the danger shun :
And when, bedrop'd with dew, the sable night
Shall o'er the world obtain her middle height, 850
Thrice, me, your Lord, you shall deny, afraid
To stand the questions of an armless maid.

Touch'd with the speech, more zealous Peter glows,
And boasts a courage fearless of the foes.
Me to proclaim, said he, a coward, spare, 855
'Till from your foe I base recede thro' fear.
Let others place their safety in their flight,
I shall be always present to your fight ;
Your smiling fortune or disasters share,
Nor force compel me to forsake your care. 860

The rites perform'd Christ rises from the feast,
And from the town retires with eager haste :
With darkness shrouded, seeks the lonesome plain,
And climbs the Olive mountain with his train ;
There bids them the nocturnal vigil keep ; 865
But their eyes close, beneath the weight of sleep ;
They strew their limbs along the rocky way,
Spent with the labours of the busy day.

But

But lulling rest the mournful Hero flies,
Who seeming thoughtless of his natal skies, 870
To fancy gives his sorrowing mind to gloom
With the sad picture of his future doom.
His nature shudders at the ghastly view,
Which, as a man, he from his mother drew,
For tho' the ills that shake the human heart, 875
He feels terrifick in his mortal part,
Still his soul stands superior to the woes,
And with unconquer'd zeal his virtue glows,
And now before his Sire he prostrate falls,
And on him oft, with hands erect thus calls. 880
Must I, O Father, undergo this fate,
And others' faults severely expiate?
Snatch me from death; soften your hard decree,
And shift this store of sorrow far from me!
Yet if your mind to no new change will yield; 885
And to subdue your wrath, your Son must bleed;
I stand a victim for the public good,
That man may draw lustration from my blood.
He said: to more complaints suppress'd the way,
And to reflection gave his heart a prey: 890
And lo! his frame is purpled with his gore,
The bloody sweat fresh bubbling from each pore.
Struck with the sight, a feather'd Angel flies,
Charg'd with a store of comforts, from the skies,
To soothe his cares, his spirits to renew,
And from his body wipe the bloody dew. 895

Mean

Mean time the chief of traytors, Judas goes,
And from the mountain calls the lurking foes ;
Who ready at their Leader's signal rise,
To seize at once, and lead in chains, their prize.

900

Their arms shed wide the panting lunar beam,
Shrill found their shields, and harsh their weapons
scream ;

They cleave the wood, and taper to a point,
And with an unctuous juice the sticks anoint :
They move in long procession with the light, 905

The greasy flames wide streaming on the night.

The din of weapons and the ruffian cries
Shake the firm mountain and bid echo rise.

The Lord advancing pour'd these accents bold,
Stop here your march : me, whom you seek, behold.

910

But why these arms, these burning torches, why ;

In the full town, amid your Peers, have I

Announc'd my Supreme Father's great decree ;

And none, though armless, presum'd to harm me.

Why now do weapons glitter on the night ? 915

But if my orient glory burns so bright,

That only death your envy can appease ;

Let flow my blameless blood, and envy cease :

But sure my friends may go, from vengeance free ;

They only act, what I alone decree. 920

He spoke : and twice himself their prey confess'd ;

And falling twice, strange fight ! the ground they
press'd :

Dash'd

Dash'd to the ground, the massy armour rung,
 And a dense darkness on their eye-lids hung :
 They rise : but stare quite lost in their design, 925
 As one, who lay dissolv'd in sleep and wine.
 But Judas soon, who spurn'd the balm of rest,
 By signals chas'd oblivion from their breast :
 For veiling treason under friendship's smile,
 He fawn'd and kiss'd his Lord with graceful guile.

930

Tho' in the deed he knew himself betray'd,
 Yet the Lord whisp'ring to the traitor, said :
 Are kisses then the fruit of all my love,
 And can rewards to such a crime you move ?
 For other ends, than golden trash to gain, 935
 I have receiv'd you votarist of my train.

Scarce had he spoke ; when on him rush'd the
 band,
 And rolling in dense orbs around him stand.
 As when some stately stag or foaming boar,
 Fierce with fork'd tusks, caught in a trammel roar ;

940

A mob of shepherds gather round the snare,
 And their sharp spears against the savage rear.
 So the fierce youths the captive Hero seize,
 And burnish'd arms around him armless blaze.
 Some bind his hands ; some wreath his neck with
 cord ; 945
 Some lead him this, and some another road.

Malchus

Malchus a rage superior yet can boast ;
(Malchus, a bond-man from Idume's coast)
Who help'd no friend, no foe in war withstood ;
In limbs no strength, no valour in his blood : 950
That Caiphas (for Malchus was his slave)
Might range him in the number of the brave,
Assur'd, no danger could from insult flow,
He basely treats the self-devoted foe.
And tho' he bellows out with tongue severe, 955
Still safety, scarce, secures his heart from fear.
Fir'd with the outrage Peter could not bear ;
But with his sword cut off the coward's ear.
The God, regarding the inglorious wound,
Rais'd the dissected member from the ground, 960
Applied with healing finger to its place,
And of the wound effac'd the nicest trace :
With gentle touch he sooth'd away the pain
And purg'd the ear from dust and sanguine stain.
Then reprimanding Peter, who had glow'd 965
To crop the growth of violence with his sword,
Commands him straight his hostile arms to hide,
And not in steel, which Heav'n forbids, confide.
Had not his ardor, timely been suppress'd,
He'd soon had lodg'd it in the boaster's breast. 970
On other weapons, the Redeemer said,
On other valour we relie for aid :
My Sire supreme (if he had deign'd to save,
Or snatch me from the disappointed grave ;
Or pardon man, by his own mercy won, 975
Without the blood-atonement of his Son.)

Could

Could bid a thousand guards around me flie,
 And by their arms this band before me die.
 Say, know you not the Militia and Pow'rs
 The battles fought and fame of heav'n's bright
 tow'rs? 980
 Now urge my Sire's commands, which heave these
 sighs;
 For mortal force and weapons I despise.

Tho' thus reprov'd, his passion scarce subsides:
 So when a hunter thro' a city rides;
 If in the streets, chance offers to his hound 985
 A stag bred docile to his owner's sound;
 With rapid jaws the hound the stag pursues,
 And scarce the hunter's threat his rage subdues.
 And now the Lord, self-conquer'd and resign'd,
 O sight indignant! all insult unkind! 990
 Tho' weak of frame, they chide him of delay;
 And often falling, urge him on the way.
 Thou, King of Hosts, this treat behold, and rise;
 Is hell not blended with the falling skies?—
 When shall your hand the rattling thunder roll? 995
 Can nature now rest cloudless in each pole?—
 All fair proportion lost, let ruin hurl'd,
 Destroy the beauteous fabrick of this world.
 Why sleeps your hand? let heav'n dissolve in gloom,
 And hissing earth with three-fork'd thunder fume.
 1000
 Tho' smitten with the love of human race;
 Tho' glory burns in your heav'n's blue space;
 Wher^e

Where spirits, drest in plumage, form the choir,
And pour the song of rapture you inspire;
Tho' here an age of gold shall soon arise, 1005
Which on Religion's wings shall mount the skies;
With these lov'd objects be not still so won,
As to behold your sole begotten Son
With groupes of ills besieg'd without redress,
Insulted, poor, and sinking with distress. 1010
His friends all pallid to the woods are fled,
As at the rushing of a boar, half-dead;
Their flight observing swift pursue the foes
One, seized and lapsing, leaves behind his cloaths, }
And up an arduous mountain panting glows. 1015 }
Along deep thickets soft another steals,
And in a concave-rock himself conceals.
The devious grove glows fervent with their course,
And with their shouts the unshorn hills turn hoarse.

Arriv'd they enter at the high Priest's gates, 1020
Where peers and citizens assume their seats.
All with stern looks the Captive-Hero eye,
And their fierce threats inform him, he shall die. 1025
Then Caiphas, superior to the rest,
The full assembly with his thoughts address'd,
Patriots! at length, success has crown'd our cares,
A chain infrangible now the pris'ner wears.
But o'er in mind, what still remains, let's run,
Wisdom ought crown, what glowing zeal begun.
The day draws near, when glory's liquid rays 1630
Shall on us shed a purple flood of blaze.

Awful

Awful attend, and solemnly prepare,
My sentiments religiously to hear.
You know, our laws forbid, severely great,
To breathe on man the dreadful words of fate: 1035
To Rome alone is giv'n that awful breath,
Which either pardons or pronounces death :
'Tis our's to trace a crime, that's big with fate,
And on the Roman with the process wait :
'Tis his to hear, and nerve the dreadful blow, 1040
That numbers with the dead the friendless foe.

He spoke, and turning to the Captive, says,
I charge you by the God whom heav'n obeys,
To drop deceitful fiction from your heart,
And cloudless as the sun, your thoughts impart :
1045

Left led by error, darksome we decline
Your God-head to confess by rites divine.
Attend ; and simply answer, are you he,
The omnipotent God's true Progeny ;
A God yourself, whom ancient bards foretold, 1050
Should, gliding soft from heav'n, the world behold ?
He finish'd, the Captive armless and weak,
With eyes half-lifted, thus began to speak :

He, whom you say, am I ; drop then the veil,
Which would the malice of your words conceal :
1055

I own my God-head ; and without delay,
Heav'n to my reign shall ope a lucid way.

Soon,

Soon, in the starry dome, my Sire supreme
Shall twine around me with a Father's flame.
Me, visiting the earth, you shall behold 1060
Cloath'd with the drap'ry of a blazing cloud;
Celestials without number in my train,
Brushing with golden wings th'etherial plain.

He said : when by the rites the High-Priest tore
The robe which flowing down his back he wore.

1065

Glow's not the proof with light, he thus exclaims,
Behold, his crime before us he proclaims?
Do not our laws condemn to bitter death
The man, who dares assert from God his birth?
Haste, drag him to the Roman Consul's gate ; 1070
Instant obey : and give him up to fate.

Peter, mean time, struck with the pensive case,
At distance sighing, eyes his Lord's disgrace.
Approaching now the Temple's sacred wall,
Where rose in pride the Flamen's spacious hall :

1075

Lonesome he sat, beside an open door,
With sorrow heavy and in spirit poor.
A female slave, the Pontif's portress, eyes
Th'unhappy man, and instantly thus cries ;
Say, share you not the Captive's crimes and flight,

1080

Why roam you else, when all repose, by night ?

G

Peter

Peter unmann'd chills with a ghastly fear,
At the slave's speech, (to life such love we bear!)
He stands confus'd, in storms of horror tost,
Or what to act, or how to flie quite lost. 1085
Compos'd in sleep, so when a virgin-child,
Left by the mother in a desert wild,
(The mother anxious homeward to repair,
With setting day, forgets her filial care)
Awakes, and casting round her tearful eyes, 1090
Nor mother dear, nor fond companion spies:
The way unknown, she views the black'ning night,
The desert drear, and dies away with fright.
So he confus'd and impotent with fear,
With abject mind, abjur'd a friend so dear, 1095
For whom, while o'er him reason held her lore,
He would have ardent spilt his vital gore.
He seeks concealment in the hostile place,
And madly mixes with the servile race;
But soon suspected of the Captive's train, 1100
The more they urge, the more he strives to feign.
Thrice they upbraid him with his Master's name;
And thrice his Master's country was their theme:
His mind thrice startled at the rising lye;
But thrice his words, at length, his friend deny. 1105
Sudden the crested bird with matin-hymns
The full departure of the midnight sings,
Wont from his vocal breast to pour the shrills,
That bid Aurora mount the eastern hills:
The lays prophetick, which the Hero sung, 1110
Gush'd on his spirits and intensely stung.

Corrosive

Corrosive grief pervading fast his frame,
And fell remorse ringing his coward shame,
He steals unseen and thro' the city strays,
Pallid with vigils and the moon's cold rays. 1115
With sighs he views the baseness of the sin,
Tearing the silver honours of his chin.
'Tis sung by fame, that at each night's return,
He used, thro' life, the perjur'd hour to mourn.
Aurora often listen'd to his pains, 1120
When she disclos'd to view th'ethereal plains:
And Vesper often ey'd his breast to heave,
With grief luxurious in a lonesome cave.
Of sorrow fond, and to preclude relief,
He tells the strains of his deserted Chief: 1125
And fancy always paints his dastard-shame,
When a maid's tongue congeal'd with fear his
frame.

As yet Aurora, with returning day,
Streak'd not with blaze Olympus' concave way;
When Christ was led, his hands with fetters bound, 1130
To Pilate's palace 'mid a ruffian sound.
Who, when thron'd high on his judicial seat,
The maze of crimes pursu'd and issu'd fate.
Pilate, whose veins stream'd rich with Roman gore,
Judea sway'd beneath Tiberius' lore: 1135
Whom thus the band address'd with furious breath;
Behold a culprit, give him instant death.

G 2

Potent

Potent in fraud suspend him high in air,
And the shame let him of the gibbet share.
The waves of people overflow the gate 1140
And the hoarse walls their sanguine cries repeat.

Pontius the Captive youth with ardor ey'd,
(For scarce youth's blossom in his form had dy'd)
Insatiate view'd his frame of graceful size,
T' unwonted beauties of his face and eyes. 1145
Then stood confirm'd, he had deriv'd his birth,
Either from Gods above, or Kings on earth.
And now his breast with soft indulgence flows,
And melts with pity at the Captive's woes ;
Silent he studies to avert his pains, 1150
And break asunder his inglorious chains :
And thus accosts him : say, unhappy, tell,
With what black crimes your sad disasters swell ?
Whence sudden rise these storms that round you
blow ;
What ills thus plunge you in a sea of woe ? 1155
Whence is your birth, what blood contains your
vein :
What sceptre waits your hand, or realm your reign ?

To his demand, Christ shortly thus replied ;
Nor crime to this tribunal was my guide :
Nor, in dread shape, arises to my thought, 1160
The least commission of a venial fault :
Unless it is a fault, that I obey
My Sire, who o'er Olympus spreads his sway :
Nor

Book II. The CHRISTIAD. 85

Nor am I anxious for a mortal throne ;
Tho' of a regal race, myself I own. 1165

He ceased : Pilate again begins to trace
The wond'rous beauties of his noble face :
His wretched case, with various speech to try ;
But, mers'd, in woe, the Lord deign'd no reply.
Pontius, at length, the rabble's rage to fall,
Confines him pris'ner, in his inmost hall. 1171

End of the Second Book.

ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

The rumour of Christ's imprisonment having reached the town of Nazareth, Joseph, to know the truth, comes without delay to Jerusalem where he accidentally meets John pale and pensive from the disasters of his Master. They both repair to Pilate, who desires Joseph to inform him of the parentage and birth of Christ the prisoner. Joseph to be clear in his narrative gives a cursory account of the Hebrew nation down to the birth of the Virgin Mary. She arrived at the age of woman-hood, an Angel orders her parents to choose for her a spouse among their own tribe; which being convened for that purpose, Joseph is selected for her husband, who, finding her pregnant, resolves to divorce her, but is soon convinced of her fidelity by the appearance of an Angel, relating to him the manner of her conception, and the greatness of the fruit of her womb. Thus satisfied, he and his Virgin-bride pay a visit of three months to her cousin Elisabeth, wife to Zacharias the Priest, and mother of John the Baptist. Cæsar (Augustus) registering his subjects, Mary repaired with her spouse to Bethlehem to be enrolled, and is delivered of the child Jesus in a stable. The Shepherds salute him with hymns, the Eastern Kings with gifts. Then he relates her purification with Simeon's prophecy concerning the child: their flight into Egypt, to shun the massacre of Herod; their return after Herod's death: and concludes with a description of finding Christ in the Temple, disputing with the Doctors, and of his changing water into wine.

T H E

THE CHRISTIAN.

BOOK III.

PLEUM'D Fame, now thro' the vicine towns
had stray'd,
And sung the Hero, by his train betray'd.
But, as obscure, the rumour still appears,
Nor yet had eccho'd in his Mother's ears.
Yet her presaging mind was rack'd with pain, 5
Chill'd always with the Prophet's awful strain:
To free the faithful from their Captive-state,
Her Son should feel the agonies of fate.

But when Josephus (to whose spousal care,
The Mother was consign'd, by heav'n's blue sphere)

10

The tidings heard, he, from fair Naz'reth's vales,
To Solyma, with aged foot-steps, steals.
His entrance is saluted with dread cries,
Which wound, thro' night, the twilight of the
skies :

Swarming along the walls the people low'r, 15
And thro' the town in dreadful tumults pour.

Lo! faithful to his Hero, John appears;
 Pallid, and just elaps'd the Cohorts spears;
 Mers'd in the dangers, which his Lord attend,
 With pain discerns the presence of his friend. 20

To whom the Sage: stop, whither do you haste?
 What colour paints the visage of our state?
 Where can Jehovah-born without you be;
 Or in the town, whence roars this mutiny?—
 Alas! the pangs, which prophecies impart, 25
 Wound not, in vain, the troubled Mother's heart.

The youth his pain with mute embraces tells,
 With grief that trickles, and the sigh that swells;
 Then briefly thus: alas! our hope is dead,
 And all our safety is for ever fled: 30
 Our Chief, seiz'd basely, in a prison lies;
 The Tribunes of the town against him rise;
 Fervent, conspire to rivet fast his chains,
 And glow to quench their envy in his veins.
 His very train, dissolv'd with ghastly fear, 35
 Forsake his person, and dastard disappear.—
 But where's the Mother, say?—has fable fame
 Announc'd the tidings to the wretched Dame?
 If she was here, perhaps the parent-grief
 Might Pontius melt, to give her son relief. 40
 Suppliants for peace before him let us go,
 And the dire envy of the people shew.

Thus having said, join'd by his hoary friend,
 They both to Pilate's palace pensive tend.

So a poor peasant, when the hand of war 45
The country spoil'd, and drove his cattle far,
In quest of them, a tedious journey goes,
His eldest son, companion of his woes;
Thro' various unknown fields, they bend their way,
To see, if herds like their's, by chance should stray:

50

Stopping, they roll, in vain, their weepful eyes,
And fill the devious valleys with their cries.

And now arrived at Pontius Pilate's gate,
Of Monarchs once the venerable seat;
While Syria was with regal power blest, 55

But now by Syria's Roman-chief possess'd :
Confusion glowing thro' all ranks they see ;
Before the hall, the Rabbins disagree :
The Priests, receding from the Rector's door,
Against him bellow, and their hatred pour. 60

Flush'd with the scene, they softly soothe their
care ;

And hope her influence sheds on their affair.

Then thus speaks John ; dismiss your fear, my
friend ;

Hope dawns ; now, for thy Son, the Chief attend :
But veil the birth, which from the skies he draws ; 65
And for your presence, plead a Father's cause.

Admitted now, both on the Rector wait ;
Who with his Council held in a high debate

About

About the Captive's cause; when, lo! he sees
A hoary Sage bend low, and clasp his knees. 70

Thou best of Romans, thus Josephus cries,
To tame proud Syria, station'd by the skies.
To curb the nation's hate, your pow'r engage,
Which reason guides not, and whose strength is rage.
His Sire am I, 'gainst whom their Chiefs conspire,

(75
And on him shed, in fictitious crimes, their ire:
Before you brought, as basest of the base,
To feel a sanguine undeserv'd disgrace.
But virtue only is his mighty ill,
And deeds, that blessings on the world distill: 80
The peals of praise their blasting envy claim,
And all the honours paid his tow'ring fame.

Anguish, in copious streams of tears, bedew'd
The hoary visage, while the suppliant sued.
Pontius, with soothing words, and placid brows, 85
Consoles them both, and hears the old man's vows:
Gives him to rest, on a soft couch reclin'd,
And thus relieves the tortures of his mind.
How welcome is your presence at this hour!
You'll not, perhaps, lament its want of pow'r. 90
Say then, (who better than a Father can?)
A short relation of the Captive-man.
Fear not your thoughts with liberty to speak;
To guard you harmless, I my honour stake.

For

For I attest the stars of yon blue sphere, 95
How much your Son employs my tender care :
What schemes I form'd to save him from his foes ;
To calm this nation's rage, that madly glows.
Detail, (for oft his fame has reach'd my ears)
His race, his fortune, and the blood he shares: 100
His mother's progeny, and your own rehearse ;
For my mind colours him of no low race.
His mien how stately, and his frame how fine !
And from his visage flows an air divine :
What awful beams of honour dart his eyes ; 105
And when he moves, the Monarch seems to rise.
Then in his breast I felt the Godhead swell ;
For on his tongue, more charms than mortal dwell.
That's he's a God, his actions loudly say ;
And nothing of an earthly birth betray. 110
Then satisfy ; for he averts my pray'r,
And deigns no answer to my friendship's care .
His mind regardless of the air he draws ;
And of the aid, I proffer to his cause.

The Sage, these accents utter'd, doubtful stands,
[115
To speak evasive of the Chief's demands ;
Or, void of fraud, ingenuously proclaim
The birth celestial, and the Father's name.
When John, advancing, in soft whispers said ;
Offspring of Kings, fam'd for the virgin's bed ; 120
Whence this blank pause, or why this long delay ?
The truth expand, and lay aside dismay :

Safety

Safety reigns here ; with fortitude confide.
He said, the Sage embolden'd thus reply'd.

ReCTOR of Syria, I will now unveil 125
The mystic annals of a mighty tale.
But to indulge your wish, I'll simply trace
First the fam'd lineage of our Hebrew race.
Know then, tho' poverty my hands confine
To fabric-tools, I boast a regal line ; 130
A line, illustrious in the roll of fame,
And to of Orbs advanc'd celestial flame.
Of many nations the primeval Sire,
(A theme, you heard, oft eccho'd in our choir)
Abraham, guardian of the Hebrew line, 135
Who first enacted laws and rites divine ;
Engender'd Isaac, who, to manhood bred,
Enhanc'd with Jacob his connubial bed.
Jacob with twice six Peers prolific shone,
Whom founders of our twice six Tribes we own : 140
Above his brothers, Judas held a place
For pious actions and a num'rous race,
Enjoy'd this realm, which to his portion came,
And stil'd the land Judea from his name.
But to descend into the mid of things, 145
Hence David sprung, the sire of Israel-kings.
From him, as from our origin, our line,
With blood sublim'd thro' fourteen Monarchs shine.
But your young Pris'ner claims a nobler birth ;
Tho' mortal-born, he treads this mortal-earth ; 150
Olympus still he calls his natal place,
And from the Parent-god, a birth may trace :
That

That God, his Father, whom the earth obey,
The purple ether, and the shrouded sea.
A maid, unconscious of a man's embrace, 155
Brought forth the child, beneath the solar space :
Who, tho' a mother, (Bards once sung the strains)
The rosy graces of a maid retains.
For God descending fill'd her with his breath,
And the creative SPIRIT gave the birth. 160
Hence, tho' esteem'd his Sire by vulgar fame,
I'm Guardian only of the holy Dame :
To soothe the pungent troubles of her breast,
And bear the labours, that might wound her rest.
But in male-honour dubious to confide, 165
And fearful to defame her virgin-pride ;
She deign'd to hear my Hymeneal vows,
And make, with rites, unworthy me her spouse.

This maid, the fairest of the Hebrew-fair,
(With my whole course of love to fill your ear) 170
Is call'd Maria, in Naz'reth was bred,
And the sole fruitage of her parents bed.
To win her heart, a hundred suitors strove ;
But of fair chastity smitt'n with the love,
The joys of Hymen, she, averse, declin'd 175
And in the fane her virgin vows enshrin'd.
Her mother, Anna, venerable dame,
Full of hereafter, and the Prophet's theme,
That from her virgin daughter soon shou'd spring,
Egregious for his deeds, a future King ; 180
Who shou'd his sway o'er many nations hold :
So Heav'n decreed, and so the Bards foretold.

Often

Often a voice, descending from the skies,
(While sleep its influence show'r'd on her eyes)
Bad her the Nobles of her Tribe convene, 185
And for her daughter chuse one of the train.
But tho' to woman-hood arriv'd the maid,
Still no regard was to the vision paid.
At last, in the full azure of the day,
The voice was, to the parents, heard to say : 190
" To bind in Hymen's bands your daughter haste ;
" Nor for a distant Son, your moments waste ;"
But of your blood, by use, a spouse provide ;
Break off delays ; and crown your maid a bride.

Thro' the small town flies soon the swift report ;
[195

And soon conven'd, the kindred youth resort.
The virgin's mansion ecchoes with the band,
Each flush'd with hope to gain the virgin's hand.
Ev'n I, led by proximity of blood,
Amid the crowd of rival suitors stood ; 200
That I might hail the fortune of my friend,
Who shou'd the virgin's nuptial bed ascend.
For, far from me, advanc'd in hoary age,
With sprightly bands a rival to engage :
Who equal all in manly beauty shone, 205
And whose fair flow'r of youth was then new-blown.
Tho' all gaz'd, trembling, the decisive skies,
Each bosom heav'd to clasp the virgin-prize.
While flutter'd hope, and events roll'd in clouds,
We rush'd into Joachim's hall in crowds, 210
Where

Where rose an altar, awful for its age,
 And where he us'd the Godhead to assuage :
 Built by our race, and sacred by their fears,
 Was held in rev'rence for three hundred years :
 Before this altar prostrate we implor'd 215
 The host Angelick and the Angel's Lord ;
 Placid to mark, by some sure signal giv'n,
 The husband he design'd, from his high heav'n.
 In the mid stood tearful the beauteous fair,
 With eyes dejected and disorder'd hair : 220
 A blush suffus'd her face with crimson glows,
 Like the pale lilly blended with the rose.
 As when the new-born moon descending, laves
 Her virgin-visage in broad ocean's waves :
 With guardian stars ascending, bright adorns 225
 Olympus' azure, with her slender horns.
 So stood the Virgin 'mid the circling train,
 Her God invoking in a plaintive strain,
 And much attesting God's wing'd-tow'ring choir,
 She yielded—how adverse to her desire ! 230
 Her Sire kiss'd off her fear, and dried her eyes,
 And taught her soon the mandate of the skies.
 Her mother, Anna, rev'rend for her age,
 Full of the God, heav'd with an holy rage,
 Rav'd through the palace, wond'rous to be seen, 235
 And her shrill shouts roll'd through the starry plain ;
 Approaching me, unworthy of such grace,
 She fix'd her eyes, and liv'd upon my face.
 Seizing my hand, for you alone, she cries,
 The Maid is destin'd by the starry skies. 240

All

All stood amaz'd, yet none among the band,
 Envy'd my honour of the Virgin's hand.
 But I, still conscious of my hoary head,
 My presence wail'd, and shun'd the nuptial bed.
 The faithful youths against my coyness rise, 245
 And press me to receive the offer'd prize.
 I yield persuaded, and lamenting lead,
 To rites connubial, the lamenting Maid.

Now, night her host of stars on ether brings,
 The world suffusing with her sable wings : 250
 We, secret, enter both the nuptial door ;
 Sad wept the bride, and lav'd with tears the floor.
 So in the spring when mounts the plantal juice,
 And in the trees its fecund soul infuse :
 The slender vine's luxurious branches feel 255
 The pruning virtue of the peasant's steel ;
 Should 'gainst the root, the hook imprudent found,
 The mother-vine streams blameless by the wound.
 Tho' willing not to crop the Virgin's pride,
 To soothe her grief with softest words I tried. 260
 When drawing from her breath the long-breath'd
 sighs,

In accents sweetly-plaintive, thus she cries :
 Within me dwells some virtue of the skies,
 And pure Religion prompts me to despise
 The nuptial-bed, and chastity pursue, 265
 With love perpetual, to her merit due.
 For, tho' the Prophets my resolves oppose ;
 With other mandates, tho' my Mother glows ;
 Still

Still I possess an order, which defeats
My Mother's raptures, and the Prophet's threats.

270

Wherefore shall Jordan sooner seek his source,
And the wild stars desist their vagrant course,
Than I shall light the nuptial torch, to fume
My virgin-mind, stain'd with its grosser gloom.
She said : her sorrow, swelling into tears, 275
In large round drops her gen'rous cheeks besmears :
A creeping horror sudden seiz'd my frame ;
Trembled my knees, night veil'd my visual beam ;
Thrice I attempted to announce my pain,
And thrice my tongue essay'd the task in vain. 280
And lo ! a voice, descending from the skies,
In awful and majestick accents cries :

" The joys connubial to indulge forbear,
" But guard your spousal vows with holy care."

I rose and wildly gazing on my bride, 285
At length, with painful pauses, thus replied.

Say, Virgin. candid say, 'gainst Heav'n's command,
Why have I stretch'd to you a bridegroom's hand ?
Who has (the nuptial joys I never sought)

On my pure conduct such disasters brought ? 290

A better fate breath'd in my Father's strain,
At once a bard, and flamen of the Fane :

" Or you, he sung, no Hymeneals wait ;

" Or honour shall attend your bridal state."

Now since the skies have tied our spousal band, 295
But with dread signs the spousal joys withstand ;

H

To

To my resolve a due attention give,
As now, with Virgin honour always live :
Nor shall I dare the sacred union break,
Nor with volatile steps your dome forsake : 300
But gaze upon you, with a parent's eye ;
And you, with filial love, on me rely.
'Tis my department, now, to bear your cares ;
So wills your ardor, and my riper years.
Pleas'd with the plan, the wedded Virgin rose, 305
And in a lonesome chamber sought repose.
Untold, I'll pass my sufferings thro' that night ;
The sleepless horror, and my imag'd fright.

Now darkness fled before the blush of day,
And Sol extinguish'd shadows in his ray. 310
My couch I leave, with softest silence tread,
And visit, smoothly slow, the virgin-bed.
Scarce had the portal on the hinges roll'd,
When on my eyes flash'd lights of beamy gold ;
Which vest the walls, and to the roof aspire, 315
And radiant seem to set the room on fire.
Entranc'd and lusted with a melting beam,
On the soft bed reclin'd the Virgin-Dame.
Nor deign'd to answer my repeated prayers,
Nor seem'd distressed or melted with my cares ; 320
But like Aurora, blushing in the east,
With hands and eyes erect, she Heav'n address'd.
What better change improv'd her beauteous form !
Her eyes how bright ! with grace her looks how
warm !

The

The artist thus to grace some temple's shrine, 325
And call forth rev'rence to his fine design ;
A maple falls, of it a statue forms,
And bids it breathe with all the chissel's charms :
With graces stor'd and polish'd to behold,
It's beauties he sublimes with blazing gold. 330
Gushing with floods of radiance, so a cloud
Around the raptur'd Maid a lustre roll'd.
A crown of stars seem'd on her head to beam,
And vest her temples with a lambent flame.
With purest light replete, a silver moon 335
Beneath the Virgin's feet serenely shone.
Such wond'rous scenes my mind with horror fill'd,
And while I spoke, my breast with fear was chill'd.
O, from this maze of wonders, set me free,
Almighty Sire ! they own your Deity : 340
Your hand in all these prodigies I find ;
Then placid breathe your Spirit on my mind,
That I, no longer in suspense, may see,
How to pursue, and act your just decree.

I ceased to pray : at length the beauteous Dame
[345
Woke from her trance, as from a broken dream.
Her sighs heave sadly, and her eyes besmear
Her snow-like bosom with a bursting tear.
Aw'd I approach, and bending low, demand,
By the new union of our bridal band ; 350
And by that Vestal love, whose flames refine,
And all her zeal to chastity confine ;

Fearless to ope the scene of this affair,
And make me social in her anxious care.

Bright, as the rose, furcharg'd with matin dew,
355

Her eyes, about the floor, a lustre threw ;
Then starting from her pause, she thus reply'd :
My joy, from thee, no longer shall I hide :
Attend—but where shall I commence the tale,
Or who'll believe the wonders I'll reveal ? 360

But I conjure you, by these gladsome tears
To guard in silence, what shall reach your ears ;
Nor let it roll abroad, a vulgar theme,
'Till Heav'n consigns it to the trump of Fame.
What time, Aurora man to labour wakes, 365
And new-born day the earth with lustre streaks ;
The strange events, in Prophets' songs foretold,
Pour'd on my mind, and o'er my senses roll'd :
But chief the song, it's constant influence shed,
(And to my mind the God, the picture led) 370
Which hymn'd the Virgin, of a regal race,
Who should bring forth, without a man's embrace
(Strange to relate) the Rector of the skies,
Whose birth should on a golden world arise.
I thought her blest'd, on whom, the Supreme Pow'r
375

Should, smiling, such illustrious honour show'r,
And tacit in my mind, began to hymn
The future Mother of our heav'nly King ;
Prepar'd

Prepar'd with gifts the Infant-god to praise,
If in our city born, or in our days. 380
Dark in events, whilst I revolv'd this theme ;
Before my eyes expands a sheet of flame ;
Soft gales of air in cloudless brightness glide,
And (wond'rous to relate) the skies divide :
Whence Heav'n's blest host, incumbent on the wing,
[385
The poles mount joyful and applaud their King.
Thro' portals barr'd and walls with marble lin'd,
The stars effulg'd, and all Olympus shin'd.
When lo ! a Boy, descends at God's command,
Heav'n in his smiles, a lilly in his hand ; 390
Sparkling the chamber with his rosy wings,
To me this salutation raptur'd sings.
O, Thou more happy, than the happiest fair ;
Than other mothers, Heav'n's more pleasing care !
Olympus' King, to dwell with you, prepares, 395
Collects his God-head, and forsakes the spheres.

These words scarce heard (the maid continu'd)
shed,

On my admiring frame, a chilling dread :
But, he to soothe me with a pledge divine,
Instant replied, O maid, your fear resign ; 400
By you the God, above your sex, more won,
Is pleas'd to make you mother of his Son :
A Son, you then shall bear, who fam'd shall be,
And ages own him God's own progeny.
Him born a Saviour to the faithful train, 405
You shall call Jesus, in your native strain ;

A name, already hell begins to fear,
And from its center draws an iron tear.
His soaring fame, and wond'rous acts, shall rise
Above the natives of this earth and skies. 410
The skies ordain, he shall the pow'r embrace,
And mount the throne of his illustrious race.
Nor time nor limits shall confine his reign,
And everlasting shall his sway remain.

He said: my fear receding by degrees, 415
I spoke: my reason starts at your decrees:
For, I, resolv'd, the virgin-blush to guard,
Have, always, free from man, my heart preserv'd.

Finish'd my speech, the Angel his resum'd:
With great Jehovah's breath divine perfum'd, 420
Without man's commerce pregnant you shall be,
And in due time bring forth your progeny:
A God all nations shall your offspring call,
And Son to him, who rules this world's great ball.
Of this strange truth, to make all doubt subside, 425
Eliza, know, to you by blood allied,
Who sterile pin'd, when purpl'd with youth's glow,
Now ag'd despairs to feel a mother's throe:
Yet the sixth moon with lustre circles earth,
Since she swell'd pregnant with a future birth. 430
So great's his pow'r, on whose commands I flie,
The King and author of the starry sky.

This

This having said, he wings the ether blue ;
Whom thus with eyes and language I pursue :
Say, winged beauty of the azure plains, 435
I gladly yield to what your King ordains.
Flying to earth, mean time, a crimson cloud
Involves my body in a sheet of gold
Fretted with stars of varied lustre, glows
The ample concave, and with rays o'erflows. 440
Fair Iris emulates such chequer'd dyes,
(Her pictur'd vest winding oblong the skies)
When adverse Sol his melting radiance pours,
Full on her bow distent with rainy show'rs.
Soon as the Sire supreme breath'd on this cloud 445
From the bright stars bursts forth a spirit loud :
Its spreading progress darts a length of ray,
And golden flashes vibrate on the day.
Wrapt in the whirl-wind, all my limbs inhale
The potent virtue of the sacred GALE : 450
Th' ethereal vigour, thrilling thro' my frame,
Dissolves my heart, with an impassion'd flame.
By nature's instinct so the fecund earth
Conceives, and pours to day her various birth,
When Ether to her parent-lap-repairs, 455
And Zephyr fans her with his genial airs.
This scene concluded, bright Olympus' throng
Clap their glad wings, and burst in varied song :
Hoarse thunders o'er blue ether's summit roll,
And op'ning skies flash fire from pole to pole. 460

While thus the maid the wond'rous tale pursu'd,
The smiling tears her roseat cheeks bedew'd.

Of little faith, yet full of pray'r I stand,
The stars addressing with a supine hand :
(For so incred'lous was my stupid mind) 465
Such prodigies to credit I declin'd ;
Persuaded well, that youths, with studious care,
Weave the fine fraud, frail virgins to ensnare :
That maids of easy faith, ah, too soon won !
Imbibe man's pois'nous words and are undone. 470
And now I meditate, oh direful shame !
My virgin-wife for ever to disclaim ;
When on my sleep an angel-form arose,
The same in looks, the same his sky-spun cloths,
Which to my bride his starry visit paid, 475
And bore the message, which I now display'd.
Naked his rosy shoulders stand confest ;
Save from the left depends a golden vest,
Which three-folds clasps compos'd of fusile gold
The floating plaits about his loins infold. 480
His girdle blushing with a purple dye
Thick setts of golden studs around him tye.
His waist's fine down, which scarce the eye-ball sees,
Steals, mounting, on the sight by slow degrees,
Scaling his shoulders, more luxurious springs, 485
Then starts at once into a shade of wings.
A diamond-chaplet round his calves he wears ;
Thence, to the knees undrest, the Form appears :
His beauteous looks, his mien's sweet-breathing
grace
Proclaim the boy of no terrestrial race ; 490
But some fair offspring of Olympus high ;
Nurs'd in the region of the starry sky.

Nor

Nor was his tunic of less wond'rous art ;
 With jewels spotted, shines the upper part ;
 65 The low'r borders meander'd twice with gold, 495
 Within their orbs, a texture tale infold ;
 Three pictur'd boys walk, harmless, thro' a blaze,
 And hymn, with looks erect, Jehovah's praise.
 Circling the furnace roof, fierce glows the fire,
 70 And head-long, from the youths, the flames retire.

[500

While I in silence gaz'd, Heav'n's beauteous guest,
 To me, with fear congeal'd, these words address'd.
 Offspring of Kings, what crime o'ercasts your soul ;
 5 Can you, these signs, that speak the God, controul ?
 Suspect no fraud to drop from her pure tongue ;

[505

Truth tunes the strain, the sacred virgin sung :
 She has conceiv'd, stranger to human aid ;
 By God's eternal SPIRIT pregnant made.
 When God breath'd on her from his lucid dome ;
 The Godhead fled from Ether to her womb. 510
 Boldly assent : For on our azure plains,
 Pleas'd with our homage, truth eternal reigns.
 Your Prophets, once, these miracles foretold,
 Their lays obscurely vested with a cloud :
 This maid is figur'd by the crystal gate, 515
 That binds eternal, Ether's deep retreat ;
 When human traces never print the road,
 Frequented solely by the supreme God,
 Whose ingress and regress ne'er violate,
 With motion's noise, the portal's dormant state. 520

To

To you this maid he yields, who rules the sky,
But bound by Hymen, Hymen's freedom flie:
Let her thro' life, your sage protection share,
Tho' safe beneath God's tutelary care.

He said, and winging ether, fades away, 525
But glancing thro' the cloud strews realms of day.
A sudden love my breasts pervading, fills
With soothing rapture, and extatic thrills.
As iron drops its rigour in the fire,
So melts my stubborn soul with love's desire: 530
Owning my mad'ning folly, I arise,
And call down meek-ey'd Mercy from the skies.
Now reason to my mind restoring light,
The SUPREME's deep decrees expand more bright,
Which he infus'd into the Prophets' breast, 535
The truth in shades of ancient phrases drest.
This virgin is the bush, which he, (whose head
Sharp-pointed rays of streaming glory shed)
Beheld, astonish'd, on the mountain's brow,
Burning with crackling flames at distance glow. 540
Thro' harmless fires twinkl'd the untouch'd leaves
For ever verdant 'mid the lambent blaze.
She is the fleece, (unless the Bards are vain)
Which kept its dryness 'mid a flood of rain:
Impervious to the show'rs, on whose broad tide,
[545
Earth's humid surface, lucent seem'd to glide.
Before such thoughts my night of error flies,
Our scene moves faith to own such prodigies.

Spread

Spread thro' the towns of Galilee, now Fame,
Sings, wond'rous to tell, a venerable Dame, 550
Who lives as recluse, on a mountain's height,
And hoary bends, beneath old age's weight,
How with first offspring pregnant swells her womb,
Defam'd as sterile, in her youthful bloom.
The winged Nuncio of the tow'ring skies 555
Foretold this event, thus the virgin cries ;
Eliza is her name, the same our line,
And on her pregnancy, twice three moons shine.
Pleas'd with the thought, we rise without delay,
And to our Kindred-dame direct our way : 560
Thro' arduous mountains, and fatiguing pain,
The Flarren Zachariah's house we gain.
Scarce we, arriv'd, had touch'd the mansion-gate,
When nodding comes the Dame, strange to relate,
With fond embrace hangs on her welcome guest,
1565
And in the act, God rushes to her breast :
A sudden heat suffuses thro' her frame,
And this the language of the hoary Dame.

Above all other Parents, Parent blest !
Blest is the burden of your ut'rine Guest ! 570
Whence these unwonted heav'nly graces show'r,
Why on my silver head so smiles this hour,
Which gives me to behold with ardent eyes,
And speak to her, selected by the skies,
'Mid many, parent of the supreme Lord, 575
Gracing my mansion, of her own accord ?

At

At your approach, with rapture throbb'd my breast,
And my womb's Babe his joy with bounds express'd.
Hail, sacred Mother, to the skies most dear;
For faith conspicuous and to truth sincere; 580
Who with glad faith held what the Angel said,
Unconscious of your being the Mother-maid.
Hear, Ether's Queen, and touch'd with human
cares,
Smoothe life's misfortunes by your potent pray'rs.

She said: with blushes, as the rose, replete, 585
And mildly humble in an high estate,
The holy Maid, bedew'd with crimson rays,
Rais'd to the starry King her song of praise;
Who eyed her, gracious, from Olympus' throne,
Poor, lonesome, humble, and to praise unknown.
[590

Then of hereafter full, she sung the Fame,
So often presag'd, that should crown her name.

To you, too tedious, would appear the tale,
Should I the portents and the signs reveal,
That on the trembling world distill'd a fear, 595
Soon as the mighty Infant breath'd this air:
The Caspian kingdom heard the bards with dread,
And Nile's rich waves roll'd to their secret head.
Egypt receiv'd the oracle with frowns,
And eastern realms were shock'd thro' all their towns.

[600

If

If fame is true, your own Ausonian plains
Resounded horrid with the Prophets' strains :
That soon a King should drink the blaze of day,
And o'er the subject world extend his sway,
Strong in his own, and Father's virtue rise, 605
And all his people translate to the skies.

Firm'd by these signs, spontaneous I obey
My pregnant Spouse, and God-like rev'rence pay.
When the plum'd youth (the same I often ey'd
Visit, by day, the chamber of my Bride) 610
Her pregnant serv'd, descending ether's pole,
Charg'd with rich food and nectar's sacred bowl.
Oft have I panted for the natal day,
But oft my hope was dash'd with dull delay :
These wishes I revolv'd within my breast. 615
O may the Babe celestial stand confess'd
Before my death ; since evident appear
The portents which besel the beauteous fair.

Crop then without delay your purple flow'rs,
Your lucent lillies shed in copious show'rs, 620
To God new-born your balmy presents bring,
And awfully approach your Infant-king,
And could I wish to my old age more days,
It would be, Infant, on your deeds to gaze;
Then fear expell'd, peace on the world shall rise, 625
And you, a God, reign in your native skies.
Truth, join'd with piety, this earth shall tread,
And nodding now, Religion raise her head.

Justice

Justice the scenes of life at large will range,
And earth surpriz'd admire its better change; 630
Into the scythe the savage sword be roll'd,
And nature brighten with an age of gold;
To soothe delay, my fancy pour'd such hues,
And hope was nourish'd with such distant views.

Cæsar (Augustus stiled) who that time reign'd,
[635

To register his subject world ordain'd.
My steps to Bethlehem's ancient walls insist,
To have our names rang'd in the civil list.
The Virgin following leaves her mansion-seat,
The town of Naz'reth gave the safe retreat. 640
To Bethlehem come, with houses thinly spread,
What time the skies, wrap'd in night's shadow,
fled:

A lonesome house the city's walls succeeds,
The roof imbrown'd with turf and marshy reeds:
Apt for the peasant, whom nocturnal gloom 645
In town detains far from his rustic home.
We seek this cot to weary travellers free,
Led on by chance, or rather God's decree,
Who not content his only Son should groan,
And feel thro' life misfortunes not his own, 650
But in a stable will'd, he should be born,
With want distress'd and of relief forlorn.
The ass I feed, whose help made short our road,
And whose fatigue made light our household load.

Next

Next whom, her straw-strew'd bed the Virgin press'd,
[656
The house too throng'd, to number her a guest.
An ox sheds, on her left, his tepid breath,
Whom a poor plowman work'd to till his earth,
Cutting with crooked plough the side-laid clay,
Nor ceas'd the toil, till ceas'd the live-long day. 660
He cultures with such pains his rented field,
Himself from famine and his babes to shield.

Now midnight from her summit had declined,
When sleep (on a bare stone my head reclin'd)
Receding softly from my waking frame, 665
Op'd on the ambient gloom my visual beam,
A flood of radiance thro' the stable flows,
And the brown straw with golden tincture glows.
I rise; and lo! an Infant naked lies,
Bedew'd with rays, and ether's richest dyes; 670
Whom on her poor straw-couch the mother maid
Brought forth, exempt from anguish and of aid.
The Ass and Ox on either side admire,
Forget their food, and with their heads aspire.
The Mother self with brightness glad appears, 675
Her knees bend low, her eyes dissolve in tears;
With hands directed to the suffus'd skies,
Her new-born babe of drap'ry bare she eyes,
Like to the stars appears the Virgin's form,
Their lustre pallid with a gushing storm, 680
When the dark ether roaring Boreas shrouds,
Expanding wide the rain-distended clouds.

Sheep's

Sheep's-skins I strew for cloths of purple dye,
And forks invers'd a cradle's place supply ;
More useful things and want the night withhold, 685
The birth demanding scenes superb with gold.

Nor yet night's gloom had chas'd the blazing day,
When thronging shepherds urge their rapid way ;
The door with flow'rs and varied chaplet glows,
And the wild pipe with rustic numbers flows. 690
With down-cast eyes they seek the sacred stall,
And prone to earth before the Godhead fall.
Struck with amaze I question'd how cou'd fame,
Along the fields, the birth so soon proclaim.
When one thus quickly answers my demand ; 695
Shepherds are we, and graze the woody land ;
Our usual vigils we nocturnal keep,
To guard from beasts of prey our folded sheep.
What time the world was wrap'd in mid-night
shade,
Around our heads a gushing lustre play'd, 700
And as we tott'ring stood unnerv'd with fear
This voice was wafted from the void of air :
Mortals, fear not, glad tidings I display,
In your confines a God is born this day,
Who shall restore (as prophecies relate) 705
Mankind from darkne's to his pristine state.
In yonder town, you may behold him laid
His place a stable, and of straw his bed.
The voice our guide, our eyes we throw around,
And view the town slow rising from the ground, 710
An

An heav'nly band, with wings of various dyes,
On clouds incumbent float along the skies ;
And when they rang'd the skies in thrice three
 throngs,

And thrice they harped sweet their festive songs,
In a full chorus, swift the poles they wing, 715
And ether's plains with their applauses ring.

This said : amaz'd, they gaze the Infant's face,
And his bright charms with eyes and souls embrace:
Such floods of beams gush from the Infant's frame,
That overflow the stable with a flame. 720

So when the rose unfolds her crimson leaves,
The sun burns brighter with her new-born blaze
Or when the vernal day bursts from the east,
Of melting light it sheds a roseat waste.

Tho' we the Godhead in the Babe confess'd 725
And without food and aid a God is blest ;
Yet, as an offspring of a mortal Dame,
He breath'd the mortal in a mortal frame ;
Inhal'd the moisture of his mother's breast,
And she his Infant-limbs with drap'ry drest : 730
More, to fulfil the rites our law prescribes,
He bore the circumcision of our tribes ;
We call him JESUS, mindful of the name,
An angel bore, wing'd by the Sire supreme.
To mark his priesthood and his regal race, 735
The nations name him CHRIST in Grecian phrase,
And tho' no male embrace his mother stain'd ;
Beneath her roof, she forty suns remain'd.

The royal Maid to her lustration hastes,
And with her Infant tends to Salem's gates ; 740
We bring a pair of turtles to be slain
(Our rites so order) in the sacred Fane.
The priest by custom at the altar waits,
His snowy robe descends in flowing plaits,
A mitre of two horns his temples shrouds 745
And the watch'd fire meanders high in clouds.
A crown of children round the altar stood,
And from a chalice pour'd the heifer's blood,
Which to the God supreme the Flamen slew,
To stop the vengeance to the people due. 750
With hands the sages of the nation press'd
The heifer's front, with holy fillets dress'd.
Their fingers, blushing with the victim slain,
The priests the altar lightly thrice distain :
The altar's flames imbibe a deeper hue, 755
And ruddy drops the seven lamps bedew.
Sprinkled with blood flashes the ample veil,
Whose ambient folds mysterious rites conceal.
Finish'd the rites, the priest prepares to taste,
Join'd with his sons, the sacrificial feast. 760
And now proceeds the Virgin humbly mild ;
Her right hand holds the birds, the left her child :
Shall I rehearse, what signs the heav'nly King
Struck out, that spoke the Child his true offspring ?
How chill'd the priest, when he the Infant gaz'd, 765
And what new light about the altar blaz'd ?

He

He aw'd thrice heap'd with frankincense the flames,
And thrice the fire above the vessel streams :
Yet still according to his country's laws
From the slain birds the vital gore he draws, 770
Scatters the plumes and o'er the entrails strays,
His face converted to the eastern blaze ;
Then breaks the wings, and on the subject fire
The crackling entrails into fume expire :
From the burn'd victim grateful vapours rise, 775
And Panchean odours scent the balmy skies.

Another scene inspir'd the breast with fears ;
And awe seiz'd Simeon bent with hoary years,
Than whom, no man among the city's crowd,
With fairer homage, to strict justice bow'd : 780
Th' Almighty SPIRIT of the bending sky
Into hereafter granted him to pry,
And said, he should not cease to drink the day,
'Till he the promis'd Saviour should survey.
For worn with age, he would consign to death, 785
Life's painful labours, and his panting breath ;
But the fond hope, to view the source of life,
Gave him to live, and second nature's strife,
With holy instinct now distends his breast,
And feels, that God now dwells the temple's guest.
790

So, when his master's steps attends a hound,
His sense of smelling o'er a length of ground.
A hare detects : with ears erect he stands,
And snuffs the gales that brush the scented lands.

Then starting from the path, he devious strays, 795
And traces with his eyes the hare's wild maze.
Along this path, and now o'er that he flies,
And the wide meadows vibrate with his cries.
So, in the fane, exults the rev'rend sage,
And clasps the Infant, with an holy rage : 800
With liquid eyes, big with the pearly tears,
He in these words his joyful sense declares.

Jehovah-born, almighty Infant, hail,
The splendid author of this world's great weal !
Thou com'st to wash away the people's stains, 805
With the rich fluid of thy precious veins,
And to their manes ope a liquid way
To the bright realms of eternal day :
Welcome to earth ; now to your words comply,
Father Supreme ! 'tis granted me to die, 810
Now from this body's close confinement free,
In peace dismiss me from life's misery,
Since on me streams the Gentiles' light divine,
And the new glory of the Hebrew-line !
Now to the Dame this fond address he pays : 815
Who can thy mien assume or sing thy praise ?
To thee what thanks can pour the sickly earth,
Who brought salvation by this happy birth ?
Yet still this fruitage of ethereal love
To many Hebrews shall destructive prove. 820
The time approaches, when your heart shall feel,
Oh sad and joyless time ! the dolorous steel :
When

When you, unhappy, shall be join'd to woe,
And Jordan's troubled wave retorted flow,
Then late and heavy shall arise the day, 825
And measure with sick looks its pallid way :
The earth herself shall joy to leave her pole ;
And thro' the void, her weight rejecting roll.
This said, as mers'd in sudden sleep and tir'd,
He clos'd his eyes, and smiling soft expir'd. 830
All stare aghast ; but from amazement free,
We stand serene vers'd in the skies decree :
Yet painful we revolve the sage's word,
That to the mother points the naked sword :
Anxious to know to whom the child should be 835
The fatal origin of misery.
But time too soon the dubious truth reveals
The present scene the menac'd woes details :
Unless for us some deeper wounds remain,
And ills are pointing with acuter pain. 840

About that time, three Kings forsook their state,
And hither bent their steps from extreme east.
And to the Infant ample presents bore,
Myrrh, breathing frankincense, and golden ore :
The sphere revolving thro' its starry signs, 845
Proclaim'd a Monarch born in our confines ;
Whose sceptre should the skies and earth obey,
And whom to see they march'd a tedious way.
A star hung in the skies, a faithful guide,
Illum'd their passage with a blazing tide. 850

So, when our Sires abandon'd Egypt's toil,
 And fought, thro' dreary wilds, the promis'd soil;
 A fiery globe preceded them by night,
 And on them gush'd a liquid waste of light.
 The town obtain'd, they bent, without delay, 855
 To Tetrarch-Herod's gate their glowing way:
 Their message told, thinking, as he was King,
 The royal Babe to be his own offspring.
 Struck with amaze, with chilling fear unman'd,
 Lest this strange royal heir should seize the land,
 Herod dispatch'd a nuncio in haste, 861
 To bid the bards the royal presence wait;
 Of the new-born Infant the time, the place,
 He curious ask'd, his country, and his race.
 Beth'lem, they cried, the birth by fame should boast,
 Whose crown and deeds should sway the starry host. 865
 Now more confounded in the maze of cares,
 He strove to smoothe his brows and veil his fears;
 And to dismiss the eastern Kings with grace,
 He thus reply'd with well dissembled face. 870

Monarchs, the cause which hither urg'd your way
 Has always on us stream'd hope's smiling ray.
 No dearer object than this child can rise,
 Whom prophets promis'd, inspir'd by the skies.
 The city Beth'lem borders on this place, 875
 Of structure old, and peopled by our race.
 Thither, to seek the royal Babe, contend,
 And when confess'd, to us a nuncio send,

That to the Child our homage we may pay,
And in our gifts our regal sense display ; 880
Such joyful words dropt from the Tyrants tongue,
While round his heart a dreary envy clung :
Mad, that Heav'n's Monarch, whom the stars obey,
Sould dwell on earth and bear a regal sway.

The star beheld, the Easterns seek the town, 885
Of Israelites environ'd with a crown.

Now on the roof the star's long travels cease,
And all the cot streams dimpling with a blaze.
So, when the death of kings, or wars dread rage,
Fierce comets from the wrathful skies preface ;
890

Behind them, flows a length of livid beams,
Which on the frighted globe with horror gleams.
Of pomp exempt, and stor'd with want's parade,
Into the low-roof'd cot the Monarchs lead,
Who rob'd in textur'd gold and crimson vest, 895
Prostrate on earth the Infant-God confess'd.
While next the Dame thus bow'd the royal band,
Each pour'd his treasures with a lib'ral hand.
Before the door, in long procession, wait
A courtier train, who swell the pomp of state : 900
While steeds with coverings glowing to behold,
Paw the rent earth, and champ the polish'd gold.

Their homage paid, exulting they pursue
The star, its progress stain'd with blazing hue.

Advis'd to flie the regal city's gate, 905
Far on the right they roam from Herod's seat ;
Who, furious with the fraud, an army calls,
And secret sends to Bethlem's hated walls,
To seize by night when all creation rests,
And slay the babes that suck their mothers breasts ;

910

That in the infant-crowd the royal heir
Might fall a victim, and the carnage share.
But o'er my sleep, hover'd a voice by night,
To shun the bloody scene and haste my flight.
The Dame and child convey, (the voice exclaims)

915

And seek the Nile which parts in fourteen streams;
There dwell, (nor is that land remote from thee)
Nor thence remove, until recall'd by me :
For Tetrach-Herod with ambition wild,
Now meditates the slaughter of the child. 920
I rise, and to the Dame the speech reveal :
Her limbs grow languid, and her visage pale ;
Runs here and there while haste retards her flight
And scarce can trust the shadow of the night.
There she, unhappy, felt the sword of woe 925
And all the pain that can from torments flow.

We go and soon depart the trait'rous town,
And plunge in devious paths with horror brown.
Thro' palmy woods and old Elusa tend,
And high Idume's panting brow ascend. 930

Mapsa

Mapsa receives us famous for her oil
Which parts the Asian from the Libyan foil ;
We enter now great Pharaoh's large domain,
On whose spread fields descends no fust'ring rain ;
Whose natives found the ether's vivid force, 935
The stars, the lunar orb, and solar course.

Along strange floods we glide, strange mountains
scale,

And near to towns with turrets pointed sail.

Anthedon's banks we trace, whose gentle waves
Smoothly reflect Papyrus' shrubby leaves. 940

We start with horror at each whisp'ring air,
Fearful and anxious for our infant-care.

The groves bend to the child their boughs of bays,
And zephyrs sigh with balmy breath his praise ;
The rocks and mountains, to express their love, 945
Their craggy brows with festive lightness move.

A vocal signal of their joy to raise,

The floods fatigue their streams in varied maze ;

With gentle lapse they tinkle down their bed,

Now over rocks their roaring water spread. 950

To cast a deeper azure on the stream

The rocks with mossy vesture verdant gleam.

Chiefly the birds, who dwell the banks along,

Inrich the ambient gales with liquid song :

Of such soft notes pleas'd with the theme and cause,

[955

With sounding wings they lengthen their applause ;

Rejoicing at her God's approach, the earth

Expands her lap, and pours a verdant birth.

The

The herbs wide shed abroad their rich perfume
And nods Amaracus its shady gloom. 960
The Nile, whose head retires with secret pride,
Proclaims God's presence with exulting tide ;
Riding on waves, he spouts sublime in air
His secret springs, and all his sands appear ;
Where channels meet, or ways confront to ways 965
Unknown to chuse, lost in the doubtful maze :
A winged Beauty, from his bright abode,
With sword and shield, illumines the proper road ;
Left, straying, into devious paths we run,
Into the murd'rous hands, we toil to shun. 970
His flaming back blush'd with cerulean dyes,
The same his form, who left his native skies,
Forbad the divorce, that I once design'd,
And chas'd the jealous darkness of my mind.
Our journey, others in the air pursue, 975
The child protecting from nocturnal dew :
Above his head, they cluster into rings,
And form a canopy with out-spread wings.
Thro' perplex'd travels bold we coast the shore,
Whose vicine fields with cymbals wildly roar. 980
Tho now the Babe inhales a foreign air,
We yet to Egypt's farthest part repair ;
Fearful we dread, where safety largely reigns,
And think no place too far, from Herod's plains,
Displeas'd we flie Hermopolis' proud seats, 985
And Thebes seems dang'rous with her hundred
gates.
Our travels Memphis to a period brings,
Illustrious for the tombs of Egypt's Kings :
A friend

A friend receives us in his cottage-seat,
Indeed, an humble, but a safe retreat. 990
Along the coasts, where Nile expands his stream,
In sadly-solemn dirge, sings mournful fame,
That Bethlehem's town deplores her babe-offspring,
(Slain by the mandate of Palestine's King)
Who innocent in vain, with tender cries, 995
Cease with their lives to breathe the lustr'd skies.
Pressing her child, the mother-maid turns pale,
Her mind struck with the image of the tale;
For fancy brings the bloody scene to view ;
The tears, the slaughter from the nation drew : 1000
The matron's shrieks, that pierce the pitying air,
While thro' the town, they roam'd in wild despair :
The earth, with vital purple, that abounds ;
And houses, streaming with infantile wounds.
So when a storm o'er heedless shepherds reigns, 1005
Low'rs on the woods and sweeps along the plains ;
Struck with the rattling tempest, expire the lambs,
And the same fate attends their bleating dams.
So infant-carnage on the pavement strew'd,
The forum stain'd and chok'd the ghastly road. 1010
Hence sadly true appears the Prophet's strain,
Of many shou'd the infant prove the bane :
The slaught'ring day gleams yet in fancy's eye,
And from the childless mothers draws the sigh.
Nor long, the author of the barb'rous deed, 1015
Surviv'd the children he ordain'd to bleed ;
For soon his limbs with foul corrosion seiz'd,
He died unpity'd, as he liv'd unprais'd.

Soft

Soft o'er my sleep again the image glides
And bids me leave Nile's monster-bearing tides. 1021
Back to their country, mindful of the way,
The mother and her infant I convey.
You may desire to know his tender cares ;
Or did his wisdom far excell his years .
Or did he, rip'ning into rosy bloom, 1025
In infant sports, his infant days consume ?
But shou'd I, to the wonders sketch'd, engage
To draw the portrait of his buding age,
Unequal to the task my voice wou'd fail
And shrouding night the day from Ether steal.
How oft' did we, unnerv'd with chilling fear 1030
Words, more than mortal, from the infant hear :
In staring horror lost, how oft have view'd
His tender frame, with sacred fire bedew'd :
While from his hair drop'd sparks of liquid blaze
1035
And to sublime his mien, Heav'n shower'd its rays.
When to his Sire he pour'd his private pray'r,
How glow'd his words, how blaz'd his raptur'd air !
His tender mother, as she plied the loom,
Oft saw celestials soft invade the room ; 1040
To soothe the child, appear in human forms,
Improve with studious labour all his charms
In wild rotations revel on the wing,
And shade him with the product of the spring.
Yet sweetly mild he yielded to our sway, 1045
And all our words was ready to obey.

Till

Till rip'ning time his vigour shou'd improve,
To spread his Father's glory and his love.

No signs divulg'd him to the public ear,
Till he of life attain'd the twice sixth year. 1050

His virtue then impatient to subside,
Spreads o'er Judea's town a radiant tide.
Religious to our tribes shines out a day,
Therefore to this great town I bend my way ;
The royal maid departs her sweet abode, 1055
Her child attends, companion of her road.

The homage paid, our travels we repeat,
Fond of retiring to our humble seat ;
Our wearied steps the solar beams illumine,
And o'er the skies night casts a pitchy gloom, 1060

Before the absence of the child we spy,
Who silent fled his mother's guardian eye.
'Mid friends we trace the fugitive with pain,
And the road's vocal, with his name, in vain.
From the sad mother gushes fast the tear, 1065
And down her iv'ry neck wild flows her hair :
The confus'd locks her neck's pure whiteness grace,
And tears sublime the beauties of her face.

Thus soft Amaracus in its Vestal urn
Whom rains deform, and raging tempests spurn, 1070

Hangs down its flow'ry head, but soon regains
Its tow'ring pride and fresh with odours reigns.
With me reluctant, the sad mother strays
And thro' the town, we sought the boy three days ;
The

The fourth day shines, at last in fervent pray'r 1075
 Our hopes we fix, and to the Fane repair,
 The portal trod, when we the child survey,
 (Of all his future pow'r the first essay)
 Rehearsing fervent, 'mid the priestly throng,
 Of each inspir'd Bard the raptur'd song. 1080

Asking the page's obscure sense, in vain ;
 And shedding lustre on each mystic strain.
 The vaulted temple with applauses rung,
 To hear such language from an infant's tongue,
 By art untaught, without experience sage, 1085
 A man in wisdom, and a child in age.

Nor less enchanting was his youthful frame ;
 To view him, crowds, of sight insatiate, came ;
 His rosy looks exhal'd an heav'nly air
 Mild beam'd his eyes, and golden flow'd his hair :
 1090

His budding childhood had such pleasing pow'r
 Nor yet unfolded blush'd his youthful flow'r.
 Fresh drops of light gush'd from his rolling eyes,
 Bright as a star new rising in the skies ;
 Caught, with his beauty nature smil'd serene, 1095
 For breathing loves resulted from his mien.
 Thus shines Narcissus sweet, above the flow'rs,
 Which an uncultur'd field promiscuous pours,
 When thro' his op'ning foliage he displays
 His purple head, and shines with crimson blaze. 1100
 So beams an em'erald, azure to behold,
 Inchas'd with silver, or in burnish'd gold.

From

From this first scene sparks of envy rose,
And for the boy struck out a train of woes;
For malice seiz'd the Sages' hearts that hour, 1105
Who rag'd to view, and fear'd his growing pow'r.
Hence now the wrath, that thro' the town proceeds,
And hence the flames, that urge to bloody deeds.
Of omens full, the youth I oft implor'd,
Frugal of life, to fly the hostile sword; 1110
But mountain tow'rs lye veil'd as soon by light,
And blazing summits burn obscur'd by night,
As virtue can, forgetful of a name,
Evade the plausive voice of plummy fame.

Of all his actions, none more rous'd their rage,
Then when six lustres had matur'd his age. 1116
The stream obedient to his pow'r divine,
Deep blush'd, transfigur'd into rosy wine.
About that time a friend, by blood allied,
In holy marriage gave his virgin-child; 1120
With us the youth was call'd, a welcome guest,
To share at once and grace the nuptial feast.
While round the genial board the Nobles lay,
And with the feast indulg'd the bridal day,
The menial train in wild confusion roam, 1125
And whisp'ring murmurs eccho thro' the dome:
That the broad casks an empty space confine,
Void of the cause of mirth, the gen'rous wine.
Touch'd with the fortune of the wedded fair,
My spouse implor'd her son the wants to hear. 1130
He

He seem'd disturb'd, but soon inclin'd to aid,
 Won by his mother's vows, the bridal maid.
 The train he orders six large urns to fill,
 With water flowing from a gurgling rill.
 Soon as the stream was offer'd to his view, 1135
 Into a blush it chang'd its pallid hue.
 Bewilder'd with the change, our eyes we roll,
 And quaff for water pure the purple bowl.

Lo! of his infancy a slight portrait,
 And of his Deity the first essay. 1140
 Nor is there cause his other deeds to name;
 By them this country is extoll'd by fame.
 But, if you wish to hear a fuller state,
 He can the best (regarding John) relate,
 Who present view'd each glorious wonder blaze,
 A true attendant on his Master's ways. 1146
 While a less glorious, but a pleasing care,
 My steps confin'd to wait my wedded fair.

Josephus tir'd, in silence seeks a feat.
 Your Hero's tales, thus Pontius cries, complete :
 1150

What's his Religion; for if truth I hear;
 The Syrian tribes one God alone revere:
 Eternal, springing from no human cause;
 Nor household Gods find altars by their laws.
 Th' unfinish'd series of your God detail, 1155
 And all his portents, known to you, unveil.

Weak

Weak for the task, the Sage's strength retires,
And you, his substitute, his wish requires.

Thus Pontius said : while o'er the crowded train
Silence expands its mute and solemn reign : 1560

End of the Third Book.

K

ARGUMENT to the Fourth Book.

John the Evangelist attempts, at the instance of Pilate, to give an idea of the nature of God, the eternal birth of Christ, the procession of the HOLY GHOST from the FATHER and the SON; the TRINITY of the PERSONS, and the UNITY of the God-head. He then descends to the creation of the Angels, the rebellion of some of them, and the formation of Man. Next follows an account of the impatience of the Souls of the Righteous for the coming of the Redeemer to deliver them from their prison. The birth, preaching, and baptism of John the Baptist. He closes his narrative with that part of Christ's life, which speaks him a God, wherein, among many other miracles, he recites the resuscitation of Lazarus, the Widow's son, and Ruler's daughter; the calling and chusing of the Apostles and Disciples, together with the feeding of the multitude in the Desert, and Christ's fasting and being tempted in the Wilderness.

T H E

T H E
C H R I S T I A D.

B O O K IV.

TO none inferior in a beauteous face,
 Where youthful revels ev'ry rosy grace,
 The youth declines the task with decent pains,
 Feigns an excuse, and silent still remains.
 Launching at length from this terrestrial space, 5
 The man absorpt in wonders' clust'ring maze;
 His soul wings ether, and ascends sublime,
 Where hosts celestial tread the starry clime;
 There quaffs the finer air, the liquid blaze,
 And on the God with am'rous eyes delays. 10
 The queen of birds from humble earth thus springs,
 And winding ether soars on plaufive wings,
 Conceals her airy passage in the clouds,
 And darting on, the neighb'ring sun beholds;
 Undazzled dares on his bright source to gaze, 15
 And with a stedfast eye inhale his rays.
 Mean while his silence all the crowd admir'd,
 And mov'd him if in death or sleep retir'd:
 The rapture fled, he thus the Chief address'd,
 While a long sigh rose heavy from his breast. 20

In the beginning the Almighty Sire,
 Nature's sole source, held o'er all an empire,
 Struck out no stars, the ether to adorn ;
 Produc'd no world as yet, nor was time born :
 The azure plains no streaming lights o'erflow'd, 25
 Whatever then existence had, was God.
 Where'er he dwelt, himself was his own space,
 And what contain'd him, was his own embrace.
 He had an only Son, no Goddess born,
 Nor new from mortal womb inhal'd the morn, 30
 But in his Sire's eternal mind conceiv'd,
 Th'eternal SON a wond'rous birth receiv'd ;
 No human limbs his sacred form confin'd,
 But pure and spiritual as his Sire's mind.
 The WORD in the paternal breast conceal'd, 35
 To the soft air no voice had yet reveal'd.
 The WORD almighty from commencement free,
 And whose celestial reign no end shall see ;
 From whom the sea and skies receiv'd their birth,
 And who from nothing call'd the verdant earth. 40
 The Sire is God, so is his only Son ;
 Two Gods to hold them, yet with caution shun,
 As the same Godhead in them common flows,
 So the two Persons but one God compose.
 The LOVE, proceeding from the Sire and Heir, 45
 We name the SPIRIT, and as God revere.
 The FATHER, SON, and GHOST, as God we own ;
 Three distinct PERSONS, and the Godhead ONE.
 This Holy Ghost fans Ether, Earth and Seas,
 And all things flourish by his sacred BREEZE. 50
 What

What may surprize, the God whom we behold,
Tho' made a man, and human limbs infold,
Now rules Olympus with his Father-God ;
Arranging all things with his Godhead's nod ;
Unbounded in the narrow wilds of space, 55
And present totally in ev'ry place.
For God diffus'd fills all creation's plan,
Too fine for touch to feel, or eye to scan.
So the rich lustre that on the world streams,
From the Sun gushes in full floods of beams : 60
Nor without Phebus glows the scatter'd blaze,
Nor Phebus reigns without his crown of rays.

What mov'd the God such labours to sustain,
And roam, to death expos'd, from pain to pain ;
From its first cause I will the theme pursue, 65
And ope the latent prospect to your view.
The heav'nly orbs and earth which you behold
The Lord had scarce into existence roll'd ;
The Father made, won with eternal love,
The Spirits, who in his bright regions move ; 70
The feather'd train, with the unbodied ghosts,
The swift celestials, and the thrice three hosts,
To cull the pleasures, and at large to share,
Which he enjoy'd, and his coeval heir.
Some burst at once into a grateful praise, 75
And to their Author God inton'd the lays.
But lust of rule (who unreveng'd could bear ?)
The greater number swell'd with regal care,

Urg'd them to grasp the throne with dazzl'd mind,
 Their wishes impotent, their fury blind. 80
 But full of wrath, God bids his cohorts rise,
 And hurl the crowd inglorious from the skies ;
 Baff'd their scheme, they lie in caves depress'd,
 O'er-which eternal night and horror rest.

Hence man's creation ; to whose ample sway 85
 Jehovah gave the earth and azure sea.
 The brute creation bends to his domain,
 The tribes that glide with fins along the main ;
 The feather'd crowd, that wing the airy space,
 And all the dreary mountains savage race ; 90
 To him and to his line the seats are given
 Which once the angel-rebels held in Heav'n.
 He saw all nature blooming for his use,
 Solely prohibited one tree's produce ;
 But soon enamour'd of the fruitful boughs, 95
 And too uxorious toward a pressing spouse,
 (Herself the Serpent's prey) in a sad hour,
 He broke the mandate of the supreme Pow'r.
 The fruit prophan'd no sooner by his taste,
 Than He, who pours the storm thro' Ether's waste, 100
 Thro' redd'ning clouds bids claps of thunder break,
 And wrathful seems his vengeance to awake,
 Which Adam bore, and all his race shall bear,
 That drink the lustre of the solar sphere.
 Soon barriers stop'd the passage to the sky, 105
 And horrid rose an impious progeny.

A group

A group of crimes defil'd the virgin-earth ;
Then fraud and daring lust emerg'd to birth.
Hence to hard toil was human kind betray'd,
Hence sprung sad care, and death his gate display'd.

110

Diseases ghastly stalk'd with pining grief,
Base want and famine hopeless of relief.
Was man obedient, he had felt no care,
But breath'd thro' many years this vital air.
Then man unskill'd and thoughtless rang'd the fields,

115

Untutor'd in the good, that order yields.
Howe'er they mov'd their God by victims slain,
From storms to shield their flocks, and bladed grain.
Two thousand years their state unvary'd ey'd :
At length God gave his vengeance to subside. 120
For in Olympus tho' they found no place,
Yet still to civilize the wand'ring race,
The supreme pow'r refin'd them by advice,
Struck out new laws and modes of sacrifice.
Our tribes he form'd ; the knife to mark them glow'd

125

With blood, that from the circumcision flow'd.
Then with the future truth the bards distent
On the rejoicing world their numbers spent ;
The time was rolling, when the forbidd'n sky
Should to the pious wide spontaneous fly. 130

Beneath earth's circle, in a dark retreat,
The pious ghosts, mean while, devoutly wait

The purple dawn of the redeeming days,
Once the fond subject of prophetick lays.
With hands uprear'd, they beg the supreme Sire 135
To put a period to his burning ire,
Nor, for the devious fault of one, deface
From the expanded earth the human race.
Spare, Almighty! spare, (was the gen'ral cry)
Give us at length to claim the promis'd sky, 140
From whose bland light, these regions long detain;
Nor have you on us life bestow'd in vain.
But if some trace of former faults remains,
Unlock your springs, and lave benign the stains.
Oh what celestial shall Heav'n's moisture pour, 145
And kind refresh us with the holy show'r?
Drop dew ye orbs, that wind the blue serene;
Aid us ye clouds, distent with sacred rain.
Come chiefly you, whom ages wish'd to see;
To whom with awe hell bends the trembling knee,
150
Jehovah born; bright as the dew descend;
And hither swift from starry ether tend;
Break down the gates, that block the sacred way,
And, cloth'd with pow'r, glide from eternal day.
Such was the invocation of their strains; 155
To which, the potent Sire touch'd with their pains,
And full the Angel—damage to repair,
From high Olympus bent a fav'rite ear.
Tho' at his nod Heav'n's gate might open wide,
Or some wing'd minstrel from Olympus glide, 160
Free the sad captives from the gloomy plains,
And waft their souls to ether's starry fanes;

His

His Godhead still to print on human kind,
And with a glorious act, their love to bind,
He sent his Son from his ethereal throne, 165
Made man, for man's transgression to atone :
But unconfess'd on earth, lest he should stand,
Or be expell'd an exile from the land,
Himself proclaiming God's own Progeny,
Forbidd'n by the statutes of the country, 170
He sent a Bard his advent to proclaim,
A native of these regions, John by name,
Whom to Zacharias Eliza bore,
Sterile her womb, her head with old age hoar.
He lab'ring with a Prophet's sacred throws 175
To the glad world the God incarnate shews.
In infancy he from the world retir'd,
With love of woods, and brooks, and mountains fir'd:
His mansion are deep caves with horrors rude,
Uncultur'd shrubs bear fruitage for his food ; 180
Or hollow trunks their honey wild distill,
And for his cup clear rolls the lucid rill.
Religious to the sight his frame appears,
Rough vested with a camel's shaggy hairs.
Yet tho' a solitaire he pours his strains 185
To mountains, sandy shores and desert plains ;
But woodland shades can't quench fair virtue's beam,
The vicine towns soon catch the Hermit's fame ;
On him, as wafted from the skies, they gaze,
(The theme divine of Sibyl's raptur'd lays) 190
Who should, from shades o'ercast with dreary night,
Translate the human world to fields of light.

And

And now full crowds invade his wild retreat,
His race demanding and business of his state :
Was he the ONE, who from the skies should glide

195

To succour wretched man at once, and guide ?
He cry'd, beneath his sylvan bow'r reclin'd,
Hear and rejoice, you race of human kind ;
Long have you stray'd imbrown'd with night's dark
hue ;

The light now dawns, you wish'd so oft to view ; 200
But spare to view me as the promis'd flame,
(For undeserving honours I disclaim.)

As Lucifer precedes, with slender ray,
The matin sun, and faint announces day :
So I foretel your flood of radiance shines, 205

And God himself shall visit your confines ;
The God shall on your mortal plains be seen,
Confess'd a mortal in his frame and mien :

At his approach your festal joy display,
With blushing carpets strew his sacred way ; 210
Your verdant fields with flow'ry chaplets dress,
And in your holy pomp the God confess.

Righteous, mean while, and moral be your fame,
And let me lave your follies in the stream.

With the celestial Spirit, he will clean 215
Guilt's first contagion, and each sinful stain :

Then the whole world with wonder shall behold
Itself transfigur'd to an age of gold.

These

These words pronounc'd, the neighb'ring towns
descend,

Where Jordan's streams along the vallies bend; 220

The skies imperial they for peace address,

And all their faults spontaneously confess.

With hollow palm the Baptist scoops the waves,

And with the stream their naked bodies laves.

The God in private mixes with the band, 225

And for lustration seeks fair Jordan's strand;

That he might (vested with a mortal frame)

The rites perform, that man's attention claim.

That after ages need not blush to share

The solemn duties, which employ'd his care. 230

Soon as the Lord had 'mid the water shone,

The Baptist's visual orbs the Godhead own,

And while his hands are rear'd to Ether's beams,

His suppliant knees compress the wond'ring streams.

Absorb'd with rev'rence he declines to shed 235

The lustral moisture on his sacred head:

But passive soon to the divine command,

He laves his body with a trembling hand:

With lustre purpled, Jordan's streams appear,

And peals of thunders rend th'ambient air: 240

Lo! from the skies a Dove directs his flight,

His wings with gold, his back with silver bright,

Sloping his blazing course, his plumage spreads,

And breathes his holy influence on their heads.

The Father's lays along Olympus run, 245

Impassion'd with the love he bears his Son.

Mean

Mean while a youthful band of Heav'n's bright
sphere,

On wings incumbent press the crowded air :
Are charg'd with drapery of a snowy hue,
In act their Sovereign's mandate to pursue ; 250
Quickly to dry his darling Son's moist frame,
And tresses, droping with the sacred stream.

The God when he had shar'd the holy rite,
Forakes the tumid flood, and steals from sight.
At whose recess the Baptist pours this strain, 255
To all the banks throng'd with a num'rous train :
The God is come, he dwells on earth, behold ;
By all desir'd and oft by me foretold,
Mild as a lamb, on incens'd altars slain,
Who by his blood shall wash each human stain ; 260
A willing victim to his Father fall ;
Then own your God, and on your Master call.

The Bard no longer haunts the wilds and groves ;
But now from town to town incessant roves ;
Distilling on the ear in raptur'd strains ; 265
The promis'd God treads earth, the Godhead reigns !
But few believ'd till God, himself proclaim'd
By deeds, above the reach of mortals, fam'd.
For thirty years the Lord himself conceal'd
His deeds obscure, his Godhead unreveal'd :
But first he calls twelve friends among his train
To share his fortune and laborious pain. 270
Nor think he fix'd on them of lineage great,
Or taught by nature, or by art deceit :

His

His choice were men, whose veins roll'd vulgar gore,
275

Of manners simple, and in fortune poor.

Among us five from small Bethesda came,

Employ'd to lure the fishes from the stream

With guileful hook; or launch into the main,

Where scaly shoals enrich the wat'ry plain. 280

When he desir'd, we should attend his lore,

I was my nets repairing on the shore.

My brother James observ'd with watchful eye,

Lashing the shore with panting life, the fry.

Andrew and Peter near us plough'd the stream; 285

Brothers, the same their thought and art the same.

Philip likewise, by blood to me ally'd

Left at the call his nets and briny tide:

Thomas and Thaddeus next increas'd the train,

And Simon sprung from Galilean Cane, 290

With the like art, whose breast was wont to glow,

Fond of the flood and to the fish a foe.

For Alpheus James by blood to Simon dear,

Before this time had join'd the social care.

Behold a list of an inglorious race, 295

Names harsh to hearing and of accent base !

Nor we alone appear of horrid mien;

Three also at the summons join'd the train.

Matthew, who glories in no better line ;

Whose hoary tresses next to Peter's shine, 300

The list Bartholomew and Judas fill,

Judas, the horrid instrument of ill.

Scarce

Scarce can I count the wonders which my eyes
Gaz'd on, or ears imbib'd with deep surprize,
In a short space, for only three years roll'd, 305
Since he embrac'd me in his chosen fold.
Who shall this ocean of his deeds essay?—
I will, however, your instance to obey,
Tho' hard the task, exhibit to your view,
And draw, from crowds of progenies, a few. 310
To tell his actions therefore I'll forbear,
Wrought in the vicine towns, which reach'd your ear.
For all this coast with soaring fame proceeds,
Illustrious with the glory of his deeds.
Has not Bethania's vales with palms embrac'd, 315
Her ruler lately ey'd from death releas'd?
On whose remains, in darksome tomb outspread,
The sun four days his mourning influence shed.
What numbers has he call'd from death's drear gate,
How many snatch'd from all-devouring fate? 320
Equal's the task, to tell, when Boreas roars,
The waves that frothe, the sands that strew the
shores,
As to rehearse the throngs, with languid breath,
Who morbid sought him, and return'd with health.
What groups of blind, of deaf-born men, what
swarms, 325
Whose ears ne'er drunk, nor lips drop'd vocal
charms!
The lame to seek him bend their limping way;
And carriers those of moveless limbs convey:

With

With ulcerous bodies some polluted glow,
And putrid juices from their members flow. 330
Those guileful draughts in their swell'd frames instil,
Whose thirst nor streams can quench, nor human
skill;

While these their limbs, with trembling palsy weak,
Beneath the burthen of their bodies shake.

In some the fever rages thro' their veins; 335
Some lie, their members torn with unknown pains.

In others while disturbing furies rise,
The mind destroy, and redden in the eyes.
The sad diseases shun his holy sight,
Or from his touch wing swift their baleful flight.

The patient hence exalts his healthful head,
And bounds rejoicing from his sickly bed.
And hence his walks contain a morbid train,
The road, the forum, and the sacred Fane.
The dead felt not his power, 'till Sidon's land 345
Gave him to lofty Naim with his band.

A range of lights in long procession flames,
And thro' the town a dewy sadness streams.
Now on his bier the mournful cause appears,
A beauteous youth dead in his bloom of years, 350
The ghastly white spread o'er his pallid face,
Blots out the crimson of each youthful grace.
So press'd by oxen coming from the plains,
The Hyacinth resigns his purple stains.

Or

Or thus the rose, crop'd by some virgin, lies 355
 'Mong shaggy thorns obscure, decays, and dies.
 The wretched mother, with her sorrow wild,
 Roams thro' the city, and laments her child.
 Sanguine with mangl'd cheeks her hands appear,
 And down her back dishevell'd flows her hair. 360
 Touch'd with her mien, and wounded by her cries,
 The matrons swarm, and fill with shrieks the skies.
 The men deplore by soft compassion led
 The childless mother and her widow'd bed.
 When the God saw the corse with paleness fade,
365
 And the soft down the youthful features shade;
 He bids the tears to cease, the pomp to stand,
 And moving soothes the body with his hand.
 Life moves the corse: and wond'rous to the eyes,
 Amid the crowd the youth is seen to rise; 370
 Forsakes his bier and with a soft embrace,
 His parent clasps, and bids her sorrow cease.

A few moons after, he from death's drear shade
 To blooming life restores a beauteous maid;
 All vital heat and breath forsook the fair, 375
 And flying vanish'd into common air.
 Jairus the Virgin's fire the wonder ey'd,
 Jairus rich, facund, and the people's pride.
 Touch'd with a friend's distress he bids the stream
 To wine transvers'd assume a rosy flame. 380
 The sun begun to shoot his western rays,
 When on a mountain plac'd, the Lord surveys
Of

Of males and females a promiscuous knot,
 Themselves forgetting, and their cares forgot ;
 Who of his person fond, forsake their home, 385
 And with him rush into the desert's gloom.
 With tender pity mov'd he here delays ;
 For on their fasts three suns had spent their blaze ;
 No corn stood near, nor towns to purchase meat ;
 Nor was the fruitage then matur'd by heat. 390
 By chance a boy is found, who five loaves bore,
 And too small fishes, his nutritious store,
 Which his fond mother, to support his ways,
 Involv'd in balmy grass and myrtle leaves.
 But what were these to feed a num'rous train ?—395
 And now his friends sad with despair complain ;
 His little senate he to soothe them forms,
 And into hope, their fears thus mildly charms.
 Tho' in the subject vale vast numbers stray,
 None shall retire unsatisfy'd this day. 400
 Then to the ground without delay he falls
 And on his Sire supreme thus rev'rend calls :
 Hail mighty Parent ! by whose suns and rains
 All things with food the fecund earth sustains ;
 If once, in wilds, you fed the Hebrew-race, 405
 By shedding banquets from the heav'nly space ;
 If to no seed creation owes its birth,
 And once were nothing ether, seas, and earth ;
 Propitious hear, dire famine chase away,
 Nor let so many thousands be her prey. 410
 He ceas'd to pray ; and on the grassy plain,
 Outspreads, with hunger keen, the num'rous train,
 L. Then

Then placid cuts the loaves with nicest care,
 And strictly deals to each his scanty share.
 Five thousand men for food then press'd the green;
 415
 When lo! (heard with surprize, with wonder seen)
 The little portions in their hands embrac'd,
 Augment and swell into a gen'rous feast.
 The gnawing rage of hunger now sedate,
 With copious liquids and mirac'lous meat; 420
 Of ample size twelve baskets scarce contain
 The copious scraps that of the feast remain.

Another wonder lately was display'd;
 A tree diffuses wide a leafy shade:
 Beneath it oft the weary traveller stood 425
 And drain'd the fruitage of their sparkling flood.
 Imbrown'd with dust our Hero pass'd that way,
 And sought to quench his thirst, the blooming
 spray
 In vain: The tree with barren branches waves,
 And spends its juices in luxurious leaves. 430
 His disappointment flashes on the boughs,
 And the tree feels the terror of his vows.
 Instant I saw the tree and branches die,
 And the leaves circling in a whirlwind flie.

Nor to his pow'r less subject are the seas; 435
 The waves, or swell, or rest, as he decrees:
 I saw fierce Boreas on the billows wild,
 Subdue his rage, and at his word breathe mild.

Scarce

Scarce has bright Cynthia thrice her circle roll'd,
Since on the sea a midnight tempest growl'd : 440
Smooth flow'd the waves, in whispers blow'd the
wind,

When first with nets we fought the scaly kind.
But soon the waves our shatter'd bark o'erflow'd,
And death on each contending billow rode.

When lo ! our Chief, whom on the distant shore
445

We left attentive to the surges roar ;
Comes treading light the surface of the main,
Secure amid the wa'try hurricane :
Our eyes at the approaching figure fade,
Doubtful to judge it solid or a shade. 450

So swiftly without oars he skim'd the main
Till he confess'd himself in this soft strain :
Whence flow your fears, and why your hope sub-
side ?

Hence in my words hereafter ne'er diffide.
He ceas'd, and mounts the bark, the sinking prey,
455

To the devouring fury of the sea ;
Forbids by nod the raging storm to blow,
And free from threats, the surges gently flow.
The storm thus hush'd, with swiftest oars we glide,
Safely to shore, along the dimpling tide. 460

The harbour gain'd, an event soon befell,
Wond'rous to view and stranger still to tell ;

The Magistrates, on our arrival, stood
 On the green margin of the briny flood,
 Claiming, by custom due, the yearly fee,
 Impos'd on each by ancient Kings decree.
 While they delay'd his placid speech to hear,
 Christ whisp'ring drop'd these words in Peter's ear.
 Haste hence and cast the line into the seas,
 And the first fish the fraudulent hook shall seize,

Dissect; the victim soon shall drop to view
 What shall absolve the debt to Cæsar due.
 The Sage obeys: the prize now bears the shore
 Within whose jaws sparkles the tribute ore.

A rising horror always writhes my mien,
 As often as my mind lives o'er this scene:
 Culling of late some fish cast by the flood,
 A man of furious mind beside me stood.
 His eye-balls, thrown about with wildness, gleam'd,
 And from his mouth a frothing moisture stream'd.

If fame sings true, a lawless Hymen led
 His guilty parents to the genial bed.
 There joys to taste forbidden by our rite,
 What time the land to mourn the tribes invite,
 But they enjoy'd not long their foul delight;
 The crime commenc'd and ended in one night:
 For 'mid his joys the base adulterer dies,
 And into air his wicked spirit flies,

When

When urg'd her throes, from ether shot a flame,
And lambent round, consum'd the lab'ring Dame,
490

And was not snatch'd from her cut womb the birth,
Both had, at once, resign'd their lives in death.

Their brother's orphan child the sister nurs'd,
Who with the pain due to his parents curs'd, 494

His eyes with light, nor ears with sounds were fill'd;
Nor human accents from his lips distill'd;

But when arriv'd to youth's vermilion age,
He foam'd with madness and infernal rage.

An hundred pests from Erebus' dark shade,
On his weak mind an hundred furies prey'd. 500

Thro' his deep throat (who can the tear refrain?)

They pour their shouts, and wake their howling pain,
And when chance freed him from his guardian's
hands,

His irons broken. and his knotted bands,
All shun'd the shocking and the foaming fight, 505

And ghastly sought their roofs with headlong flight.

Thro' devious mazes now he joy'd to roam,

Forgetful of his friends and native home.

Chose, social with the brutes, the sylvan gloom,

Lodg'd in some rocky cave, or mould'ring tomb.

510

Thus poor he rang'd the wilds with haggard eyes,

And with his naked body brav'd the skies.

This wretched man, his hands fast bound with
chains,

His friends and kindred led, by cogent means,

Before the Lord; that touch'd with his distress,
He might perhaps his misery redress.
But scorning aid he strove his hands to tear;
While his fierce cries ascend the starry sphere;
The warrior bull, with cords to altars led,
Thus tosses thro' the town his roaring head. 520
His dewlaps white with foaming rage appear,
And with his horns he wounds the yeilding air.

A servile crowd with sticks around him glow,
And his back ecchoes with each frequent blow.
While to their gates the vulgar bend their flight,
And safe at distance view the dang'rous fight :
So rag'd the youth, at length his friends with pain,
Before the God the captive wretch constrain.
His holy aid they lowly bending sue
To calm his spirit and his rage subdue. 530
The pious Chief, with hands rear'd to the skies,
Invokes his Father to his enterprize :
When lo ! a prodigy both strange and foul;
Dogs seem to bark and rav'nous wolves to howl.
The furious wretch such bellowing clamours pouts

Loud, as from mountains rush the headlong show'rs.
Should Lake-Velinus burst by chance his bed,
And o'er the vales his stagnant waters spread,

Towns

Towns float in waves, an ocean drowns the plains,
And Rome o'erwhelm'd, turns pallid for her fanes.

540

Now cracks are heard as when the supreme King
His thunder rolls and ether's temples ring.

The noise now emulates the ocean's rage;
Now feigns the clash, when hostile spears engage:
Now rattling chains seem now the ear to wound,

545

And earth and heav'n return the direful sound.

While the God chides the horrid fiends delay:

Within the wretch they trembling sue to stay.

Why, God's true Son, you bid us to retire,

From this man's body subject to our ire? 550

Grant us at least to invade this bristl'd band;

(A herd of swine then graz'd beside the strand.)

Nor plunge us into gulfs with shades imbrown'd,

Nor into nether earth's opaque profound.

He nods consent: lo! by the furies seiz'd 555

The swine rove wild with madd'ning pangs diseas'd,

So rages keenly sharp each inward guest,

The herd stray furious and enjoy no rest;

Then headlong plunge into the azure plain,

And in the waves extinguish life and pain. 560

The youth, mean time, his captive arms unbound,

His weary'd limbs diffuses on the ground,

Biting the earth with prostrate visage lies,

And as expiring draws the painful sighs.

To whom God's offspring tends, and with his
hands

565

His eyes discloses, and his ears expands:

His eyes drink light, lo! from his tongue words
glide,
And in his heart the frequent throbs subside.
With Christ's applause, crowds wound the bright
abode;

Jehovah born confess him, and a God. 570

What can't his pow'r perform? at his command
We chase diseases from the morbid band;
Sickness retires soon from our present aid,
And many disappoint death's gloomy shade;
Nor studious art we boast nor mortal care 575
From painful beds the languid group to rear,
But bid fair health invade the rosy frame,
By calling thrice upon our Master's name.

Among the host that sought us to be heal'd.
On one alone our invocation fail'd: 580

The more we strove to chase the hellish guest,
The fiercer pangs he rous'd within the breast:
When God assistance brought, by goodness mov'd,
Our little faith in him he disapprov'd;
Would you from bodies cast such fiends? he cries, 585

From food abstain and supplicate the skies.
Nor shall this pow'r on you alone be shed,
But ev'ry one who shall my glory spread,
(If his faith staggers with no dubious air)
Each wond'rous action may securely dare. 590
Mountains will change their place at his command,
And headlong rivers with attention stand.

Go then resolv'd in stable faith confide
And the bright seed of radiant truth spread wide.
Sprinkle the night-sepulchr'd earth with rays, 595
And be mankind's and offus'd nature's blaze.

Thus having spoke, seventy men he chose,
To share our labours and to feel our woes.
Yet his heart throb'd with sighing grief replete,
So few the actors and the task so great. 600
The peasant so, who with assiduous toil,
And hundred ploughs tills his paternal soil :
When the ripe wheat nods yellow to the plain,
And barns wide wait to hide the copious grain,
With sadness views his small domestic band, 605
And roams for aid o'er all the vicine land.

How oft men's thoughts and latent cares he told,
Which God alone could possibly behold.
Our dubious minds, our vain and tacit fears,
He angry echoed in our wond'ring ears. 610
When his foes glow'd with direful vengeance blind,
And dread destruction labour'd in their mind,
He oft display'd their schemes with ire replete,
And all the frustrate rancour of their hate.

Nor is the woman's cure unknown to fame, 615
Who twice six years pin'd with a sanguine stream.
Exhausted now with her disease's pain,
She fought by touching Christ her health to gain ;
While

While round him youths and rushing people stream,
She mov'd behind and touch'd his robe's extreme.

610

Lo! at her touch her old distemper flies
And to retire unseen she vainly tries ;
But God soon felt the trembling flying fair,
And with soft counsel fill'd her list'ning ear.
Nor is the time long laps'd, since I have seen 625
The Lord burst either from his mortal mien,
Or bathe his body in such radiant blaze,
As floods the Sun, when he darts down his rays.

These wond'rous acts resulting from his nod,
And others, which I saw, acclaim the God. 630
His mortal nature yet he ne'er forgot,
And willing bore the woes of human lot,
Our model to pursue : for oft at feasts
He mixes chearful with the chosen guests :
In council when the citizens convene, 635
He's often pleas'd to join the civil train :
And when the nation 'gainst him furious rise,
He, as a man, their hate and temple flies,
The caverns seeks, while impotently loud,
The foes assault, shap'd like his frame, a cloud. 640
But when John's recent murder fame had told,
Scarce yet has Sol his annual measure roll'd ;
With whose lop'd head the King distain'd the floor,
His brother's ravish'd spouse urg'd to restore.
The Lord, I mark'd, impatient to recede, 645
From town and crowds sought quick the wood's
deep shade.

Nor

Nor hell's grim King, base foe of human kind,
From right who labours to divert the mind,
Abstain'd his double nature to annoy,
The God to scorn or manhood to destroy. 650
Our Chief once fled his friends and waiting band,
And gain'd the summit of a shady land.
Twice twenty suns sat on him without food ;
Twice twenty nights their starry course renew'd.
The Prince of darkness thought the present hour 655
Most apt his baleful vengeance then to pour.
First to his aid he call'd a numerous host
From the sad borders of the infernal coast ;
But when he found his malice vainly shed,
He shock'd the horrors of his beastly head. 660
His hopes of hurting now in words confide,
And from his lips these artful accents glide.
I own thy birth divine, thyself a God ;
And all things are obedient to thy nod,
Why suffer famine o'er thy limbs to spread ? 665
But sudden change these ambient rocks to bread.
The God perceives the fraud, and thus replies,
Nor on sole bread my mortal frame relies,
But on my Father, whose repeated strains
Chafe food's desire, and hunger's gnawing pains. 670
He said ; tho' conquer'd in his first essay
The foe desists not, and renews the fray ;
Insults on insults ardently repeats,
And, tho' repell'd, thrice urges his deceits ;
With lust of rule now strives his mind to fire, 675
And quench with love of praise his pure desire.

So

So when the winds along the ocean roar,
The threat'ning waves lash thick the foaming shore.
But on the rocks when their vain rage they shed,
They glide confounded to their azure bed. 680
To stop the frauds foreseen, the God forbears,
And gives the foe to forge his fruitless snares.
To lead him passive to the Temple's spire
And to rough rocks whose brows in air retire.
Just when the foe with hope delusive smiles, 685
And thinks to reap the harvest of his wiles,
Our Chief begins his Godhead to display,
And drags the lurking mischief into day.
The horse, thus free from his coercive reins,
Ranges at large the broad expanded plains, 690
Joys the pursuing menials to elude,
Now near them moves, now crops the verdant food.
But when they hope the captive steed to seize,
He neighs, high starts and scours the grassy space.
With schemes defeated and with anger fir'd, 695
The foe stalk'd fierce, and from the God retir'd.
Sent from his Sire a thousand Angels wing
The skies, and to their God refreshment bring.

Would you the origin of their hatred know,
Whence the people 'gainst the prisoner glow, 700
They best can tell; for sure his life's not stain'd
With the foul acts, of which he is arraign'd.
For, of mankind, than he, they must confess,
None better is; more easy of address:

To

To all his soft indulgence he extends, 705
Beneficent to foes, as well as friends.

Some blame him suffering those, who him annoy,
When, by his nod, he might his foes destroy.

Along the coasts of Sidon once he stray'd
A weary trav'ler, in the midnight shade, 710
Desir'd beneath their roofs his limbs to rest,
But the barbarians heard not his request.

We pensive call'd the SUPREME from his seat,
Quick to revenge his SON's inhuman treat.
On the base people dart celestial fire, 715
And cause their walls in vengeful flames expire.
With indignation at our vows he glow'd,
And for the wicked town with pity flow'd.

Tho' conscious of his foes, he deign'd resort
Their domes, and seek the roofs of bad report; 720
If by advice he might subdue their pride,
And, taught truth's walk, their passions might sub-
side.

So Zaccheus, Matthew, and a thousand more
Forsook their former, for a better lore.
Our Chief was led by error, yet who thought 725
This practice charg'd as a contagious fault.
But he to minister his healing aid
In search of patients thro' the city stray'd;
Weeping their state; from minds, offus'd with night,
He chas'd the clouds, and gave celestial light. 730
A task most pleasing to the Angel-choir;
And to their God, the Angels' mighty Sire.

For

For this, he left Olympus' blazing vault
And the glad anthems of the sky he taught,
When any base immortal son of earth, 735
To whom the foulest crimes refer their birth,
Begins at justice's shrine, with awe to bend,
And virtuous deeds religiously defend;
Joy thrills thro' all the natives of the skies,
And Ether rings with their applauding cries. 740
The shepherd thus rich in a thousand sheep,
Before night seals his eyes in balmy sleep;
Should he imprudent leave, the number told,
But one behind him, of the bleating fold!
Pensive returns, revisits ev'ry glade, 745
And with his eyes pervades each latent shade.
At length he spies the fleecy wand'rer steal,
In quest of food, thro' a sequester'd vale.
Clasp'd in his arms forbids his charge to roam
A fugitive, forgetful of her home. 750
His sweetest babes to kiss their father burn,
And the house smiles at the lost sheep's return.
Wherefore an ear to female tales he deigns;
For lately passing o'er Samaria's plains,
By chance he spies approaching him a dame 755
From Sichar's ancient walls to scoop the stream;
He sues her suppliantly her vase to fill,
And tastes the bounty of the limpid rill,
Who sonorous rivers and the sea domains,
And the vast globe bedews with copious rains; 760
At whose command the thirsty crowd to save,
Rocks liquid grew and pour'd a bounteous wave.

Mean

Mean while our wonder swells, in thought conceal'd;
But, her admonish'd, and her faults reveal'd,
The Lord delivers from profoundest night, 765
And laves with beams of never-fading light.

The pious Sires full of parental care,
Oft brought their train of youths and virgins fair,
Their flowing locks with roseat chaplets crown'd,
Or with soft fillets of green foliage bound; 770
To have their hearts with love of virtue fir'd,
And their young minds with gen'rous thoughts
inspir'd.

His infant audience placid he address'd,
And with his touch so purified the breast,
That vice in vain might wear her magic charm,

775

And hell, thro' all its reign, to crush them, arm.

By words and acts he chiefly shew'd the hate
He bore to minds with tow'ring pride elate:
I and my 'sociates, as our Chief we sought,
Reclin'd our weary limbs beside a grot, 780
O'er whose dark gate, an awful elm high weaves
An arch of branches and a waste of leaves.
Consuming time, we mutually demand,
Who should superior be among our band;
Who by our Hero was the most approv'd, 785
The most regarded and the best lov'd:
Soon as he saw us at the grotto's gates
With knitted brows he bids us to relate
The subject (strange to tell) of our discourse
And of our clam'rous strife the native source. 790
Our

Our pride subsiding, silent we remain,
So warm was our dispute, the theme so vain.
Then sudden in the midst he leads a child,
Void of ambition, and in desires mild;
None can, says he, ascend the happy skies, 795
But who scorn pride, the love of fame despise;
For them alone, the sky its gates displays,
Who like this child feel not the throbs of praise.
Sooner shall clouds dwell in the saline main,
And fishes live in every verdant plain; 800
In ether's limpid clime trees fix their root,
And in the blue immense their foliage shoot.
Still at my mother's pray'r my blood pale runs
The chiefest honours suing for her sons:
That when the mansions of the skies he gain'd 805
And with his mighty Sire coequal reign'd;
Then next him we on either side might stand.
One on his right, and one on his left hand
Not her, (a mother's fondness sure's no crime)
But us, he sudden views with looks sublime; 810
Justly reproves with better words and brows,
Who prompted with vain art such simple vows.
To crush the proud delights the Pow'r supreme;
So hateful is the love of praise and fame.
Altho' our Chief is equal to his Sire, 815
Since in external acts they both conspire,
Still when the muse to him her voice wou'd raise,
He to his Father paints the song of praise;
And owns, as man, he dares no enterprise,
Unless assisted by the lofty skies. 820

Hence

Hence those, whom from diseases' pain he freed,
He often charg'd to hide the wond'rous deed,
Who by his nod the lepers sores could heal,
From publick praise his virtue to conceal,
Oft sent the patients to medic'nal streams, 825
To lave the tabid ulcers from their frames.
Shall I relate what people and what towns,
That ardent wish'd he would accept their crowns,
Off'ring to him the royalties of empire,
The robe, the sceptre, and the sacred tire? 830
He was by frequent pray'r urg'd by his band,
By arms to seize, and rule the Syrian land;
Then all that ground the victor should obey,
Lash'd with the surges of the ambient sea.
Soon then the broad-spread earth new laws should
own, 835
And ardent pay her homage to his throne.
To shun the instance of each fervent vow,
He flies and seeks the mountain's airy brow.
With livid envy yet and baleful hate,
They cruelly conspir'd our Hero's fate; 840
You know they drag'd him 'mid such furious cries,
As if their walls were scal'd by enemies.
But, to obey his Sire, a painful store
Of basest insults he serenely bore.
For he might 'scape beneath night's friendly shade;
Yet to the spies he twice himself betray'd: 845
Aw'd by his voice, I saw them bending prone;
And heard the ground by their prostration groan.

No honours from the temple he withdraws,
Nor rites defaces, nor dissolves their laws ; 850
Yet bids oblations cease of victims slain,
And from all sanguine off'rings to abstain.
For diff'rent rites are in the words design'd ;
Then he unveils the Legislator's mind.
What may surprise, they must confess and say, 855
A bard should come and quaff this blaze of day,
Alone, who could for us unfold Heav'n's gates,
And waft just souls from night to starry seats.
For him they pant, once promis'd to their fires,
And in whose praise the prophets strung their lyres. 860

Their state how wretched, how depriv'd of sight !
Who see not radiance blazing thro' the night :
Their thirst how great ! who 'mid a copious stream
Quench not the passion of their parching flame.
Without a perverse will, whom can't they charm, 865
Such virtue, merit, and such beauteous form ?
Soon as my ears inhal'd his vocal lays,
And eyes the love that o'er his person strays,
I left my fortune, mother, country, all,
As many have, nor grieve I at my call. 870
As from a spark a mighty fire grows
And as it wastes itself the fiercer glows ;
So as my love each hour dominion gains,
My heart burns brighter with the pleasing pains:
For who are honour'd once his toils to share, 875
In strongest bands for ever bound adhere.

He

He us'd no words nor promise to deceive,
Nor flatter'd us by fair rewards, believe;
But promis'd all things of the blackest hue,
And the parade of our misfortunes drew. 880

Nor has his promise fail'd; condemn'd to roam,
We wander exiles, poor, without an home.
Such groves of ills bud low'ring on our eyes,
That new disasters on disasters rise.

One shall (whoe'er he is) consign his breath 885
In peace, free solely from a cruel death.

But, for the rest of his obedient train,
A diverse store of sanguine fates remain.
He bids, mean while, ourselves and riches scorn,
And aid the sick, the famish'd and forlorn; 890

Dare to be poor, and, by long custom bold,
With social arms adversity infold.

Hence many did behold our bodies strewn
Along the fields, and sleep upon a stone:
Or crop the teeming ears fatigu'd with toil, 895
And comfort hunger with the undress'd spoil.

If any thirsty land a fountain gave,
We prone scoop'd with our hands, and quaff'd the
wave.

To speak incessant if an hundred tongues
I had, join'd with the aid of brazen lungs, 900
I could not still, beneath our Chief, disclose
What toils we calmly suffer'd, or what woes.

For tho' unequal to our cares we stood,
Our strength some time consum'd for want of food,

Above the wealth of kings our souls still shin'd, 905
And tho' in body poor, yet rich in mind.

Nor less new crowds approach you may behold,
Ambitious in his train to be enroll'd.
Matrons with hoary Sires, the same's their will,
The same their certitude, his band to fill. 910

So if a potent King a war should wage,
Against some town, to make the battle rage,
Now points his weapons, now collects his host,
To ruin the town and massacre the coast.

Not sole his cohorts, and his muster'd bands, 915
But all assemble from the neighb'ring lands,
Who of dire wealth enamour'd have in view
The spoils of war, unask'd the camp pursue.

For crowds who follow of their own accord
Wide fields and roads too small a space afford. 920
Our Hero oft the pressing crowd evades,
To mountains flying and sequester'd shades.

Once trav'ling, I record, beside a coast,
The banks throng'd thick by an unusual host;
He seiz'd a boat, whose cord loos'd from the strand,
925

He launch'd to sea, an arrow's flight from land:
There stop'd, and ey'd the crowded shore and plains,
Address'd the people in celestial strains,

The sacred walk of righteousness he shew'd,
And softly pointed out fair Ethicks road. 930

The captive throng on ev'ry accent hung
And list'ning drank the accent of his tongue.

The

The sea whose waves, but now, wild beat the shore,
Teaz'd with the winds, ceas'd, while he spoke, to
 roar.

Groves, the bird's green cells, without motion stand,

935

Their branches shading deep the winding strand.
But hoary dames, meantime the silence break,
Surpriz'd such sacred truths to hear him speak :
With clam'rous joy pronounce his Mother blest,
And blest the moisture trickling from her breast, 940
Blessing the womb that gave him to our dawn
And the full breasts his infant lips had drawn.

For man he taught, from earth and night to rear
The human soul to Ether's lofty sphere ;
To view the streaming radiance of the skies, 945
And all the fruitless cares of life despise.
Then praises peace ; ye men fair peace pursue
With gentle vows, and haughty pride subdue ;
Humble of mind above the want of praise,
Honours contemn and riches flashing blaze. 950
Known to misfortune and with little blest'd
Sustain a life in poverty well vers'd.
Of rosy pleasure fleeting is the reign ;
And nothing's permanent that is terrene.
This earth for you designs no mansion-seat, 955
But plan'd for you more glorious regions wait.
From bodies free, your souls shall glad aspire
To better worlds, illum'd by my best Sire :

M 3

Where

Where plenty overflows, peace smiles serene,
Rest undisturb'd, and pleasures ever reign. 960
For such rewards how short's the longest toil?
For me, who wouldn't leave this earthly soil?
For wealth so true, for honours so sublime,
Contend, above the waste of chance or time.
Religious be, a mutual softness shew, 965
And feel with melting hearts each other's woe.
Forbid, by suffering, wrath and hate to rise,
And the vague rumours of the throng despise.
No wound for wound; 'tis nobler to expose
The check once injur'd to repeated blows. 970
For praise therefore let others point the steel,
And beauteous death by battles purchas'd feel;
To all benign, to foes soft peace proclaim,
So lightly hold the transient noise of fame.
But let the mind face death without affright 975
Nor force pervert it, obstinately right.
For tyrants may the mortal body slay;
And the limbs mangle, to the sword a prey;
Yet still the soul immortal safe remains,
And death defies, superior to its pains. 980
The SIRE shall bend, to guard you, from his sphere,
And none, without his will, dare pluck one hair.
Alone him fear; your pray'rs religious shed,
And worthy of HIM your oblations spread,
Whom seas obey, the land, and fields of air, 985
And the bright regions of Olympus fear:
The ground embrace in act of homage prone
And prostrate breathe your vows before his throne.
For,

For, after death, your souls, if black with stains,
He can commit to hell's infernal pains. 990
Dread not, when lions, loos'd against you, roar,
And herds of speckled panthers thirst for gore;
On the protection of my name rely,
And rush intrepid 'mid the savage cry:
Soon shall the bears, in pity, cease their sounds, 995
And strive with lambent tongues to heal your wounds.
Of food also, mildly seclude the care,
Behold who crop the fields, and wing the air,
Nor arts them vex, nor future cares confound;
Yet they with garments and with food abound: 1000
Nature's great parent o'er creation stands,
Dealing his aliment with fost'ring hands;
Invests the field with grass, with flow'rs the mead,
With leaves the trees and mountains brows with
shade.

Impure desire expel, fraud and deceit, 1005
And view with mod'rate joy the well-spread feast.
All loit'ring leisure from your minds remove;
Another's bed avoid, and lawless love.
Depress your hopes, forbidden heights to soar;
And guide your vows, with moderation's lore. 1010
With your own store of wealth content, behold,
Without a base desire, another's gold.
I shall not now the hateful task pursue,
Or draw th' influence of other faults to view;
But what shall I say? Mask'd with virtue's veil, 1015
Foul thoughts, deceits, and fraudulent hearts conceal.

From the polluted mind such pests erase,
 On what's now latent, day shall pour a blaze.
 Forbid also the wand'ring eye to roll
 Nor, by spontaneous glances, wound the soul. 1020
 Hence to indulge the love of speaking cease,
 Destruction oft succeeds the guardless phrase.
 Hence with no falsity your lips prophane ;
 But, with new morals crown'd, a life maintain.
 Yet, should a trace remain of ancient blame, 1025
 Lave the contagion in the sacred stream;
 To the pure font, whence flows the plenteous rill,
 Haste dames and thirsty fires and drink at will ;
 The surges of my font for all are roll'd ;
 Drink deeply then, the wave's not bought with gold.

1030

Thus shun death's walk, thus ether's mansion range,
 Climes blaz'd with stars, obnoxious to no change.
 These truths my Father told, the living source,
 Whence all my words derive their native force.

This said, to heav'n's Monarch he turns the strain,

1035

Who's pleas'd no more with blood of cattle slain ;
 By pray'rs and vows, sweet peace from ether bear ;
 And, praying thus, he shews the mode of pray'r :

FATHER SUPREME ! whose seat's the lucid skies ;
 To praise your holy name, bid nature rise : 1040
 Let now, at length, the promis'd happy days
 On the desiring nations dart their blaze :

Let

Let mortals homage to thy mandates pay,
As the bright tenants of the sky obey.
Our beings to support, benignly shed, 1045
From ether's airy height, our daily bread.
O ever good ! let mercy on us flow,
As we forgive the malice of our foe.
Weak to resist, temptation from us chace,
And from all evils guard the human race. 1050

Into hereafter rapt, he pours his lays,
Now shrouded deeply with obtusive rays.
This sun shall vagrant from his station fly,
And drop his mien, the splendor of the sky.
When night with hosts of light shall deck her shade, 1055

The dying moon shall in an instant fade ;
Cease on the world to pour her silver flood,
And fill her orb, distain'd with gleaming blood.
The stars, which now their destin'd limits roll,
Shall then, distracted, shoot from either pole ; 1060
And the perpetual motion, which gives life
To the celestial orbs, and hinders strife,
Ceasing shall from its poles this world deduce,
And 'mid the chaos set confusion loose.
Our Chief, like thunder rattling thro' pure space, 1065

Shall earth revisit, with an angel-race,
The lives of mankind strictly shall review,
And all their crimes thro' ev'ry maze pursue.
When nature rages with the ambient flame,
The fiery tempest spreading thro' earth's frame ; 1070

On earth new fram'd and in a recent sky,
The shades defunct shall to their bodies fly :
Then shall the yawning tombs resign their dead,
Whose pious ghosts the subject stars shall tread,
Plac'd in Olympus those he shall enthrone, 1075
Whom, from creation, God foresaw his own:
A band of winged youths with piercing cries
Fill the arch'd windings of the ambient skies.
From the four winds they wake mankind in haste,
With clang'rous trumpets, to the judgment-seat.

1080

The Judge, enthron'd sublime, with glory glows,
And his tremendous eyes around him throws,
Culls from the multitude the holy band,
And seats them glorified on his right hand :
But drives the guilty crowd, a num'rous host, 1085
On his left side without recov'ry lost.
So when the winter's raging storms subside,
And fields are vested with their vernal pride,
The smiling prospect bids the flock unfold,
And range the meadows verdant to behold. 1090
First for his sheep rich meads the shepherd notes,
But at a distance drives the smelling goats.
Then shall some men's transparent frames appear
Refulgent, shooting thro' the liquid air ;
Which once obnoxious to death's cruel pains, 1095
The mighty Sire shall purify from stains.
Then shall they flourish in a tranquil state,
Expos'd no more, the ills of life to taste.
Yet let none hope to have the human clay
Transfer'd to Heav'n's immense till the last day, 1100

Except

Except a few, whom God, when he shall rise,
From the dark tomb, shall translate to the skies.
This sublime station is alone confin'd,
Until that period, to the human mind :
While night and vengeance on the guilty wait, 1105
Of sin the painful and eternal state.
As we together the same couch had press'd,
My drooping head reclining on his breast ;
Our Chief all these strange scenes had late display'd,
What time the night expands her deepest shade ;

1110

For oft to catch his soothing words I strove,
And to him clung, the balm of pensive love.

His deeds perform'd along the Jordan's tide,
Or where Judea's hills in vales subside,
Shall I relate ? What crowds he oft address'd ? 1115
His speech, now plain, and now in figures dress'd.
Himself the first and final cause he shews,
The path to tread, the fountain whence truth flows ;
The vital light, that gives mankind to see,
And us now born, a happy progeny. 1120
Happy the age, that handed us to birth,
And thrice more happy is our natal earth,
Which grant his sacred Person to embrace,
And of his tongue to drink each vocal grace.
This wond'rous favour, in succeeding years, 1125
Shall be the envy of our pious heirs.

Thus

Thus John rehears'd, while the admiring throng
Lift'ning inhal'd the series of the song :
When lo! rush in a wicked Hebrew band,
And of their Chief the pris'ner's death demand.

1130

Joseph and John to the great Mother steal,
But the disasters of her Son conceal.

End of the Fourth Book.

ARGUMENT of the Fifth Book.

Pilate, to silence their clamours, desires the Jews to retire and choose a speaker who may inform him of the crimes laid to the Prisoner's charge. While the Jews are deliberating, Judas, stung with remorse for his sin, enters the Council-chamber, declares the Prisoner's innocence and his own villainy, throws down before them the silver-money, the reward of his treachery; departs frantic with despair, and hangs himself. On the Jews' return, Pilate re-ascends his judgment-seat, and harangues in favour of Christ. He is answered by Annas in a speech replete with malice and falshood. All then call for the dismissal of Barabbas, the robber, and the crucifying of Christ. Pilate, hereupon, sends the Prisoner to Herod, who sends him back to Pilate. Christ is whip'd to appease the multitude, but to no purpose. The wife of Pontius, frightened by a dream, desires her spouse not to shed the blood of that innocent Man. Mean while Satan, to undo Pilate's resolution of saving the Lord, sends the Demon FEAR accompanied with SLOTH, whose influence prevailson Pilate to give up Christ to the fury of his enemies. These, after many insults, lead him to be crucified. The Angels, shocked at the barbarous treatment, prepare to rescue Christ, but are hindered by the eternal Father. The Virgin Mary, hearing of her Son's disasters, repairs to Calvary where she sees her Son crucified between two thieves. Her lamentation. At length Christ exhausted with torments, while all nature sympathises with his fate, expires in pain and agony.

T H E

THE CHRISTIAN.

BOOK V.

THE Roman Chief revolves, with studious care,
The blameless Captive by some means to
spare:

His virtue, beauty, and his fame combine
The tale to strengthen, and his birth divine:
Then cries; (while tumults thro' the court spread
wide)

5

Hebrews, depart, and bid your rage subside:
Among your tribes, let one in order shew
The Prisoner's crime, that merits mortal woe.
Indignant they retire, with sullen tread,
In mind resolv'd to torment Christ 'till dead.

10

Judas, who to the foe his King betray'd,
Now owns his perjur'd crime, by fear dismay'd;
How ready would the wretch the deed undo,
Which vengeful furies and remorse pursue?
His mind no rest, his breast no comfort takes;
Fair hope now sleeps, and mad despair now wakes.

The

The sum, that caus'd his pains, with rage he views,
Treason's reward, once granted by the Jews ;
Brings to the Priest's dire hall, then loudly cries,
Behold the wicked bribe, take back the prize. 20
O wretch undone, I see, I basely fold
God's Progeny, a God himself, for gold.
The shades, that o'er my mind induc'd a night,
Fade now wide scatter'd, and let in the light.

He said; and casts the coin before them wide ; 25
But they his sorrow and his tears deride.
Hence the unhappy, blind with fury, goes,
And more he thinks, the more augment his woes.
His heart corrodes to pining grief a prey ;
Nor he the Ether's convex dares survey. 30
Then throwing round his baleful eyes, he cried,
How shall unhappy I, alas ! decide ?
Shall ages, hid in the deep womb of time,
Forget to tell the horror of my crime ?
Shall I go suppliant, and my fault declare ?— 35
But's not in mercy such a sin to spare—
Yet how address, if to behold afraid,
Whom innocent and harmless I betray'd ?
Then shall I go, as far as will can fly,
And live, unknown, beneath another sky. 40
Snatch me ye rapid whirl-winds from this coast,
Where fading day (its round complete) is lost.
What place is safe ? the Godhead's ev'ry-where,
And with his thunders shakes this terrene sphere.
Still

Still shall my guilty mind and cares attend, 45
Whether I traverse earth, or ships ascend.
Yet when, and where?— but I in vain delay,
And on my mind let airy visions play.
Then earth yawn wide; receive within thy womb
A wretch who seeks to hide him in thy gloom. 50
Poor Judas, ah! thy crimes bring on these woes,
Which you, in season, might their pest oppose.
Let thy spontaneous hand revenge thy deed,
And, shuning man and day, ignobly bleed.

Thus he exclaim'd; resolv'd to find relief, 55
By drowning in his blood his mighty grief;
Rashly supposing, by these desp'rate means,
His toil to finish, and corrosive pains.
And now he thinks the earth for him transpires,
Or himself wrap'd with Heav'n's consuming fires. 60
So strongly fancy bids the Pris'ner rise,
In vivid paint, to his bewilder'd eyes.
His eyes with blood suffus'd, his face with gloom,
And trembling limbs announce impending doom.
Now darkness round him casts her ebon shade, 65
And to his visual orbs all nature fades.
Mad wretch who dares not his transgression own,
And call down pardon from the heav'nly throne;
But thinks no vows can move the supreme SIRE,
Nor weeping penance quench his kindled ire, 70
But obstinately bad, and fix'd on fate,
He goes, and seeks a forest's deep retreat;
Which, near the royal palace, wildly waves
A verdant tinctur'd waste of panting leaves.

There

There trembling hesitates, in horrid strife, 75
By what destructive means to pour his life;
The mazes of his soul or to pervade,
And crimson in his breast the pointed blade :
Or headlong from a mountain's brow to fly,
And transfix'd on the subject rocks to die. 80
But the drear furies, his attendant train,
Soon guide the wretch seiz'd with the love of pain,
To his last scene, where quickly they entwine
A length of spreading boughs, which low recline ;
About his fractur'd neck they bind the wreath, 85
Which stops the pores that give the soul to breathe.
Rewarded thus, his entrails burst their way,
And soon the with'ring body blots the day.

The new-born day scarce blush'd in ether's space,
When near the palace rush the priestly race ; 90
The porches swell distended with the crowd,
And with vociferous tumults ecchoe loud.
Nor is it lawful (so by custom led)
On sacred days the profane court to tread.
At length the Roman comes, with youths embrac'd,

95

With flowing robes of purple proudly grac'd ;
Mounts at the gate his iv'ry throne sublime,
While nod the fasces of his native clime:
Each Father then his seat in order takes ;
Silence ensues ; and thus the Roman speaks: 100

N,

Declare

Declare at length, the monstrous crime relate,
 That should condemn the lovely youth to fate.
 After strict search into his life and birth,
 We could discover nought, that merits death ;
 But rather found, his won'drous deeds, the theme,
 105
 That burnish'd bright the plumes of joyful fame.
 The Prisoner since I saw, and heard his phrase ;
 The sight, how melting ! how divine the lays !
 His visage, eyes, and language, all combine
 To own him God, at least of race divine. 110
 To him, therefore, your tribute-homage bring,
 Nor, ignorantly proud, disown your King.

He said ; their lurking grief the Hebrews own,
 By raging murmurs and a gen'ral groan.
 Then fam'd for years, and sweet persuasive tongue,
 115
 In the midst rose Annas, and thus begun :

Roman, if ev'ry other proof should fail,
 The Pris'ner's guilty conduct to reveal ;
 This great assemblage of the city, led
 To see his person reckon'd with the dead, 120
 At least might move thee, Leader, to proceed,
 If no one else, to have the crim'nal bleed.
 For this seducer, with an artful tongue,
 Tip'd with fine words, has multitudes undone :
 And wears, deceitful, virtue's honest face, 125
 While in his heart vice holds the fondest place.

Seeft

Seest not, what can his new religion mean,
His orgies, nightly councils, that convene?
Thro' Juda's towns, he lights sedition's flame,
And dares the empire of this great world claim; 130
Boasts God his Sire, who rules the starry vault,
And like the God absolves who owns his fault;
Withdraws the fear of vengeance after fate;
Which crime, the laws ordain, with death to treat.
But from our ancient customs he refrains, 135
While his false fram'd Godhead new laws ordains;
New rites and offerings dares in towns proclaim;
And latest ages shall observe the same.
Ev'n loudly threats, oh direful guilt! to spurn
Our sacred altars, and our temple burn. 140
A temple by our fathers rear'd in air,
A costly structure of laborious care;
Will shortly quench the sun with ebon dyes,
And charm the stars from the enchanted skies.
Nor long his breast his vices latent bears; 145
For to nefarious roofs he oft repairs,
Tho' interdicted, there assumes a seat,
While his vile band indulge the genial feast.
Is there thro' all the town a wretch profane,
The greatest ruffian, of a ruffian-train; 150
With restless joy, to him he swiftly tends,
Nor cease his visits, 'till they commence friends.
The love of vice appears to him so fair:
And of his heart deceit holds such a share.—
On festive days also when labours cease, 155
The sick he visits, and expells disease.

How his Disciples roam, shall I relate,
And live, unpunish'd, on illicit meat :
By law unwarranted, and with fingers foul
The stain'd bread handle, and inhale the bowl : 160
Shall for his sake the Sire supreme withdraw
His holy rites and long-existing law ?
Or in his mind can new resolves arise,
And fickle change reign in the constant skies ?
Give him to death, lest, with his menac'd blow, 165
Our incens'd altars he should overthrow.
Give him to death, that none in future times
Shall dare essay to perpetrate such crimes.
Let him in pain, due to his vice, expire ;
And thus preserve our shrines from profane fire. 170

He said ; the throng roar out the same demands ;
But with their cries unmov'd the Roman stands.
Nor is the charge, against the Pris'ner, new,
A work by hate compil'd, the Leader knew.
For Christ's bright actions rous'd the Hebrews' ire,

175

And set their sacrilegious souls on fire.
Fame says, you charg'd him in these crimes, he
cry'd,
And he, with reason strong, the charge deny'd.
Nor fears Jehovah's Son himself to own,
Who should, by promise, leave the Heav'n's bright
throne ;
To help weak mortals, his Sire's wrath appease, 180
And reconcile him to the Hebrew-race,

With

With his own pow'r to pay the parents faults,
So records tell, and so your fathers taught.
For he, to prove the truth, through towns proceeds,
And the whole coasts gaze at his wond'rous deeds,

185

Which lie beyond the reach of human art,
Nor mortal genius can the skill impart.
Many he call'd to drink the solar beam,
When death, pervading quite the human frame,
Dissolv'd the springs, that granted life to roll, 190
And loos'd the body's commerce with the soul.
Ye wretched mortals, then, your hate suppress,
Cease your vain contests, and your God confess.

When he had said, more fierce their fury glows,

195

More loud they urge their suit, and tear their cloaths.
Not less impetuously their anger raves,
Than when broad Atevis or Padus' waves,
(The meadows fattening where their surges flow,
While smiles the surface with a verdant glow) 200
Are by some peasant, on a sudden, bound
Within strict limits by a rising mound;
The river swells more angry by delay,
The barrier breaks and victor rolls away.

Herod the King, and of a regal line,
Was then in town to share the rites divine :
For he part of his paternal realm sway'd,
And by Rome's bounty Galilee obey'd.

205

Of whose arrival, when the Roman heard,
 From his ingrateful office to be freed ; 210
 The Galilean bound he sends, and prays
 The Galilean Chief with care to trace
 The captive's crime, and with maturest thought
 To deal a vengeance equal to the fault,
 Christ's name announc'd, joys in the Monarch wake, 215
 To see the Pris'ner and to hear him speak.
 Soon to the royal sight he stood confess'd,
 Whom soon the King with various themes address'd;
 But to no theme he deign'd the least reply :
 Nor from the lofty heav'ns cast down an eye. 220
 Herod, admiring but a mortal born,
 Restor'd him to the Pretor-bands with scorn :
 And thus dismiss'd, tho' blameless, yet disgrac'd,
 Returns to Pontius, with his charge displeas'd.

My fainting mind subsides, my senses fail. 225
 The treats of God's true offspring to detail :
 Himself a God veil'd with a human frame,
 And of the skies the architect supreme,
 Whom neither ocean, earth, nor air's pure space,
 Nor the bright tracts of ether can embrace. 230
 All-potent Ghost, my drooping soul pervade :
 Quit, Ghost, the icy, and with thy God-head aid,
 To paint this scene, as oft as I essay,
 O'er-cast with ebon tints all things decay :
 The sun no more with rays the world bedews, 235
 But sad-discolour'd fade his rosy hues ;

While sparkling stars are quench'd in sable dyes,
And pitying drops fall from the pensive skies.
Offspring of God, of heav'n the light serene,
Thyself a God, sent from Olympus' plain, 240
Can our distress such pitying love excite
To suffer pain, to make our pain more light;
Sustain a load of evils not thy own,
And with the vengeance due to evils groan:
Oh sad reward! for pitying much our state 245
To blot our crimes, with thy spontaneous fate.
We cull'd the fruit of the forbidden tree:
Nail'd to the trunk, you bear the penal fee.
You, tho' a God, and God's undoubted seed,
Now bear the pains by mortal pow'r decreed, 250
Before a judgment-bench, stand chain'd with awe,
Who shall the world judge with your supreme law.

The youth return'd in chains when Pontius saw,
Nor from the throne he can himself withdraw:
Tost in a sea of cares, and doubtful strife, 255
He tries each means to save a Captive's life;
Now wears a suppliant, now a haughty air,
To move their minds, and hearts, untaught to spare:—
But vain his threats, vain are his gentle lays,
The more he soothes, the more their furies blaze.
260

At length, he cries; the days their lustre shed
When we (by your vain fathers' custom led)
Among the numbers in your gaols confin'd,
May one dismiss, and his sad chains unbind:

Do you consent, that I this Pris'ner free ? 265
The blameless ought enjoy their liberty.
In you at large a feroce nature reigns,
While he already felt a store of pains ;
I'll free him then, or take him hence and slay,
Against my will, to death a spotless prey. 270

His speech is broken by the cohort-crowd
Who forge new crimes and cry for vengeance loud.
About this time, the Prison's gloomy round
Eccho'd with Barabbas, in fetters bound ;
Long time he waited death's eternal night, 275
No safety dawning, as no hopes for flight ;
Than whom, none was more base in ev'ry crime,
Detested by his Chiefs, and native clime.
The Roman asks, their anger to appease,
Whether this wretch or Christ he should release ? 280

With fury blind, and monstrous in their choice,
For Barabbas they beg with suppliant voice :
While strenuously they urge Christ's direful fate,
And with their pow'r the Rector's care frustrate.

The scourge and rods (to weep who can forbear?) 285

Christ's sacred frame by Pilate's order tear.
To quench their thirst of blood, by such vile arts,
Betrays, cries he, their unrelenting hearts ;
Perhaps the prospect of his mangled mien
Their glutted minds from gore and death will wean, 290
Now

Now blood from his disfigur'd body flows,
His limbs are tabid, and his neck with blows.
Flesh from his arms and neck in pieces bounds
While his bare sides glare with the lashes' wounds.
From his redlips spouts thick a sanguine stream, 295
His naked shoulders own the flagrant shame ;
His naked breast with black contusion swells,
And from his knees to feet a crimson wells.
In gore thus weltring, (drap'ry veil'd his waste)
He shews his figure bare with wounds disgrac'd. 300
Heav'n low'rs, the moon conceals her blunted light
Beneath the earth, and flies the bloody sight.
The stars, that us'd their twinkling orbs to roll,
Struck with amaze, now seem'd to shoot the pole.
Such various means to fail too sadly prove, 305
How hard's the task the Hebrews' hearts to move :
For bending vows can't calm their boist'rous ire,
Nor this blood-scene subdue their blood's desire.
But all catch fury from each other's breath
And low'ring urge the harmless sufferer's death. 310
Now the court's vault is wounded with their cries,
And from profoundest hell the Furies rise ;
These shapeless phantoms hov'ring o'er the crowd,
New point their rage and them with darkness shroud.

Mean time the Roman's bride, with dreams half-
dead, 315
Forbids her spouse the young man's blood to shed.
The portents of the Gods appear to threat
Th' hands polluted with the Pris'ner's fate.

The

The youth's the snowy lamb that rose to view :
She cries, (for all my dreams are colour'd true) 320
Whose mangled body barking dogs surround,
And shepherd-throngs with rustic weapons wound.
His cruel death soon all the pastures wail,
Each noted forest and sequester'd vale.
The Thund'rer now his vengeance set on fire, 325
Again the murd'ers hurls from high his ire.
The heav'ns in pangs rush down on ev'ry side,
And hail beats on the woods and country wide.
Then soon this voice glides on the streams of air,
Crush mortal rage : The God, O Roman, spare. 330
I think this Youth (to you the marks must shine)
Derives his birth from a celestial line.
To doom him then to death, my Lord, abstain,
Nor with his sacred blood your hands prophane.
May the mild Gods these omens from us chace, 335
Attend the Jews alone, and threat their race.

The vision heard, the Roman fiercer glows,
Resolv'd the Hebrews' fury to oppose.
Now threat'ning acts, and with contracted brows
Bids them repeat, elsewhere, their cruel vows. 340
Now seems intent the Pris'ner's chains to loose,
And from his store of cares himself subduce.

The gloomy Chief of Erebus' dark state,
(His breast corroded with eternal hate)
Views Pilate's scheme with a sad heaving sigh, 345
And his own plots 'gainst Christ abortive lie.

With-

Without delay, he summons to his aid
The ghastly monster, FEAR, from his drear shade;
Than whom no greater pest all hell confines,
The foe profess'd to human bold designs : 350
He brings pale coldness, ever of his train,
And sloth, slow-moving with dejected mien.
The Tyrant bids the monster thence repair,
And wing his flight to day's supernal air.
Where, her wild hills Phœnicia soft elates 355
And enter Solyma's extensive gates :
To bend the Latian's mind with humbling views,
And, to deter him, his design offuse.
He soon obeys ; the sooty wings assumes
Of nightly birds, and vests his limbs in plumes.
The obscene bird arriv'd, before the eyes 360
Of purpled Pilate, importune oft flies ;
With dreadful howls, now frequent round him rings,
Now beats his breast, and now his face with wings.
His heart is chill'd; his eyes with wildness stare, 365
His face grows pallid, and erect his hair ;
Cold damps of horror thro' his body steal ;
His knees sink languid, and his accents fail.
When thus distress'd, soon as the crowd had seen
His faded cheeks, and his distorted mien ; 370
Without delay, they seize the present hour,
And their address thus with wild clamours pour :
Your captive dares of King affect the name,
The sceptre wield, and regal honours claim.
If such offences are not big with doom, 375
Soon shall seditious towns revolt from Rome.

All

All Syria soon shall by his arts withdraw
A due submission to the Roman law.
If CÆSAR then, or Rome demand your care,
Forbid the pest to breathe this vital air ; 380
Due to his many crimes, the vengeance shed,
Lest the contagion thro' the land should spread.

While with the stubborn Jews the roofs thus ring,
The Roman trembles at the name of King,
The monster Fear prevailing in his breast, 385
Conquer'd at length he yields to their request ;
His pow'r too weak their anger to assuage,
Becomes a slave to their vindictive rage.
So when the wind along the ocean roars,
Against a ship that sails with lab'ring oars ; 390
The pilot struggles, at the stern plac'd high,
And shouts his men the fervent oars to ply :
But when his views each element combin'd
His course to hinder, with the stormy wind ;
Slack work the oars, his seat the pilot leaves, 395
And gives the ship a prey to winds and waves.
I own your conquest : He then furly cry'd
Since your base cruelty will not subside,
I shall no longer your request deny,
Condemn'd for feign'd offences let him die. 400
With sorrow pregnant, and without delay,
I hope a fatal forfeit you shall pay,
Pains pour on you and on your race's head
Due to the captive's blood unjustly shed.

He

He said, and bids the waiters quickly bring 405
A bowl crown'd with the current of a spring ;
And, while he laves his hands, he pours this strain :
As I thus purify my hands from stain,
So I disclaim this blood unjustly spilt
And purge myself free of the bloody guilt ; 410
When he had said, the judgment-throne descends,
And to his inmost palace swiftly tends.

The Hebrews thus : Let God, if pains are due,
Shed them on us, and on our race renew.

While in the porch before the palace-gate 415
Before the crowd this case was in debate :
The Leader's band within the spacious court
With the mute Pris'ner barbarously sport.
As cities hail'd him King, he's now disgrac'd
With the mock-purple, and sublimely plac'd. 420
For the bright diadem, and crinal gold,
His bleeding temples pointed thorns infold :
And for the sceptre, which proud Monarchs wield,
They offer to his hands a river-reed.
The gates wide op'd, with glad applause they bring, 425

And, in the public view, salute him King.
Thus in their sports the little boys select
One of their comrades. and their King elect :
Round their proud Monarch throng the smiling bands,
And with glad shouts perform his mock commands.

430

So

So in the hall the menial crew resort,
And pleas'd indulge themselves in this base sport.
For with a veil they overcast his sight,
And with their hands and reeds his visage smite.
Some pluck his beard, concreted with his blood ;

435

Some from their filthy mouths emit a flood
Of salive moisture in his sacred face ;
While some his beauteous frame with dust disgrace.
All busy on him heap a store of pains ;
Nor of the vile dishonour he complains.
A cruel vigil these barbarians keep,
Nor let his weary eye-lids close in sleep.
Oh heavy grief ! how shocking to be seen
Appears his mangled and inglorious mien !
To birds a resting-place woods give their leaves,

445

And mountains to the savage-kind their caves,
An hospitable roof to rest at night,
And teeming bring their brute offspring to light.
But to Creation's Sire, whose mighty sway,
The blazing mansions of the sky obey,
All earth denies a spot, to rest his head,
And his exhausted limbs in death to spread.

450

And now the Victor-Jews, among the store
Of direful pangs, the most acute explore.
That death, attended with his tort'ring train,
May on the Pris'ner rush with sharper pain,

455
To

To spread and nail him on a fatal tree,
And by slow pangs life waste, the crowd agree ;
Of the sharp ax, the wood repeats each stroke,
And soon falls rushing down the stately oak. 460
A Cross is rear'd, of the cleft timber built,
A torture fram'd, to punish heavy guilt.
Kings once this machine us'd, by loit'ring pain,
The condemn'd wretches' dying lives to drain.
Nor did this instrument of horrid fame 465
A spark of glory then or honour claim :
But, since nail'd on the wood the Godhead lay,
A suppliant rev'rence to the Cross we pay :
Rear'd on our sacred altars we behold
The tree inwrought with silver and with gold. 470
And the glad honours we to it decree
Relate to him, whose death has bless'd the tree.
The Cross shall, like a lamp, hang in the skies,
And tinge the world with its refulgent dyes ;
When the last day all creatures shall entomb, 475
And a broad blaze all nature's works consume.

Earth scarce was cherish'd with the morning's hue,
When the town pours her youth the scene to view.
With tides of rushing crowds the ways o'erflow,
And with wild tumult all things fervent glow. 480
Now spoil'd of his mock purple robe of state,
They shouting drag the Pris'ner to his fate :
Fetter'd amid the crowd, he's trembling led,
Gash'd with nocturnal wounds and almost dead :

On

On his weak shoulders bears the Cross's beam ; 485
(A knotted oak compos'd the fatal frame)
On which transfix'd, he leaves this nether air,
And by his death compleats his dol'rous care.
Around him throng a band in dense array,
Whose arms, and shields, and spears flash on the
day ; 490
Whose helmets glow with crimson plumage crown'd,
And brazen trumps in varied clangors found.
On foot some follow, some on lofty steeds,
Whose barb'rous shouts each neighb'ring hill far
speeds.
Still many weep, whom rectitude enflames ; 495
But chiefly tender maids and pious dames ;
To see him climb the rough rock's airy height,
And 'gainst the stones oft wound his naked feet.
While up the mount he drags the pond'rous oak,
Cries to his mourners with a pensive look, 500
Ye hoary Dames, tho' woes unjust I bear,
Yet cease for me t'indulge the pious tear ;
To your impending pains your tears are due,
And to the wrath that shall your race pursue.
Thus having said, and, moving to his fate, 505
He leaves with tott'ring steps the city's gate.

Mean while to be spectator of the strife,
And view his Son exhale his mortal life ;
The Monarch of the sky aspires sublime
To the most high tow'r of his heavenly clime. 510
Beset

Beset with troops of the Celestials bright,
The plummy host of Heav'n attend his flight.
On mount Olympus, lucid to behold,
A temple stands of gems and solid gold.
A mighty fabrick, the supreme Sire's seat, 515
Which views the subject stars this world lustrate.
An adamantine cliff rears slowly fine,
In the mid, its head, like a taper'd pine.
On either side the cliff, above the skies,
Nine thrones arrang'd in various order rise. 520
Hither repair Olympus' native throng,
And round their King break forth in pomp of song.
Then on their thrones reclin'd, the sparkling mound,
The thrice three choirs in mystic form surround.
For each's content, tho' different is their care; 525
Their pow'r unlike, yet happy in their share.
For, as with greater merit beams their mind,
So they more high are awfully enshrin'd.
Thron'd in the midst, the potent Father sways,
And all creation with a glance surveys. 530
His lucid form diffuses floods of blaze,
And all things glow with his wide flashing rays.
At length on Juda's land he drops his eyes,
Where the mount's brows with direful aspect rise.
The choirs view sad the mountain from their thrones, 535
Which on the town turns pale with human bones;
Where on offenders fatal pains attend,
And parch'd on trees, where livid corpse suspend.

Hither soon as our penfive Hero came,
Saw the sad tortures and the fatal beam ; 540
Around the hill his mournful eye he throws,
If he could find his friends among his foes :
But none could lustrate, but an hostile band,
Whose weapons flash a splendor o'er the land.
For all his friends, whom once he held so dear, 545
Now fly him in distress, dispers'd thro' fear.
So when the light'nings round some shepherd play,
Or in a vale he's kill'd by beast of prey ;
Soon roam his sheep, affrighted with his fate,
And o'er the pastures wide their sorrow bleat. 550

And now he mounts the Cross, and hangs in air;
Now seems his Godhead to forget, and fears
This bitter kind of death ; now anxious roll
His drear disasters in his fainting soul ;
Sorrow so fills his mind, that ev'ry pore 555
Emits sweat-drops deep ting'd with sable gore.
He now remembers oft his native skies,
And, Ether viewing, thus breaks forth in sighs.
Why leave me, Mighty FATHER, in my woes ?
Where's fled the love, a Sire his offspring owes ? 560

The sad address the potent parent hears,
The sad address strikes deep the Angels' ears.
The cause in his deep breast revolves the God,
And finds the scene is acted by his nod ;
The horrid pomp of tortures views serene, 565
And stills himself enflam'd with his Son's pain.
But

But pow'r can't check the passions that arise
In th'ambient crowd, wing'd natives of the skies.
The sight thro' all a sudden grief distills,
And indignation ev'ry breast now fills. 570
And now resolv'd their Monarch's Son to aid,
And stop the murder with the vengeful blade ;
An Angel, not the last of the plum'd choir,
Than whom none can more loud the trump inspire,
To the high pole with swift ascent now bounds, 575
And in the rosy skies war's signals sounds :
Olympus ecchoes thro' his crystal state,
And with unusual gleams the stars vibrate.
If any Angel roams the lunar sphere,
The clangors soon assault his remote ear : 580
The brazen voice floats on the current wind,
And wounds the guardian spirits of mankind :
While earth, thro' all her broad expanded plains,
Thrills with the valleys of the trumpet's strains.
Soon as the clangors reach the Angel hosts, 585
By ether's Monarch sent to various coasts,
They leave their charge imperfect, and repair
Above the polar heights thro' tracts of air.
And as the doves forsake their airy dome,
60 And love thro' meads, in search of food, to roam,
590
Should a loud tempest on a sudden rise,
And with expansive clouds suffuse the skies,
On flutt'ring wings they soon sublime aspire,
565 And to their mansions from the fields retire.

Soon from Olympus' brow all glaring wheel, 595
And Heav'n fades horrid, with the flashing steel.
Arms and chariots return a brazen sound,
And groaning wheels the starry pavement wound:
Each pole the dreadful hurricane admires,
Ether's convulsive orbs, and flashing fires. 600
Tho' without body live these finer shades,
Whose purer natures to our senses fade ;
Yet still, whether to mortal climes consign'd,
Or war, as once, against their rebel-kind ;
Each can assume a form of coarser mould, 605
And their aerial limbs with wings infold.
In fictitious bodies thus the Spirits drest,
Full to the visual organ stand confess'd.
Now the celestials, in a circling flight,
Convene ; their bodies rushing on the sight : 610
Long useless arms from Heav'n's brass-columns
seize,
Throwing about their forms a lambent blaze.
Celestial spoils, and wars victorious boast,
Gain'd o'er their brothers a defeated host.
Now a javelin this holy Angel bears, 615
While this with ardor points the oaken spears.
Some grasp an arrow, some with fire-brands glow ;
And o'er their shoulders cast the lunar bow.
Others a store of limpid whirl-bats hold,
And slings of temper'd tongs their hands infold ;
620
While on their thighs sustain the plummy host,
The burnish'd steel, in iv'ry sheaths inclos'd.

Some

Some guide the chariots thro' the blue serene,
The rest on painted wings their frames sustain.
Tho' wings to all the Angel choirs belong, 625
Unequal is the swiftneſs of the throng :
With fluttering pinions ſome each ſhoulder veil,
And with their plumage 'long the ether fail.
Some veſt their feet with three-fold wings, and rear
Their ſoaring bodies to the Heav'nly air. 630
Their various flights with various looks are ſeen
So grac'd with diff'rent faces is their mien.
Nor is the painting of their plumes the ſame ;
Some wreathe their feet with wings of roſy flame :
While from their ſhoulders flaſhing pinions riſe, 635

That emulate the luſtre of the ſkies:
Thoſe ſpread their plumage ſplendent to the view,
Sheding the verdure of the em'rald's hue.
Theſe bathe their glaſſy backs with ſaffron rays :
While hundreds in the pride of colours blaze. 640
So when the ſummer leaves the ſultry ſphere,
And beauteous autumn rules the fruitful year,
The trees improve the luſtre of the ſkies,
Bending with fruit bedrop'd with various dyes.

And now the hoſt glide thro' the cryſtal ſpace, 645

And, on their wings incumbent, Heav'n embrace.
So many mortals, ſince creation's birth,
Ne'er trod at once the ſurface of the earth.

In thrice three myriads rise the gen'ral band,
And thrice three chiefs the num'rous host command.

650

On Garganus' high brow, above the rest,
In weapons fam'd, a Leader shines confes'd:
The same, whom once the battles' glorious toils
Sublimely rais'd, crown'd with victorious spoils:
He stalks triumphant 'mid the chiefs of fight, 655
With helmet, crest, and gems superbly bright.
The dragon's tawny hide he now displays,
A spoil, whose spires emit a horrid blaze.
The spear transfix'd the monster to the ground,
And his press'd back receives the mortal wound.

660

Wide blaze his arms; his shield with radiance gleams;
And a bright jasper sets his sword in flames.

Come to the flaming portals of the skies
With keener wrath the warrior spirits rise.
Their souls catch ardor from the glorious fight, 665
The famous ensigns of the former fight;
From lofty tow'rs they view the pendent cars,
On posts hang arms, and darts, and shields of wars,
Trophies, weapons, from the rebel spirit-train,
Who dar'd with sinful thoughts the skies prophane,

670

Resolv'd Olympus with their nods to shake
Elate with impotence, and superbly weak;
But to the host of purer minds they yield,
And, vanquish'd, leave the skies disputed field.

For

v.

nd.

550

s

55

nd.

60

ns;

65

rs,

ne,

70

or

For by the sculptor's hand the gates unfold 675

The dreadful war engrav'd on polished gold.

In the pure space of the factitious air,

Each adverse host in act of fight appear.

Now here, now there, a band of wand'ers fly

And with their wings obscure the middle sky. 680

With blazing weapons now the troops engage :

Now war's confusion kindles into rage.

Some, wanting arms, seize by their locks the foe,

And whirling round thro' the blue ether throw.

At length urg'd ardent by the happy choir, 685

The rebel host with sullen steps retire.

Now chas'd thro' heav'n, they fly with horror pale,

Swift as the rolling clouds, or whistling gale ;

For the all-potent Sire seems, with his hand,

To dart his thunder 'gainst the routed band ; 690

Who urg'd with flames, and from Olympus hurl'd,

At once plunge deep into hell's gloomy world.

With former spoils and figur'd fight elate,

They glow to rush thro' ether's lofty gate.

Then down to earth had shot the Angel host, 695

And scatter'd flames along the guilty coast :

Thy towns, Judea, had, already, lay,

For thy misdeeds, to vengeful fire a prey,

Had not the Thund'rer from his starry tow'rs,

(Rous'd with the tumult of the heavenly pow'rs)

700

The ill-tim'd battle check'd and rash essay,

With mandates harsh, and painful to obey :

Q 4

For

For mid the minstrels of the plummy bands,
Who act in virgin forms, the heav'n's commands,
Fair CLEMENCY of placid looks he spies, 705
And to the chosen Angel thus he cries :

Go, wing your chariot thro' the crystal sphere,
And to your brothers thus my dictates bear :
To them belong neither the lore of Heav'n,
Nor the vast empire of the world was giv'n, 710
That they shou'd dare both skies and earth con-
found,
And flame the mind, with war's destructive sound :
Let them appeas'd their bold design forbear,
Lay down their arms, and hither swift repair.

He said : her chariot thro' Olympus rolls, 715
And she God's ire diffuses to the poles ;
Unless the host return, from weapons cease,
And their tumultuous minds subside in peace.
Fair HOPE and FAITH, on her attendant, rove,
And the mild parent of religious love, 720
With golden PEACE and PIETY join the band,
The candid olive noding in each hand.
Where'er they bend, the sky with weapons shines,
The host grow mild, and cease from their designs ;
And now unarm'd, Olympus' martial band, 725
Before Jehovah's royal presence stand ;
Obedient to his word, each takes his seat,
According to his rank, and rests sedate.

His eyes around the Thund'rer-father throws,
His head thrice nods, that bright with glory glows;

730

And thrice the poles with sounds terrific shake ;
When thus his words the awful silence break :

Why let your rage against my pleasure stray,
Ah whither rush ye mad Celestials say ?

On my assistance can't my Son rely, 735

Or is my pow'r grown weaker in the sky ?

Then calm your minds, and lay aside your cares,

These ills, my Son, with my permission, bears.

For know, man's crimes are blotted by his fate,

Thus heav'n, by our decree, unfolds its gate. 740

Therefore he lives on earth by labours worn,

The first in woes, poor, wretched, and forlorn.

This day, big with his pain, shall view him spread

A willing bleeding victim, mid the dead.

Now willing horrors thro' his art'ries roll, 745

And death in prospect quite unmans his soul.

As if aside he had his God-head laid,

The armless mortal feels the painful blade.

For 'gainst his part divine mankind might low'r

In vain, and mortal weapons lose their pow'r. 750

If so my will, my virtue's not so small,

But I might save my Son in death to fall.

In vain all men might 'gainst him rise with rage,

That ever liv'd, or dy'd in any age.

My strength felt Babel, when her giants strove, 755

By edifice, to seize my realms above :

So

So strong, they could the lofty mountains tear
From their foundations, and whirl them in air.
Struck with my thunder still the structures fume,
And the drear ruins serve them for a tomb : 760
Now rest the host of storms to nothing hurl'd,
Who cou'd unhinge the fabrick of this world.
I shock'd the earth and ether's blue profound,
And all creation with the deluge drown'd.
The human race have seen my raging ire, 765
Now arm'd with thunder, and now clad with fire.
Thro' rocking orbs I oft in tempests roar'd,
And mow'd down armies with the vengeful sword.
But wait ; a day shall soon in ether reign
When that vile town shall wish, but wish in vain,
770
It ne'er had touch'd him, who can glorious trace
His origin divine from heav'n's high space.

This said, the trembling world feels deep his nod,
And ether's fanes shake with the thund'ring God.
Their wrath and rage without delay retire, 775
And votive friendship melts the gen'ral choir :
So on the surface of a level'd plain,
In mimic fight, contend a youthful train :
A circled band of youths with wonder gaze
On the warm struggle for the voice of praise. 780
If one for toil unfit shou'd fearful yield,
Or if, by casual cadence, press the field :
Each true comrade the dire misfortune views,
To aid how willing !—but their laws refuse.

Around

Around the fallen youth all stand aghast,
And with dire curses the disaster blast. 785

Without assistance thus the Hero stands,
On ev'ry side beset with ruffian bands ;
And now the clam'rous crew, by furies led,
On a large tree his naked body spread. 790

Stretch'd to each margin of the transverse beam,
His hands by steel transfix'd with crimson stream.
His gushing feet the same sharp weapons bore ;
While the cross blushes with the copious gore.
All call forth their strength ; with blows groans the
oak, 795

And the supine hill ecchoes with each stroke.
Words, o'er his head, in diff'rent tongues, relate
His country, name, and cause of his dire fate.
Then, one on either hand, two crosses rear
Two social suff'rers, hanging in the air ; 800
Whom for their crimes the rig'rous laws resign
To awful equity and pains condign.

HIM, in the mid, a loftier cross sublimed,
As if the first in baseness and in crimes.
Unhappy Solyma, unhappy seat, 805

Rear'd on the faithless plains of Juda's state :
To men of pious mind thou direful bane,
And even treach'rous to the Prophet-train.
Is this the seat, is this the royal bed,
And this the feast for ether's King you spread ? 810
Such honours and associates you prepare
For him, who left for man the lucid sphere ;

Who

Who dwelt spontaneous on the globe terrene,
Beneath the image of a human mien.
Who led from Egypt's coast your harmless race,
815

Thro' the wild realms of the briny space ;
Bade the rough surge to a smooth way subside,
And stop'd the progress of the headlong tide :
Who, with your labours touch'd, thro' dreary wastes
From high Olympus shed celestial feasts : 820
And, when the founts to pour their torrents fail'd,
The rocks with gushing rills your thirst allay'd.
Your state most lov'd of all he wou'd enthrone
Above the stars by merits all his own.
Are these the homage-gifts your patron shares, 825
And thus rewarded are his tender cares !
Can't Prophets' lays, nor wonders faith impart ;
And with the present God glows not the heart ?
What criminal ever felt such dreadful woe,
And who prepar'd such tortures for a foe ? 830

Now hanging on the Cross all silent wait,
To see some wonder in his hour of fate :
What hope can now the Victim entertain,
In what, confide deliv'rance from his pain ?
But he long time unmov'd with torments hung,
835
Nor drop'd a plaintive accent from his tongue.
Nor from his looks yet fled each rosy grace :
Nor ceas'd his eyes to shed a sacred blaze.

But

But blood and dusty sweat his cheeks bedew,
And his teeth blush distain'd with sanguine hue.

840

So Lucifer, bath'd in the azure waves,
The starry firmament with lustre laves.
Shou'd o'er the world's bright space arise a cloud,
And the pale ether on a sudden shroud ;
His looks are beauteous, while his glories fade ;

845

And his beams gush translucent thro' the shade.

Mean while, his Mother, led by vagrant fame,
With haste, to the great city lately came.
But now she hears her Son endures his fate,
(By treach'ry seiz'd) without the city-gate. 850
With the dire news, her looks grow sadly pale,
And her stiff lips, to pour their accents, fail.
For tho' she knew this scene receiv'd the nod
Of her Son's God-head, and his Father God :
Still o'er her mind such floods of sorrow flow, 855
That down she sinks a victim to her woe.

The house sounds plaintive with her female train,
Who strive to soothe her sorrow shed in vain.
And now she roams the town now here and there,
Seeking the fatal place with toilsome care : 860
Now stops, now gazes round, now opes her ear,
To view the tumult, or their clamours hear.
At eve, so, when the doe from fertile lawns,
Or mountain's brow, returns to her lov'd fawns,

Her

Her tender care in their known haunts not found,
865
But stain'd with sanguine drops the vicine ground,
Wildly she throws about her prying eyes,
And thro' the forest roams with heaving sighs.
If she the raging lion's steps can trace,
Or mark the wolf's along the woody space : 870
Thro' devious mazes she incessant roves,
Marking with cloven feet the noding groves.
The Mother views the mount, which olives crown,
And which projects its shadows o'er the town ;
Jav'lines and shields rush blazing on her eyes, 875
And copious hosts of foot and horsemen rise :
Thro' pressing multitudes she cuts her way,
And leaves the city-walls without delay :
Her flight the matrons from their porches see,
Or lofty windows, feel her misery : 880
Now these, now others, she outstrips in speed :
Tho often wounded by the running steed.
John with his mother, virgin Martha, came ;
Her sister, Salome, attends the dame ;
Cleophas' weak spouse joins the sad parade, 885
Their temples shrouded with a sable shade.

Now near the hill, she views the standing tree,
Ladders, and other signs of agony :
And, tho' their use was yet to her unknown, 890
Howe'er their sight extunds a fearful groan.
Her hands thrice smite her gen'rous breast, and tear
The head's, fair ornament, her flowing hair.

Alas !

Alas! within her mind she thus debates,
What mean these tools, what ills this machine
 threats? 895

The raging Jews, I know, an odious foe,
Would on us shed, long since, unworthy woe.
This vision, surely, hover'd o'er my head,
When I, one sleepless night, compress'd my bed.
I thought the Jews, with a lamb's ritual gore,
Each man besmear'd the threshold of his door, 900
What time thro' labours and a long exile,
They stole, admonish'd, from the realms of Nile.

Thus having thought, she goes without delay,
Bursting thro' condens'd troops and arms her way.
The troops each passage with their shields inclose,
905

And her swift progress with their force oppose.
On the hill's brow, the knotted Cross appears,
And the huge rough engine confirms her fears.
But when she sees her Son's tormenting state,
Fix'd to the Cross, convulsive with his fate; 910
His hands and feet pierc'd with the jav'lin's
 wound ;

His temples with a bleeding chaplet crown'd;
Bedew'd with death's sad drops, his languid eyes;
His beard and tresses stain'd with sanguine dyes;
Drop'd on one shoulder his dejected head; 915
And o'er his form death's pallid tincture spread;
The wretched Mother stiffens as the rock,
Which, on the Alps, contemns the tempest's
 shock;

The

The triple thunder's direful force defies,
And the perpetual deluge of the skies : 920
Hoary with frost, it roughly stands sublime,
And unchang'd triumphs o'er the wrecks of time.
Touch'd with her sorrow each gazing mountain
 mourns,
And distant rivers pour their weeping urns :
The lofty cedars, on the mountain's brows 925
Distill their sacred grief from bending boughs.

When from the tree the Son his Mother spy'd,
Her mental torments thro' his bosom glide:
But on her soon he rests his dying sight,
And from this loving glance results delight. 930
To soothe her mind oppress'd with her distress:
At length he pours this sad and last address.
I suffer'd mute, 'till now, without relief;
Nor, woman, be a prey to gnawing grief,
Since Heav'n's great Sire permits this group of pains 935

Who with his nod o'er boundless nature reigns.
Woman, this youth (for John stood weeping near)
Behold, hereafter, as your Son most dear ;
Then soon to John his words he thus applies :
This Woman always view with filial eyes : 940
Guard her abandon'd state, I dying sue,
And pay the love, to a fond Mother due.

With wounded minds the foes lament his pains,
And the fierce host grow soften'd with his strains.

At length the Mother her sad silence breaks, 945
While a deep groan her throbbing bosom shakes.
Lav'd with her sorrow, she the Cross contains
Within her clasping arms, and thus complains :

My Son, of all creation's works the pride,
To your sad Mother how your charms subside! 950
Why can't my love forbid you undergo
The cruel agony of mortal woe,
For others' crimes the pangs of tortures feel,
And pierce my bosom with the bleeding steel?
But, say, is this your face, on which I gaze, 955
That once shone milder than the morning blaze?
Are your's these languid eyes?—Who dar'd pro-
phane

Their shining sluices with a fading stain?—
Ah! how from him chang'd, whom the youthful
throng

Hail'd coming to the town, in festive song! 960
Whose way the choir with rosy chaplets strow'd;
Beneath whose feet the purple carpets glow'd.
All own'd you King, and all a God confess'd:
Why are you with such gems and purple dress'd?
An Angel me, with virgin tremors chill'd, 965
Once with a far more pleasing promise fill'd.
Am I thus happier than the happiest fair;
And move I thus the Queen of ether's sphere?
Are these the glories playing round my head,
And these the honours on my station shed? 970
After my throes, their gifts why Kings bestow'd,
And from Celestials why soft anthems flow'd?

If such a cruel lot remain'd for me,
And spun out life this bloody scene to see.
Thrice happy dames, whose sons the King with
rage

Depriv'd of life in their soft infant age;
Oh had you 'mid the deluge lost thy breath,
Which panic-struck he shed to give thee death!
The Sage foretold my woes, in horrid sounds,
My breast should welter by the poniard's wounds.

980
Stop, passengers, your steps and see my state,
And join me to my Son, to share his fate.
For ev'ry joy of life is fled away,
And who can be to grief a greater prey?

Then to his Cross, if pity in you reigns, 985
Transfix my body, social of his pains.

At least ye mountains wild, whose verdant brows
Are now full fated with my plaintive vows,
Benignly hear, and succour my distress,
And hear a wretched Mother's sad address. 990

Rush sudden now from your aerial height,
And end my sorrows with your tumbling weight.

The weeping Maid thus pour'd the fadd'ning
strain :

Nor could her friends remove her from the scene.
The troops their scoffs now on the Sufferer spend,
(To a hard foe, a foe in war's a friend)

With

With laughter-noding heads the Crofs surround,
And the fky's concave with thefe insults wound.
Lo! who our city threaten'd and our fanes ;
And faid, he shot from Ether's crystal plains : 1000
His lineage drawing from the Sire fupreme,
And falſely dar'd himſelf a God proclaim.
What homage now is to his Godhead paid,
Since God difowns him by refuſing aid ?
Who many ſnatch'd deſcending to the grave, 1005
From his own groupe of woes, himſelf can't ſave.
Let him now break, to ſhew his Deity,
His captive-chains, and fly the graceleſs tree.
Then ſhall we own, by ſuch a wond'rous ſign,
The ſkies his manſion, and his race divine. 1010

On the ſad ſuff'rer in his dying hour,
Their baſe deriſion thus the ſoldiers ſhow'r:
But, with a mind unconquer'd and ſerene,
He paſſive bears their inſolent diſdain,
Implores with too much elemency his Sire, 1015
To ſpare their ignorance and darkſome ire.

Mean while two youths, nail'd to a tranſverſe
beam,
The ſame their theft, and puniſhment the ſame !
Among themſelves are heard in warm debate,
Tho' writhing with the pains of inſtant fate. 1020
One mad with ling'ring woes thus dares deride
The dying Chief, with words elate with pride:

Destroy our temple built with toilsome care,
 And, in three days, the sacred structure rear.
 If, as you say, from Ether comes your line,
 And great Jehovah is your Sire divine :
 To free us and yourself is in your pow'r,
 From the sad train of woes, that on us low'r.
 But torments now your race divine belie,
 Tho' spread thro' towns, compell'd with us to die.

Who on the Chief's right hand in torment hung,
 In reprimands employs his dying tongue.
 What madness rules your mind, ah wretch ! declare
 The vengeance due to our offence we bear.
 But he without offence is drag'd to fate,
 The harmless victim of outrageous hate.
 Ought we not then our horrid deeds confess,
 Implore his pardon, and for peace address.
 This having said, to God he turns his eyes,
 View me, you God's true offspring, thus he cries,

And, since the lofty stars your coming wait,
 Be gracious present in my dying state !
 The God assents, and thus vouchsafes to say :
 You shall my praise and glories share to-day :
 The realms, which me, shall happy you receive ;
 Then, from this hour, the skies in mind conceive.

With

With pain he spoke ; the stream of life subsides ;
While death from the pang'd soul the frame divides.
A boiling sweat now from his body flows,
And his parch'd mouth with thirsty dryness glows.

1050

At length, he rais'd his eyes with death oppress'd,
And call'd to quaff the stream, his last request.
Ty'd to the margin of an osier-pole,
To his pale thirsty lips they move a bowl
Crown'd with the juice of vinegar and gall ; 1055
Loathsome ingredients ! which the taste appall.
From the touch'd juice his poison'd tongue refrains,
And a long time the bitter sense retains.

Mean while the bands with loud disorder rise,
With ardor striving to divide the prize. 1060
The Suffer'r's robe is the contested spoil,
Which once his Mother wove with pious toil.
But, as the Tunick without seam appears,
It can't be dealt among the bands in shares:
Wherefore in fortune all their hopes confide, 1065
By lot to carry what they can't divide.
This once, the sacred Prophets told in lays,
Their throbbing bosoms big with future days.

His middle course now Sol had almost made,
When on a sudden clouds his radiance shade. 1070
And in meridian blaze, (a fearful sight)
On earth incumbent broods a sable night.
The skies lie wrap'd in clouds of mournful hue,
And ev'ry prospect flies the mortal view.

In the high Heav'ns such signs of grief appear, 1075
(If grief had place in the celestial sphere)
One might believe Jehovah heav'd with sighs,
And turn'd from wicked earth his starry eyes.
The lightnings flash; sparkle the conscious poles,
And shaking thunder thro' Olympus rolls. 1080
Such murmurs rattle thro' the blue profound,
That the world's fabrick cracks, and seems unbound.
Earth's centre roars, his waves vast ocean spreads,
Reel the high domes, and turrets nod their heads.
A chilling horror thro' the nation streams, 1085
And cities structur'd on the world's extremes.
The cause unknown, tho' strange the scenes appear,
And heav'ns and earth a night perpetual fear.
But browner horrors on the Hebrews frown,
And a pale panic hovers o'er their town. 1090
A gen'ral groan ascends the heav'nly climes;
Each mind deep-wounded with its conscious crimes.
Chaste dames in long procession seek the fane,
With youths attended and a virgin-train:
With adoration at the altar fall, 1095
And on fair Peace with hosts and incense call.
A signal threat bursts from the thund'ring Sire,
And on the temple falls the vengeful fire:
The broad expanded veil, from vulgar view,
Which once the sacred mystic rites withdrew, 1100
Gapes, a wide scissure, while the columns nod,
Cracking beneath the temple of the God.
And now the dying God's last accents wound
The pensive air with vehemence of sound.

Lo! all is consummated, Father deign 1105

Receive this soul without a guilty stain :

Thus having said, he faints, from life retires,

And, bowing down his languid head, expires.

End of the Fifth Book.

ARGUMENT to the Sixth Book.

Joseph of Arimathea requests Pilate to grant him the body of Christ. This favour obtained, conjointly with Nicodemus, he takes it down from the Cross, and lays it in a sepulchre he had newly erected for himself. Here a band of soldiers are made to watch to hinder the body being stolen by the Disciples. In the mean time the soul of Christ descends into that part of Hell, where the souls of the righteous were. Their joy at the sight of Him is described, and their deliverance from their prison. Early the third morn after the crucifixion, Mary Magdalen and the other Marys come to embalm the body, but, instead of it, find an Angel sitting in the sepulchre, who announces the Resurrection of the Lord, and his going before them into Galilee. This report was regarded by the Apostles and others, as the work of female fancy; but they were soon convinced of the contrary, by his many apparitions, and the wonders he had wrought among them, whilst he conversed with, and instructed them for forty days together in their several Apostolical duties. This Work now draws to a conclusion by Christ's Ascension into Heaven, preceded by the instruments of his passion borne by Angels. Next ensues the Descent of the Holy Ghost; the wonderful change wrought in the Disciples by His descent, and the miracles performed by them from his inspiration. Lastly is set forth the departure of the Apostles to diverse parts of the world for preaching faith in Jesus and the blessings attending his reign.

T H E

T H E
C H R I S T I A D.

B O O K VI.

NOW Vesper hastes to mount the gloomy sky,
 While the dead bodies unsepulchr'd lie :
 Remain unwept on the mount's hoary height,
 Trees sustaining still their mortal weight.
 Josephus, from Arimathean tow'rs, 5
 On the base treat with indignation low'rs :
 His soul refin'd with ev'ry mental grace,
 And beauty smiling in his youthful face :
 In the contended field of battle bold ;
 Rich in expanse of land and copious gold. 10
 He, by the Hero's wond'rous actions sway'd,
 A glad attendant, his commands obey'd ;
 While others then by fear to forests haste,
 Or hide in cav'ns or range some dreary waste ;
 Without delay the nation's Chief he seeks, 15
 And thus, endow'd with youth and courage, speaks :
 Thou best of Romans, whom, with plausible breath,
 Fame sings unstain'd with our dear Hero's death ;
 Who, by your pow'r, tho' oft withdrawn from fate,
 Still fell a victim to our nation's hate. 20
Stung

Stung with his words to their offences due,
Tho' free they seiz'd him, and tho' guileless flew,
Grant then, at least, the body to inter,
The only comfort thou canst now confer,
I shall repose his relicks in the tomb 25
Which late I rear'd, full of my future doom.

Pontius to this replies with soften'd voice,
To grant him living, how wou'd I rejoice!
For I attest you, Gods, whom truth delights,
(And Gods and FAITH are worship'd with our rites) 30

How often I revolv'd in mind each scheme,
From death to free him, who was free from blame.
But vain I sooth'd the city with my pray'r,
Their rage destroying, whom I wish'd to spare.
Go then, his body honour with an urn, 35
And with due obsequies his fun'ral mourn.

This said : Josephus bends his ardent way,
And seeks the mountain's brow without delay,
By Nicodemus join'd, who climbs the height,
His mind deep wounded with the Hero's fate. 40
And now they both the mountain's brow pursue,
Whence the drear place full rushes to the view ;
When lo ! bright weapons flash along the ground,
And cohorts arm'd the mountain's cliff surround.
The town forbids the trees the corse display, 45
Or with the carnage blot their festive day.

The

The malefactors by the Scribes' commands
For burial then are loos'd by weapon'd bands :
But the tormented thieves are found alive,
Who fond of death their tortures still survive. 50
Wherefore they break with iron tools their bones,
And the mount ecchoes with their piteous groans.
Their deaths thus hast'n'd, the bodies they depose,
And swiftly in the yawning grave inclose:
But when they saw HIM dead, who bore our pains,

55

To abuse the fightless corse their rage abstains ;
They all admire his vitals' sudden fail,
His nerveless limbs, and visage wond'rous pale.
'Tis fam'd the youthful natives of the sky,
Their vestures blushing with a crimson dye, 60
Were seen with wings to beat the airy space,
And in a clust'ring orb the cross embrace,
Catch the bless'd moisture gushing from the wound,
And bear the chalice to the bright profound.
The base Longinus dares alone to hide 65
His profane weapon in his sacred side ;
The spear grows tepid, and imbibes the blood,
Which gurgles like a parti-colour'd flood ;
For water stain'd with gore wells from the wound,
Purpling the grass, and drenching deep the ground.

70

Josephus rushes thro' the guarding train,
Ascends the cross, lets down his Master slain ;

Far

Far from the din of arms the corse conveys,
 And with the cloth, bought for that use, arrays.
 Ye heav'n's young throng, your presence hither
 bring, 75

Charg'd with the honours of eternal spring ;
 Narcissus, hyacinths, and vi'lets pour,
 And bathe the body with the rosy show'r.
 The hills and woods resound with female cries,
 And earth laments his death in streaming sighs. 80
 The wretch'd Mother, with dishevell'd hair,
 Pines on a rock, her heart distress'd with care :
 Holds in her lap her Son, with blood deep dy'd,
 His eye-lids kisses, and his wounded side.
 And now nor tears nor sight her grief confess ; 85
 Too great for utterance is her deep distress ;
 Chill'd with her fear, and stupid with her moan,
 She grows as silent as the senseless stone.
 Smiting their throbbing breasts some dames deplore ;
 With tepid streams some lave the corse from gore : 90

Some, with the textur'd off'ring of a shroud,
 The squalid members of the corse infold.
 This matron bending drops the pensive tear,
 And dries his knees with her disorder'd hair :
 While this one kisses, with a sobbing breath, 95
 His hands and feet, stiff with the cold of death.
 The streaming sorrow flows from all their eyes,
 And the mount echoes with their dismal cries.
 The men, while larger drops their cheeks distain,
 Scarce from the corse remove the female train. 100

At length the matrons, sooth'd, retire with pain,
And in his tomb the men repose the slain.
The obsequies perform'd, they all recede,
And to her dome th' unhappy Mother lead.

Nor anxious care is from the Hebrews fled, 105
Their hearts still fear HIM, tho' among the dead.
For oft they heard HIM promise (while his train
Dreaded the prospect of the hostile pain)
He should arise the third day from the dead,
And sacred bards the same have loudly said. 110
Full of this fear, they send, without delay,
A band, to guard the bust both night and day:
Lest any should, by night, withdraw the slain,
And with false fame the city entertain;
That the sepulchr'd treads this terrene sphere, 115
Inhales the solar beams and vital air.

Come Holy GHOST proceeding from the Sire,
Thou, ether's God, thou, joy of ether's choir,
Whatever vestiges of woe remain,
Caught from the treatment of our Hero slain, 120
Blot from my mind; and let thy God-head roll
A soft infusion thro' my placid soul.
Such liquid gladness in my breast infuse,
As the bless'd natives of the skies bedews,
Where joy in copious torrents pours its tide, 125
And streaming without limits pleasures glide.
The scene is shifted: Joy begins its reign;
And nature now assumes a better mien.

And

And now the God from darkness to translate
 The holy Bards and Bands to ether's seat, 130
 Free from his body's chain his soul invades
 (The realm of silent ghosts) the deepest shades:
 'Thro' darksome labyrinths, and craggy ways,
 Impervious to the sun's transpiercing rays;
 A place imbosom'd in eternal gloom, 135
 Of groping fear the horror-brooding dome:
 The brother ghosts, who thro' night's horror stray,
 Assembled here, hold their imprison'd sway;
 Whom the Supreme cast from the starry climes,
 Shedding his wrath on their ideal crimes. 140
 Plung'd in Tartarean gulphs the wretched train
 Too late deplore their direful lust of reign.
 These tyrants yet torment the shadowy host
 Confin'd and fetter'd on the sable coast.
 The souls, found cruel, while they breath'd this air,

145

In hell's abyfs by Styx inclos'd, repair;
 Them plung'd alive, in vaults replete with fume,
 Eternal fires and growing flames consume.

The Righteous seats, remote, but next in place,
 Their turrets raise in a wide ambient space. 150
 No burning here in flames vindictive glows,
 But ease inglorious and a dead repose.
 Confin'd, the blameless ghosts live in this clime,
 Not for their own, but their first parent's crime.
 From pain exempt, they envy not our rays, 155
 But those that round Olympus' tenants blaze.

Here

Here dwell the patriarchs, an ancient race ;
Their lives by no laws squar'd, but native grace ;
Thro' untill'd fields, with flocks they spent their
time,

Observant of the customs of their clime : 160

Without compulsion by strict justice sway'd,
Their homage to pure rectitude they paid.

Here breathe the bards, who with the God-head
fraught,

Boldly, thro' towns, future contingents taught ;

Here Chiefs, who once the world with mandates
sway'd ; 165

And those, who freely their decrees obey'd :

Here sages, matrons, babes, a mansion claim,

The same's their love, their wish of Heav'n the
same.

And now, by chance, the ghosts revolve in mind

The circling years, for their release consign'd ; 170

Thinking the period of their ills draws near,

With gladness thus they soothe their common care.

Behold, the welcome day impends on high,

When we may drink the light, and view the sky.

Jehovah once this gladsome day confess'd, 175

Gliding from ether's blaze into our breast,

Leaving to after ages to behold

The saving lustre we have once foretold.

But, soft, attend, our light shall quickly blaze ;

On us shall God's true offspring shed his rays : 180

The

The same, who in a Lion's fiercest mien
 Confess'd himself, our eyes o'ercast with stain.
 Who should, for many, feel the pangs of woe,
 And, for us dying, triumph o'er our foe.
 At length the Lion conquers; lo's sing; 185
 The blood of Judah, David's great offspring!
 Ye happy mortals wide your Peans stream;
 Ye shapeless ghosts with shouts your joy proclaim.
 Hark! Heav'n now calls: For us the starry spheres
 Display their portals, bar'd for many years. 190
 As promis'd in our strains the hour's advance,
 When lofty mountains shall with gladness dance,
 When hills with pleasure shall exulting bound,
 Their beauteous brows with pampine chaplets
 crown'd.
 So frequent in the fields exult the rams; 195
 Hid in rich pastures play the tender lambs:
 Or, list'ning to their fleecy parent's bleat,
 Ascend with playful steps the mountain's height;
 With liquid honey shall the fountains glow;
 With liquid honey shall the rivers flow: 200
 Or snowy milk their silver beds shall fill,
 And from the purling rocks the nectar rill.

While these prophetic strains they raptur'd sing,
 The vaulted roofs with their applauses ring.
 Thus when the natives of a town sustain 205
 A tedious siege watch'd by a hostile train;
 With ambient trenches safe the city stands,
 And the bar'd gates defy the martial bands.

Who

Who round the walls with clam'rous fury swarm,
And strive with missive bombs the town to storm.

210

But if from lofty tow'rs, afar they eye
Auxiliar troops to their assistance fly,
Their hopes revive; and with rejoicing cries
They pierce the convex of the starry skies.

Sudden the great avenger stands confess'd 214
Within the door, with holy radiance dress'd.

A huge confronting gate remains still clos'd,
Its broad expanse of solid brass compos'd;
A hundred tow'ring columns bear the frame,
Which mocks the force of steel and crackling flame;

220

Here stops the God, and thunders at the gate;
Th' earth's foundations, shock'd with the blow, vi-
brate :

The vagrant stars roll trembling in their spheres;
And hell, thro' all its caverns groaning, fears.
The tribes, who hate the light, a trembling swarm,

225

From deepest vales emerge at the alarm :

They to the knees in human form appear,
Beneath, a dragon's hideous figure wear.

Loud shrieks and direful flames spout from their
throats,

And fumed darkness thro' the palace floats. 230

Sudden the gate displays its valves abroad,
And flies the hinges of its own accord.

Q

The

The dome's confus'd, when night begins to fade,
And from the presence of the God recede ;
Whose eyes with holy radiance so bedew 235
The horrible abyfs of liv'd hue,
As when a gem, bright rival of the day,
Streams thro' the sable night a living ray,
With flames victorious deluges the gloom,
Or vests with crimson rays some regal room. 240

But when the demons saw the God invade,
And own'd his presence in their dreary shade,
And with the fulgence that his form embrace,
And all the glories darting from his face,
With tremors chill'd, they fly the heav'nly sight 245
And cast themselves into the deepest night,
Licking their tails that round their bodies rowl,
And from their dens ascends an hideous howl.
Such roaring storms, when eastern tempests blow,
The half wild Alpine natives undergo ; 250
If from their cots, by chance they view the sight
Of Roman troops, with flashing weapons bright ;
Soon from their smoaky huts, they trembling fly,
Seeking, along the Alps, an higher sky :
There seated on some distant rock, admire 255
The marching Roman Leaders' rich attire.

But the chaste ghosts, once lambent with his blaze,
Their supine hands to high Olympus raise :

With

With joy they shout, with joy their tears they pour,
And with their eyes and minds his sight devour.

260

Now round the Victor throng the airy train,
And all salute him in this gen'ral strain :

How welcome is thy presence to our eyes !

Thou splendent glory of the serene skies !

By thee, the gifts, (nor have we hop'd in vain) 265

By our first parent lost, his seed regain.

In its old state you now the world replace,

And ope a walk unknown to ether's space.

You come at length bright as the lamp of day,

Effulging on our eyes a living ray.

270

Why worn with woe you come thro' tempests hurl'd ?

(For Fame descends into our shady world.)

Who has with wounds your sacred frame deform'd,

Or in your gushing blood his weapon warm'd ?

Shall earth such crimes upon her surface bear, 275

While, ocean, you embrace with shores her sphere ?

Where have you loiter'd, in what cave retir'd,

While your Creator in such pain expir'd ?

Then all mankind should perish in your tide,

And guilty earth beneath your waves subside. 280

But say, true offspring of the heav'nly King,

Could nothing, but your blood, salvation bring ?

For our redemption, from th' infernal state,

Was once not valu'd at so high a rate.

Love fix'd the price which you to mortals bear,

285

Dear to the human race, to Angels dear :

Q 2

We

We rais'd the supreme arm with thunder red,
And, with the pain due to our crimes, you bled.

Such language flow'd along the dreary coast :
Now from their cells fly forth the joyous host ; 290
The happy souls the Victor-god pursue
Thro' ether's convex op'ning on the view,
To live for ever on the starry soil,
Secure from danger and exempt from toil.
The Sire of men first seeks the starry clime, 295
Nor rears his head as conscious of his crime.
The patriarchs succeed, an hoary band,
Who once were rulers in their native land :
Next come the bards, whose breasts with future
glow,
Their temples bound with fillets white as snow. 300
But those unhappy shades, whose crimes detain,
Condemn'd to languish in eternal pain,
'Mid ambient flames in deepest caverns dwell,
And madly groan to find no end of hell.
But, chief, the King of the sad realms below, 305
First of the Demons, and the first in woe,
His heart with fury stung, and big with sighs,
Envies the happy his forsaken skies.
But the blest souls, along the tender air,
With gladness seek the promis'd crystal sphere, 310
With vocal harmony salute their King,
Who crowns their lives with an immortal spring :
Wrap'd

Wrap'd in repose, they drink eternal day ;
And death no more his portals shall display.
The plausive air their starry passage hails : 315
Clouds fly the ether and subside the gales :
With placid motion, the smiling world glides ;
And stars roll smiling thro' Olympus' wilds.
To light the ghosts Aurora early wakes
With choral birds, and Vesper ether streaks. 320

While in the blue immense such wonders rise,
The third day blushes in the eastern skies :
The Sire supreme his Son with radiance wreaths,
And on his limbs immortal beauty breathes.
His frame once mortal, and to wounds a prey, 325
Is now immortal, glorious as the ray
Which polar stars shed on the clear serene,
Or golden Sol in his meridian reign.
So, while a fire's with ashes overspread,
No flames along the house a lustre shed ; 330
But fed with fuel, and waken'd with a blast,
The house with sudden flames is overcast :
And thus exhausted with revolving years,
Sole of his species, the glad Phoenix rears,
Upon some lofty mountain's airy brow, 335
His fun'ral pile, of every od'rous bough.
Along the balmy tow'ring pile now spread,
(The pile, his tomb at once, and natal bed)
His age he buries in the blazing flame,
Survives himself, another and the same; 340

In bloom of youth, from his own ashes springs,
 Effulgent with his crest, and crimson wings.
 With wonder, round him throng a feather'd host,
 Viewing his flight to his Egyptian coast.

These wond'rous visions floating in the skies, 345
 Dissolve the pannic nations with surprize.
 And now the sun his orient beams displays,
 The night retiring from the gushing blaze.
 Now Magdalena, with a weeping train,
 Transfix'd with sorrow, for her Hero slain, 350
 Brings in her lap, when Sol in ether dawns,
 The scented herbage of Arabia's lawns,
 The balsam, spikenard, and the myrrh's perfume;
 The ritual honours, offered at the tomb.
 As thro' the fields the dames with sorrow go, 355
 Each mutual speaks the dictates of her woe.
 Unhappy we, the pensive matrons cry'd,
 That have not with our piteous Hero dy'd!—
 But how shall we the watchful guard deceive,
 Or the huge stone from the tomb's entrance heave,
 360
 To pay, at least, our duty to the dead,
 And in the dreary tomb our off'ring spread?

While thus complaining, near the tomb they
 drew,
 Throwing, on ev'ry side, a piercing view,
 Void of all guards the mountain's orb behold, 365
 And the great rock from the sepulchre roll'd.
 But

But the tomb finding, empty of the corse,
With thoughts the slain was stolen by the foes,
From Magdalena drops the balmy store
Of fun'ral gifts, she to the body bore. 370
The hills and groves with sighs lament the fair,
With sorrow tearing her dishevell'd hair.
But soon a youth, with purple wings, they eye,
With drap'ry white, a native of the sky.
To the sad train he pays this soft address : 375
Whom seek ye Dames ; why pine ye with distress?
Let fear, in future, in your minds subside,
And trickling gladness in your bosoms glide.
Since he, whose cruel torments you deplore,
Staining for you the gibbet with his gore : 380
Since he, whose sole spontaneous death alone
Could, for the sins of all mankind, atone :
Triumphant o'er the King of Hell's retreat,
Revisits, from the shades, this lucid state ;
Inhales, at present, this supernal day ; 385
His refin'd frame, no more, to death a prey.

This said, in air his melted figure glides ;
But doubt, before the present scene subsides,
Pierc'd with delay her mind, with love her heart ;
The Maid admires the tomb, and builder's art : 390
For on the tomb a sculptur'd shore is spread,
Where lies a fish, whose jaws a deluge shed :
Such is the tyrant of the sea, a whale,
Whose bulk's a dread to them who near it sail :

From whose voracious mouth the Prophet roll'd,
To reinhale this air, and day behold.
This scene (she cries) confirms the Angel's strain;
Nor ancient types drew future things in vain.
For as the bard lay in the monster's womb,
Three nights and days involv'd with ambient gloom,
So God by friends and skies deplor'd, when dead,
Amid the darkness of the tomb was spread,
A Victor from the empty vault should rise,
And now (as he foretold) asserts his skies.

But soon the God, in rustic vest array'd,
Moves to the tomb, where sits the musing Maid.
Pensive she eyes him: But his speech betrays
The God bedew'd with newly painted rays.
She falls, and holds his knees in close embrace,
Her eyes roll round him, and devour his face.
His placid looks soon soothe her pining love,
And from her breast her plaintive grief remove.
Her colour ripens; but the turgid tear
Flows from her eyes, and, down her neck, her hair.
So hangs the rose her head of blushing hue,
Her purple foliage charg'd with nightly dew;
But should the sun ascend the cloudless skies,
And vest the fields with his refulgent dyes:
She rears her head, and suddenly displays
Her damask bosom to his golden rays,

As

As fades her grief, in charms the Maid so grows ;
And with her King and God to converse glows.
And while she pants what language to pursue,
Wrap'd in a cloud, he vanishes from view.

While, thro' the towns of Palestina, Fame 425
Scatters, without delay, the wond'rous theme :
Congeal'd with fear, the priests attempt each means
To stop her progress, and condemn her strains.
But chief, the troops, who spread the first report,
Guards of the bust, by golden bribes they court
430

To sing, that his Disciples stole the slain,
While, o'er the sleeping world, night held its reign.
But vain's the task to tame truth's mighty force ;
For more the priests contend to stop the course
Of Fame, with higher flights she prunes her wings,
435

And on remoter coasts the wonders sings.
Some boldly own they saw the tombs display
Their gates, spontaneous, and admit the day :
Pale shades stalk ghastly in the glare of light,
Whose bones earth shrouded with her central night.
440

Mean time the Hero's friends, a pensive band,
Wither'd with fear, are scatter'd o'er the land ;
Fancy the sun shall ne'er the skies illumine,
And, he extinct, the world shall fade with gloom.

At

At length, beneath the roof, they sad convene, 445
 Which oft the Hero honour'd with his train ;
 To them, their King alive, a sweet retreat ;
 But, slain, appears a solitary seat.
 The dome no more shall feast the Hero-guest,
 Or, with his looks, his social friends be blest'd : 450
 No more his name shall fill the raptur'd ear,
 Or his soft eye out-blaze the starry sphere.
 Such sick'ning thoughts the sad assembly shade,
 And nature seems with black despair to fade.
 The shepherd thus, whom lucre taught to pore, 455
 A hive leaves empty of its waxen store ;
 The sadd'ning bees surround the hollow oak,
 Tho' thence expell'd with gales of sulph'rous smoak.
 Robb'd of their harvest, still they view the hives,
 Cull'd to support, in winter's reign, their lives. 460
 In vain they rang'd the fields with busy toil,
 And sip'd the flow'rs, to form the honey-spoil.

Behold the matrons to the dome repair,
 Where the assembly lay in sad despair ;
 Amaz'd report they saw an Angel-choir ; 465
 The King, himself, new dress'd with beams of fire ;
 Besides, the tomb of it's dead-charge resign'd,
 And all the fun'ral drap'ry left behind.
 Some climb the mountain's crown with breathless
 haste,
 And find the tomb an empty, dreary waste. 470
 These wond'rous visions still to some appear
 The work of fancy, and of female fear.

As

As in our dreams we fancy to behold,
Or absent looks or 'mong the dead enroll'd.
But lo! when Vesper rul'd the crystal plain, 475
The Hero stands before his conven'd train;
His well known form and voice the God confess
Laying aside his blaze, and sunny dress.

Then Didymus was absent from the dome,
Impell'd by fear (the Hero slain) to roam; 480
To see his 'sociates to the town repairs,
Who lay in wonder lost, and mute with fears:
So when fierce lightnings, bursting from a cloud,
In flames some temple or proud structure shroud;
Within the walls the frighted burghers gaze, 485
And view the mansion, vested with the blaze.
A thrilling horror thro' their bosoms glides,
Racking their hearts before the pain subsides.
With ardor Didymus, the scene unknown,
His 'sociates sues, the wond'rous cause to own: 490
Peter, while tears bedew his hoary cheeks,
After a close embrace, at length thus speaks:
Heav'n's Monarch lives; whom death snatch'd from
our sight;
He lives, thrice happy we, and quaffs this light.
Thus having said, his joys so tow'ring rise, 495
That, in his mind, he seems to tread the skies.

But Didymus still doubts and thus replies:
Say, is't the King, himself, who breathes these skies?
Or,

Or, rather, say, a creature of the brain,
Who, to deceive your eyes, assumes his mien? 500

Peter returns: 'Tis he, the very same;
Our eyes have view'd, and hands have felt his frame.
Survey'd the gaping scissure of his wounds,
And air celestial that his form surrounds.

What time, bright Vesper sways Olympus' state, 505

The windows clos'd, and clos'd the massy gate,
Beneath this roof, we lay dissolved with fear,
And pensive press'd our seats the feast to share.

In this clos'd hall our Chief invades our sight,
Whose sparkling looks amaze us and delight: 510

With chilling horror we astonish'd gaze;
While the walls vested with his lustre blaze.

But soon he checks our fear and vain surprise;
And interdicts us from the board to rise.

'Tis I; be peaceful; and your fears subdue; 515

Here feel my frame, and my five wounds now view:
Nor did he scorn besides, to take a seat,

And humbly social share our frugal feast;

The last and noted words deign'd to repeat,

Which from him sadly flow'd, when near his fate. 520

Then willing, from our sight, to disappear,

His body softly fades to liquid air.

Scarce had the Sage pronounc'd the wond'rous scene

Approv'd and clamour'd by the present train,

When enters Cleophas with gladsome mind, 525
(Whom to his Apostles the Chief once join'd)
He lives ; dismiss your fears, my friends, he cries :
Our Monarch lives ; to death no more a prize.
These very eyes devour'd his beauteous face ;
These very ears inhal'd his well-known phrase : 530
My fellow-traveller drunk the vocal tide ;
Pointing to Amon, who then press'd his side.
For as we travell'd with our sorrows pale,
Where Emaus' hills subside into a vale ;
With us the way an unknown travell'r press'd ; 535
His person strange, and in strange garments dress'd.
While he deceiv'd, with varied speech, the road,
Tears from our eyes, sighs from our bosoms flow'd :
With soothing words he sought to give relief,
And oft enquir'd the subject of our grief. 540
Our Hero's cruel fate, to him, we sigh'd,
In whose sad death, our comfort also dy'd.
How all his words and deeds our hope inspir'd ;
And with his life our flatter'd hope retir'd.
Unable longer our complaints to hear, 545
He thus replies, with reprimands severe :
O shameless race, offus'd with mental gloom !
Have not your bards foretold your Leader's doom ?
His bloody fall your ancient records taught !
Which you discredit, tho' with justice fraught :
550
That he should sole, to calm his Father's ire,
For all mankind, spontaneously expire,

His

His gushing wounds should streak, with crimson
dyes,

His rapid progress to his native skies.

A diff'rent doctrine for his friends he chose, 555

By op'ning, long before his fate, his woes :

For in the town, I know it, he display'd

His future passion, cast in mystic shade.

Now all things shine transparent and serene,

Nor have your hopes, the clouds expell'd, prov'd
vain. 560

Behold the King, who plants with vines his ground,

'Gainst spoiler beasts and men, well fenc'd around,

From town he sends a train to guard the same ;

The rustic ruffians kill them without blame.

At length his Son consents the fields to tread, 565

And by the same is counted with the dead.

The Sire supreme, his sacred Prophets slain,

Thus bids his Son descend the starry plain.

But lo ! the Palestines, with fury blind,

Their Master's Son to cruel death consign'd : 570

But soon the King their City shall subdue :

And pour the vengeance to the murder due ;

Set slaughter loose, among the barb'rous swains ;

And foreign hands shall dress the vintage plains.

This said ; the Bards' dark dictates he displays, 575

And on the Sages' off'rings pours the blaze :

Evincing by his proofs their rites and strains

Were pregnant with the Saviour's future pains :

The bloody ransom, that could draw, from night,

Each human soul, that ever breath'd this light. 580

As

As he evolv'd the rites, how darkness fled !
What light on the prophetic leaves was spread !
What thrilling sweetness thro' our senses flow'd :
And, in our breasts, what loving ardor glow'd !
So brass resigns its rigour in the flames ; 585
And ice dissolves before the solar beams.
So blind we were, he still remain'd unknown,
'Till we arriv'd to Emaus' little town,
Where feigning to proceed a longer way,
We humbly su'd beneath the roof to stay. 590
To cease his journey, Vesper might persuade,
Expanding over earth a sable shade.
He soon obeys ; deigning to take a seat,
And with us share our poor and frugal feast.
No sooner had he touch'd the wheaten bread 595
And broke, as by his ancient custom led ;
Soon night departs, our eyes inhale the day ;
We own the God, and adoration pay.
But into air, like fume, he sudden fades,
And, grown too fine for sense, our sight evades. 600
The truth of Cleophas not one resists
But Didymus ; whose error still exists :
None shall persuade me that he lives (he cries)
Unless he stands conspicuous to my eyes ;
Unless I feel the wounds his body bore, 605
Once welling out in rills his vital gore.
This said : The windows bar'd, and door remain,
Christ stands with rays bedew'd, amid his train.
Thus, thro' the glass impervious to the winds,
The sun a passage for his splendor finds ; 610
Diffuses

Diffuses wide his glory thro' the room,
His lustre shedding on the horrid gloom.
No vestige, thro' the unhurt glass, betrays,
The golden flux and reflux of his rays.
All prostrate press the earth without delay, 615
And on adoring knees their homage pay.
When Dydimus beheld the display'd wounds,
And heard himself address'd by vocal sounds,
Instant he tumbles prone, with horror shakes,
And angry with himself at length thus speaks: 620
Convinc'd I own the features of your face;
And the true tokens of your God-head trace.
I little thought, (I own) that, after death,
You could inhale this light and earthly breath.
Madly forgetful of your supreme lays, 625
You should your body, on the third light, raise.
Nor strange: When oft you bade some frames
repair,
Tho' four days buried, to this vital air.
When present at such deeds, could I refrain
My faith, unless distemper'd was my brain? 630
Perhaps my error flows from your decree,
That others may believe, who shall not see;
May not demand to feel your mortal mien,
Lest spectres to deceive your frame should feign.
While thus he pray'd, the blazing God retires, 635
And with pure zeal each of his train inspires;
Nor from the earth he trod Olympus' way,
'Till, in the east, emerg'd the four-tenth day.

Now

Now Peter and his friends had plough'd the main
And fish'd, to gain their bread, all night in vain.

640

Drench'd with the billows and fatigu'd with toil,
Collect their fruitless nets uncrown'd with spoil,
When lo! a youth of beauteous form they ey'd,
Beholding from the shore the briny tide.

Nor stood the Godhead to their sight reveal'd, 645
His sacred frame with mortal limbs conceal'd.

At length he thus address'd the fisher-band,
Desist not men, but turn the stern to land ;
'Tis granted, sailing to the pebbled shore,
To crown your labours with a scaly store. 650

Their course revers'd, they instantly obey ;
And with their out-cast nets ferments the sea.
A sign of his vast prey soon Peter made,
And call'd his friends, by gesture, to his aid.

The loaded net all scarce with labour heave ; 655
While leap the fishes, panting for the wave :

John soon the God discovers, and thus cries,
Our Chief is here, I know him in disguise.

See how his body glows with heav'nly grace !
What smiles gush radiant from his beauteous face !

660

No sooner Peter had his Hero ey'd,
But from his ship he plunges in the tide,
Ardent to hail his Chief, the first on shore,
Tho' trembling at the surges' stormy roar.
The rest, with fervent oars pursue the sands 665
In hast'ning vessels, where the Hero stands.

R

And now the fishers, at the Chief's desire,
 Prepare the repast which their toils require.
 With wheaten cakes, some load the board in haste.
 Some broil the fish upon the sandy waste. 670
 While some inspire the kindling flames to rise,
 Whose gloomy light meanders to the skies.
 Hunger expell'd, the King, without delay,
 Thus cries, his God-head blazing on the day :

Mortals with ardent vows pursue fair peace, 675
 And court fair peace with softest songs of praise.
 And now, my friends, we must for ever part ;
 Farewell for ever ; let me share the heart :
 For high Olympus, thro' its splendid seats,
 Displays its portals and my presence waits. 680
 To be above the reach of frowning care
 For suff'ring ev'ry ill your minds prepare :
 Fear not to go before majestic pow'r,
 But strictest truth in Tyrants ears dare show'r :
 Too rich to covet what this light displays, 685
 Look down on thrones, nor dread the sceptre's
 rays ;

Nor be too anxious to remark what hour
 Or the best method your advice to pour.
 I shall be present with you in my aid,
 Shedding a tide of words, with grace array'd. 690
 The Heav'ns themselves shall in your cause con-
 spire,

To nerve your strength, and comfort to inspire :

When

When the tenth day shall vest with blaze the poles,
My Sire shall waft his Spirit in your souls.

Beneath whose guardian care, you shall proclaim,
695

Boldly, before the Lords of earth, my name.

A holy progeny shall shortly rise,
Brightly diffusive to the golden skies.

The luscious vines their unshorn boughs thus
shoot,

Teeming at once with foliage and with fruit ; 700

But on this world when the last day shall shine ;

And yawning tombs their human bones resign :

When all the dead, who in earth's bosom lay,

Shall rise again, emerging to the day ;

When Sages, Matrons, and an infant band, 705

Shall throng these mountains and the subject land ;

When I shall sit in judgment in the vale,

And death and life to all mankind shall deal :

Ye twelve shall, each, assume his lofty seat,

Shedding, with me, on man, or life, or fate. 710

Isr'el's twelve tribes from you their lot shall hear,

And nature wonder at the state you share.

Peter, mean-time, (in zeal to none you yield,

The world's great key and sceptre you shall wield :

Preside o'er all, who willing fill my train ; 715

Such honours I confer, you shall maintain.

To you is giv'n the world's imperial lore,

Your reign be legal, and humane your pow'r.

The smiles of Peace on the religious shed,

And your just anger let rebellion dread.

720

R 2

Shall

Shall any wretch, with dire offences base,
 And deaf to reprimands your vengeance raise?
 From human commerce chas'd and sacred fanes,
 Shall also be expell'd the heav'nly plains.
 He'll hope, in vain, to tread the starry climes,
725
 'Till, purg'd by penance, you absolve his crimes.
 To you such sway is giv'n o'er human clay,
 To shut the gates of ether or display.

Such mandates he pronounc'd, before his flight
 From this expanded earth and human sight. 730
 Thus the sage shepherd, in his dying hour,
 Resigns his sheep and fold to his son's pow'r,
 Shews the rapacious wolves' each furtive snare;
 And the fields hurtful to the bleating care.
 The Marin'r thus, grown hoary on the waves, 735
 The vessel's helm to his companions leaves:
 Instructs the younger in the various strands,
 The dang'rous Syrens, and voracious sands.

This having said: Resplendent lights surround
 The mountain's airy brows, with palms imbrown'd:
740
 The lengthen'd shores, sequest'ring in a maze,
 Are richly gilded with refulgent rays.
 Drest with fresh smiles mean time, Olympus rings
 With plausive hands, and parti-colour'd wings:
 To form a choir, convene an heav'nly throng, 745
 And ether's vaulted roofs resound with song.

To

To the bright battlements with joy soon fly,
And clust'ring crown the summit of the sky ;
Some from the portals rush abroad display'd,
And, poiz'd in air, with wings Olympus shade.

750

Some touch the mellow flute, some strike the lyre,
While some the twisted cornet loud inspire :
Some the hoarse clangors of the trumpet blow,
And bid soft music thro' the cymbals flow.
Before Jehovah's throne the choir advance, 755
Thrice lightly tread the mazes of the dance ;
Thrice measure the long length of ether's court,
The trodden poles resounding with the sport.
Thus joy the plummy host, in measur'd bounds,
While music streams abroad in varied sounds.

760

Before the walls of Remus prostrate lay,
When Tarpeian turrets rear'd their fronts to day ;
When beauteous Rome the world's great empress,
 sway'd,

And subject nations her commands obey'd ;
The Consul thus, triumphant from the war, 765
Bends to the capital his victor-car.

Jehovah's offspring thus ascends sublime,
The clouds dispersing, to the starry clime.
But lest mankind's offences should inflame,
And rouse to vengeful ire the Sire supreme ; 770
To stop the fury of the direful blow,
He brings the ensigns of his deadly woe.

R 3

And,

And, first, some Angels with the cross precede ;
Some with the rods succeed in the parade.
Some bear the direful scourges which he bore, 775
Whose swelling knots blush crimson with his gore.
The column some sustain, to which close-bound
His body yawn'd, by stripes, one gen'ral wound,
This Angel brandishes the pointed spear :
And this the pole, which waves the bowl in air.

780

With the three nails some seek Olympus' seat,
Which once transfix'd the Hero's hands and feet.
The thorny chaplet, which his temples crown'd,
Soars with an Angel to the blue profound.
This bears his title high, which Rome decreed ;

785

And one the lanthorn waving on a reed.
This travels gladly with the broken wand ;
Which, for a sceptre, bore the Monarch's hand.
Before the Hero, thus his pomp of pain
Is brought to ether by an Angel-train. 790
The men behold, in admiration lost,
The azure space throng'd with a plummy host ;
Their Monarch view, smooth gliding up the air,
With hands erect beyond the solar sphere.
But hark ! a noise from op'ning clouds descends,

795

And in their ears these liquid accents spend :
Why gaze ye, trembling, on this starry plain ?
Here, with his Sire, the God resumes his reign.

With-

Without delay, Olympus' dome resounds
With vocal strains and instrumental sounds : 800
Their joys, alternate, the Apostles sing ;
To heav'n their eyes and spirits on the wing.
Rejoice ye nations, and with hymns attend ;
Behold the God the tow'ring skies ascend.
Ye beasts exult, who tread the verdant way ; 805
Ye birds with clapping wings your joys display ;
Ye scaly herd, who thro' the waters glide,
And praise him, earth, who spreads your surface
wide.

Let tow'ring mountains from their centers bound ;
And with their tides their gladness rivers found.

810

Your God, with vocal rills, ye fountains praise,
And winding earth ; his glory roar, ye seas.
Let nature, in her works, her Author own,
And, with a gen'ral song, address his throne.
Before time born, Jehovah's great increase, 815
Shall always reign, whose God-head fills all space ;
Who call'd to being all things from no-where,
The foaming ocean, earth, and ether's sphere :
From nothing gave to all with life to rise,
That move beneath the convex of the skies ; 820
Divided heav'n from earth, the earth from seas,
Vesting Olympus' domes with sheets of blaze ;
Pencil'd the earth with herbs of various hue ;
Swell'd fields with corn and vines with rosy dew.
From you life flows ; the heav'ns proclaim your
fway ; 825

And heav'n-descending rains your nod obey.

R 4

With

With awe the clouds and winds your mandates
hear,

And morn and eve revolve each on its sphere.
Replete with monstrous births the azure main
With its obedience speaks your just domain. 830
Once balancing the earth your hand embrac'd,
And launch'd the globe into the airy waste :
Each element in its due place you bound,
And bade it seek the center in its round :
Thro' the pure void on whirlwinds wings you fly,

835

And shrin'd in clouds you dart from sky to sky.
The fleeting hours, indocile of delay,
At your command their winged courfers stay.
To you duration bears no varied name ;
Time, present, past, and future, is the same. 840
You bade the sun forbear his swift career,
Shedding his beams on the meridian sphere.
The silver moon, whose horns began to bud,
And wand'ring stars to you obedient stood.
The fire's consuming rage your mandate tam'd,

845

Which round the children innocently flam'd ;
Who, 'mid the fiery furnace, tun'd your praise,
And ether bent attentive to the lays.
Like crystal walls, you rear'd, on either hand,
The seas, while Israel safely trod the sand. 850
You chang'd the current of the headlong tide,
Which all the banks with admiration ey'd.

From

From the struck rocks soft trickling streams distill ;
While fonts and rivers stagnate at your will :
Earth, at your aspect, shakes with trembling fear,

855

And with your touch the mountains blaze in air.
Kings, at your feet, their arms and sceptres lay.
And to your God-head adoration pay.
Sounds on the deaf, rays on the blind, you stream,
Health on the sick, and motion on the lame. 860
Your hand to life frames fading in the tomb,
And long extinguish'd senses you resume.
Nor was you with your early death dismay'd,
Nor with hell's regions, which with horror fade ;
For the grim Tyrant of the dreary coast, 865
Chill'd at your presence, with his baleful host,
Dreading the havock of his shadowy reign,
Lurk'd in a cavern, with the fiery-train.
While you victorious, and your ghostly prey,
Emerg'd from darkness to eternal day ; 870
Where now you rule the senate of the skies,
And from your goodness better ages rise.
Hail nature's Lord ! this world's great Saviour,
hail !

With smiles behold us, and with mercy deal ;
Your death displays Olympus' portals wide, 875
And soothes your Father's anger to subside.

Thus hymn'd the eleven Sages on the strand,
Beneath a rock, join'd by a youthful band.

Yet,

Yet, 'mid such joy, with panic fear they chill'd,
 Nor with the Spirit-God their hearts were fill'd; 880
 The Desert's dreary wilds they often fought,
 And, trembling, plung'd into some shaggy grot.
 So when the hawk bears from her cell away,
 And tears with crooked beak his cooing prey,
 The other doves disperse, and in some tow'r, 885
 Safe from the foe, their blended sorrow pour.
 With no less horror, at their Monarch's doom,
 Their fears conduct them to a close-bar'd room,
 The promise of their Hero where they wait,
 The God-head gliding from Olympus' seat. 890

Now dawns the promis'd day, for darkness flies
 The tenth day's lustre, beaming in the skies;
 The Sire supreme, in the celestial space,
 The stars now kindles with a purer blaze:
 'Mid his Celestials, where he sits sublime, 895
 His compacts filling, and dispensing time.
 To whom his Son stands splendidly confess'd,
 (His mortal limbs in liquid glory dress'd)
 And pours his vows, before the sacred shrine;
 In accents softly breathing love divine. 900

My colleagues, Father, now demand your aid,
 Who, since their Leader's death, with horror fade:
 In terror lost, they rove from place to place,
 Such is the weakness of the mortal race.
 Their fear expel, strength to their breasts bestow, 905
 To front all dangers and subdue the foe.

Now

Now Solyma and Judah's realm conspire
With guile to seize, or 'gainst them dart their ire.
You promis'd, Sire, (nor is your promise vain)
Equal to ev'ry noble act, my train 910
Shall, far as ocean girts this world, proclaim,
Thro' ev'ry land, my never-fading name.
Instruct the nations to respect my law,
And by new mystic rites to homage draw:
And, since you grant them in the skies a place, 915
I, oft, relying on your tender grace,
Their fainting spirits rais'd; wak'd with the
 thought,
That aid would soon descend the starry vault.
Thus help'd, they'd scorn a Tyrant's cruel sway,
And all his wicked mandates disobey; 920
With joy, the pangs of death spontaneous prove,
And victims fall to true Religion's love.

 This said, his transfix'd feet and hands he shews,
And with the wound his side that crimson glows,
The thorny chaplet that embrac'd his head, 925
When to the Cross he was a victim led.
His arms wreath'd round his Son, the mighty
 Sire,
Thus, full of love, assents to his desire:
Your vows are heard; cease, Son, your hands to
 tend,
To your colleagues, the Sacred Ghost we'll send, 930
And others, whom you will, we shall inspire,
And in their breasts illume our holy fire.

Waste-

Wasteful of life, they shall not dread the steel,
Nor flames, nor beasts, nor the sharp-dented
wheel.

Who tremble now, at Zephyr's softest sigh, 935
Shall, for your love, to certain dangers fly.

Then death contemning, and with virtuous pride,
Their souls shall issue in a sanguine tide.

No seasons shall delay their rapid course,
Nor summer's heats, nor winter's stormy force; 940

The yawning ground when sultry Sol shall cleave,
Or Boreas bind with icy chains the wave.

Farther than Baëtra's walls, and Ganges' sands,
The mountain Ismarus, and Thracia's lands,
Shall wond'ring view the progress of their toil,

945

With Gades' island and rich India's soil,

Their lays shall echo on Britannia's shore,

Round which the ocean's azure surges roar.

The world thus roam'd and mended by their strains,
Shall to your honour rear aspiring fanes. 950

Reformed realms to homage you shall haste,

And isles environ'd with the wat'ry waste.

An age of gold once promised, as you know,

Shall, on the tutor'd world from ether glow.

Not only for the just, condemn'd to fade, 955

By guilt primeval, in the realm of shade;

But also many more; whose actual crimes

Should have for ever clos'd the starry climes.

Your wounds have op'd the gates of Ether wide,

Such force and virtue in your death reside. 960

Let

Let then the groupe of faults, since time was born,
To the last blaze that shall light up the morn,
Advance ; the smallest fluid of your veins
Shall chace the myriads and erase their stains,
What time the Sun in his career shall round, 965
Near fifteen hundred years, the bright profound.
Then Bards shall rise, with love of truth inspir'd,
Regardless of the tales by Greece admir'd ;
Thro' nations pour your murder in their lays,
And towns shall eccho with your sacred praise.

970

But, chief, Hesperia's coast shall sound your name,
Where wand'ring Addus spreads his gentle stream ;
Where Sirius, lucent as the crystal, laves
The mossy margin with his winding waves :
Or, Po, the chief of floods, his torrents pours, 975
Roaring beside Cremona's mould'ring towers :
Whose foaming shore with rushing billows threats
A deluge often to the nodding seats.
Sweet as the swans, who ether rapid soar,
A band of youths, upon the pebbled shore, 980
In concert aided by a virgin-throng,
Shall pour your glory in the chastest song :
Or in the meads contend who best can raise
The softest numbers to your sacred praise :
Infants in bands shall their first accents frame, 985
By lisping tenderly your saving name :
Such deathless glory shall around you shine :
He said, and on him breath'd his love divine.

Fancy,

Fancy, mean while, presenting to their view
 The traytor Judas' crime of odious hue, 990
 The colleagues for the mission now prepare,
 And 'mong themselves divide the terrene sphere,
 Where each shall in his bounds new ethics deal,
 And to the nations novel rites reveal ;
 One for the sacred Senate to provide, 995
 That twelve might still o'er all the rest preside ;
 And now by lot, from the disciple-train,
 To fill the vacant see, they one obtain :
 The lot, Matthias, in a happy hour,
 Descends and vests you with the holy pow'r ; 1000
 In merit wealthy, and in fortune poor ;
 In title splendent, and in birth obscure.

While the same grief on every visage low'rs,
 The same address the whole assembly pours :
 Would the Almighty Ghost from ether's sphere 1005
 By inspiration to our hearts repair ;
 For oft the Lord to his associates said
 The Spirit-God would come to give us aid.
 Truth always crown'd our Chiefs' prophetic strains ;
 This promise only incomplete remains. 1010

But hark ! thro' ether thunder sounds hoarse
 peals,
 And heav'n descends to earth's sequester'd vales.
 Unusual lightnings flash across the eyes,
 And clouds distain'd with fire descend the skies.
 Torrents

Torrents of fire gush forth in parted rays, 1015
And all the dome is delug'd with the blaze.
Flames falling on their heads their temples bind,
And radiance sets on fire the sultry wind.
So when the steel upon the anvil burns,
The lusty artists raise their arms by turns : 1020
By turns, pour down their sturdy blows in
 throngs,
Turning the tortur'd ore with transvers'd tongs.
For God the Sire, and his coeval heir,
The Spirit jointly waft from Ether's sphere.
Now lo! the Spirit God Olympus leaves, 1025
And in the men infus'd the God-head heaves.
Cold fear retires, while sacred fury rolls
Thro' the deep mazes of the raptur'd souls :
Impatient of delay, they feel no rest,
Their bosoms throbbing with the Spirit-guest. 1030
Thrice round them rays with awful splendor shine,
Thrice rapt in air, they flame with love divine.
In ev'ry mind a gushing radiance glows,
And their hearts labour with inspiring throes.
Now free from terror, the Disciple-throng 1035
Declare God's wond'rous deeds in wond'rous song,
While the same words (who can believe the lay?)
To stranger crowds the clearest truths convey :
For of the num'rous host each foreign'r hears
His native language, sounding in his ears. 1040
From diff'rent climes, now various tribes repair
To view the town or sacred rites to share ;

These

These rites begin, when fifty days are past,
After the paschal lamb's religious feast.
Who 'mid the myriads, sprung from Lybian
ground, 1045

Hear th'Apostles their proper idiom sound.
Admiring Gauls and Romans catch their notes ;
While to the Parthian ears their language floats.
Their natal accents list'ning Scythians hear,
And Thracians numb'd beneath their icy sphere.
1050

Crete, Africa, Phrygia hearken with surprize ;
And those who breathe Arabia's happy skies.
The tribes stand aw'd, who till fair India's lands ;
And Garamantes who roam thro' wilds of sands.
Each band admire to hear their country phrase :
1055

And on themselves with admirtion gaze.
The man absorpt, their souls now wing the sphere,
And the blest converse of Etherials share.

And now their lips hereafters loud proclaim ;
For, lo ! the God, with his celestial flame, 1060
Expels the night, that on their senses rests,
And damps the rising ardor of their breasts,
Whom, once, each noise with trembling horror
fill'd,
And chas'd to dens, with death's base prospect
chill'd ;

Now free from cowardice they walk in day, 1065
And, careless of mankind, their thoughts display ;
Nor

Nor now the point of the destructive spear,
Nor savage beasts, nor sheets of flame they fear ;
But own the skies to be his natal clime,
Who late was slaughter'd, pure of any crime. 1070
With shame's deep blushes now their faces glow,
That e'er they trembled at their Monarch's foe.
Their souls inhale the God with eager breath,
Who in them wakes the hope of glorious death.
So when, in chinks, the thirsty meadow lies, 1075
The herbage withers and each beauty dies ;
But let the skies descend in soft'ring rains,
The prospect smiles and colours paint the plains.

And now dispers'd thro' various climes each
 strays,
The Leader's deeds their song ; his name their praise:
1080

So that, as ancient Bards foretold, their strains
Sound on this earthly globe's remotest plains.
If any pant, where earth deserted lies
Beneath the radiance of the torrid skies ;
Or dwell, where ocean's billows wildly roar, 1085
Circling the extreme world's expanded shore.
Their words they hear : While towns with awe
 attend
Their sacred rites and to their mandates bend.
The stain of ancient sin all nations lave,
And spotless rise from the baptismal wave. 1090
A new religion in the world appears,
And for her awful rites new altars rears :

The band are Christians soon proclaim'd by fame,
So call'd from Christ, their mighty Hero's name.
On earth a golden age beams from the skies,
And beauteous years in fair succession rise. 1096



F I N I S.

IN-



I N D E X.

*The Roman Numbers shew the Book, the common
Numbers the Verse.*

A.

A BRAHAM ready to slay his son	—	I. 795
An Angel saluting the Blessed Virgin	—	III. 389
An Angel appearing to Joseph in his sleep	—	471
— guiding Joseph and Mary to Egypt	—	913
Angels announcing the birth of Christ to the shepherds	—	696
— arming to aid Christ on his crucifixion-day	V. 567	
— their battles sculptured on the gates of heaven	675	
Apostles (twelve)	— — —	IV. 269

B.

Bethesda (pool of)	— — —	I. 483
--------------------	-------	--------

C.

Christ born	— — —	III. 663
— adored by the shepherds	— — —	687
— adored by the Eastern Kings	— — —	841
— Circumcised	— — —	731
— Among the Doctors	— — —	1049
— baptised	— — —	IV. 225
— tempted	— — —	647
— transfigured	— — —	I. 1066
— enters Jerusalem on an ass	— — —	442
— expelling buyers and sellers from the temple	— — —	567
— washing the Apostle's feet	— — —	II. 785
— betrayed and seized	— — —	896
— sent to, and sent back by Herod	— — —	V. 205
— scourged	— — —	V. 285
— crowned with thorns, and mocked by the soldiers	— — —	415
— led to his fate	— — —	453
— fastened on the cross	— — —	789
— hanging on the cross	— — —	551
	S	Christ

I N D E X.

Christ laughed at by the spectators	—	—	995
— taken down from the cross and buried	—	—	VI. 71
Christ's descent into hell	—	—	129
Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen	—	—	405
— to Thomas	—	—	602
— to Peter, John, and the other Apostles, as they were fishing	—	—	639
Christ's ascension into heaven	—	—	739
— institution of the Lord's supper	—	—	II. 761
Council (infernal)	—	—	I. 145
Creation of the world	—	—	669

D.

Devils	—	—	I. 151
— roaming through Jerusalem	—	—	II. 27
— entering into a herd of swine	—	—	IV. 533
Deluge	—	—	I. 787
Disciples (vocation of the seventy)	—	—	IV. 597
Diseases cured by Christ	—	—	315

E.

Earthquake	—	—	V. 1083
------------	---	---	---------

F.

Fear sent to Pilate by Satan	—	—	V. 343
------------------------------	---	---	--------

G.

Holy Ghost (the descent of the)	—	—	VI. 1011
---------------------------------	---	---	----------

H.

Hymn (the Apostle's) on Christ's Ascension	—	—	799
--	---	---	-----

J.

Jerusalem (city of)	—	—	I. 409
Jetrus cured	—	—	525
John the Baptist	—	—	IV. 171
Joseph, Mary, and Jesus's flight into Egypt	—	—	III. 927
Jews repairing to Jerusalem to share the Paschal feast	—	—	II. 317
Judas Iscariot	—	—	II. 81. 123
— repenting, and hanging himself	—	—	V. 11. 85
Judgment (the general)	—	—	IV. 1051

L.

Lazarus raised from the dead	—	—	I. 25
			Lamen-

I N D E X

Lamentation of the Blessed Virgin	V. 949
Loaves (five) of bread feed a multitude of people	IV. 381

M.

Madman cured	IV. 475
Mary (Blessed Virgin) betrothed to Joseph	III. 195
— always a Virgin	249
— Visits St. Elisabeth	559
— beholding her son crucified	V. 909
— embracing his dead body	VI. 81
Mary Magdalen's conversion	I. 324
Michael (the Arch-angel)	V. 651
Money found in the fish	IV. 461
Moses	I. 809

P.

Pilate admires, and endeavours to save Christ	II. 1142
— admonished by his spouse	V. 315
Paul (St.)	II. 603
Paradise	I. 737
Paschal feast	II. 305
The pelican feeding her young with her intrails	I. 819
Peter cuts off the ear of Malchus, which Christ heals	II. 957
Peter's denial and repentance	1072
The Priests deliberating to destroy Christ	145
Purification of the Blessed Virgin	III. 739
Prayer (the Lord's)	IV. 1039

R.

The Righteous in Abraham's bosom	I. 769
----------------------------------	--------

S.

The serpent mocking our first parents	763
Serpent (the brazen)	815
Simon the lyrist	II. 645
Sin (original)	I. 745
Sodom and Gomorrah	II. 401
Stable birth-place of Christ	III. 643
The sun's eclipse	V. 1069
The speech of Christ <i>passim</i> .	
— God to Christ	I. 1002
— God to the Angels about to rescue Christ	V. 733
— the disciples imploring the aid of the Holy Ghost	VI. 103
The	

I N D E X.

The speech of Joseph of Arimathea	I. 17
Nicodemus	II. 174
Satan in the Pandemonium	I. 183

T.

Temple of Jerusalem	I. 617
Tempest calmed	IV. 435
Thunder and lightning	V. 1069
Tree (the barren) withers	IV. 423

U.

Unity and Trinity of God	IV. 21
--------------------------	--------

W.

Water turned into wine	III. 1115
Woman (the adulteress)	I. 825
Woman cured of the issue of blood	IV. 615
The world's dissolution	1051
The widow of Naim's son restored to life	347

Z.

Zaccheus	I. 97
----------	-------

E R R A T A.

<p>B. I. ver. 337 <i>read</i> sleek</p> <p>398 — th' air</p> <p>652 — the mother painting</p> <p>701 — teeming</p> <p>737 — here</p> <p>753 — responsive</p> <p>818 — the sure</p> <p>944 — cull</p> <p>1084 — a flaming</p> <p>1201 — friends</p> <p>B. II. ver. 14 — dwell</p> <p>43 <i>dele</i> all</p> <p>406 — a</p> <p>535 <i>read</i> Gad's</p> <p>579 — Sarcia's plains</p> <p>824 — gen'ral</p> <p>B. III. ver. 132 — and to the orbs celestial sears the theme</p>	<p>B. III. ver. 141 <i>read</i> Judah</p> <p>517 — where</p> <p>526 — strew'd</p> <p>551 — a Recluse</p> <p>582 <i>dele</i> your</p> <p>807 <i>read</i> the Mant's</p> <p>884 — should</p> <p>1103 — the sparks</p> <p>B. IV. ver. 96 — to a</p> <p>310 — prodigies</p> <p>818 — points</p> <p>1049 — chase</p> <p>B. V. ver. 176 — with these</p> <p>393 — he views</p> <p>615 — a Javelin now</p> <p>B. VI. ver. 4 — the trees</p> <p>14 — in caves</p> <p>862 — relume</p>
--	---

In the motto of the title-page *read* ever boast

In Vida's life, page 6, *read* nescio quid

8, — monferrat

9, — to have never disregarded

9, *blot* on the contrary and *read* in all cases

7
4
3

7
5
9
3

I N D E X.

The speech of Joseph of Arimathea	_____	i7
_____ Nicodemus	_____	II. 174
_____ Satan in the Pandemonium	_____	I. 183

T.

Temple of Jerusalem	_____	I. 617
Tempest calmed	_____	IV. 435
Thunder and lightning	_____	V. 1069
'Tree (the barren) withers	_____	IV. 423

U.

Unity and Trinity of God	_____	IV. 21
--------------------------	-------	--------

W.

Water turned into wine	_____	III. 1115
Woman (the adulteress)	_____	I. 825
Woman cured of the issue of blood	_____	IV. 615
The world's dissolution	_____	1051
The widow of Naim's son restored to life	_____	347

Z.

Zaccheus	_____	I. 97
----------	-------	-------

E R R A T A.

<p>B. I. ver. 337 <i>read</i> sleek</p> <p>_____ 398 — th' air</p> <p>_____ 652 — the mother painting</p> <p>_____ 701 — teeming</p> <p>_____ 737 — here</p> <p>_____ 755 — responsive</p> <p>_____ 818 — the sure</p> <p>_____ 944 — cull</p> <p>_____ 1084 — a flaming</p> <p>_____ 1101 — friends</p> <p>B. II. ver. 14 — dwell</p> <p>_____ 43 <i>dele</i> all</p> <p>_____ 406 — a</p> <p>_____ 535 <i>read</i> Gad's</p> <p>_____ 579 — Sarcia's plains</p> <p>_____ 824 — gen'ral</p> <p>B. III. ver. 132 — and to the orbs celestial soars the theme</p>	<p>B. III. ver. 141 <i>read</i> Judah</p> <p>_____ 517 — where</p> <p>_____ 526 — flew'd</p> <p>_____ 551 — a Recluse</p> <p>_____ 582 <i>dele</i> your</p> <p>_____ 807 <i>read</i> the Manes</p> <p>_____ 884 — should</p> <p>_____ 1103 — the sparks</p> <p>B. IV. ver. 96 — to a</p> <p>_____ 310 — prodigies</p> <p>_____ 818 — points</p> <p>_____ 1049 — chase</p> <p>B. V. ver. 176 — with these</p> <p>_____ 393 — he views</p> <p>_____ 615 — a Javelin now</p> <p>B. VI. ver. 4 — the trees</p> <p>_____ 14 — in caves</p> <p>_____ 862 — relume</p>
--	---

In the motto of the title-page *read* ever boast

In Vida's life, page 6, *read* nescio quid

8, — monferrat

9, — to have never disregarded

9, *blot* on the contrary and *read* in all cases

7
4
3

7
5
9
3

1

5
5
1
7